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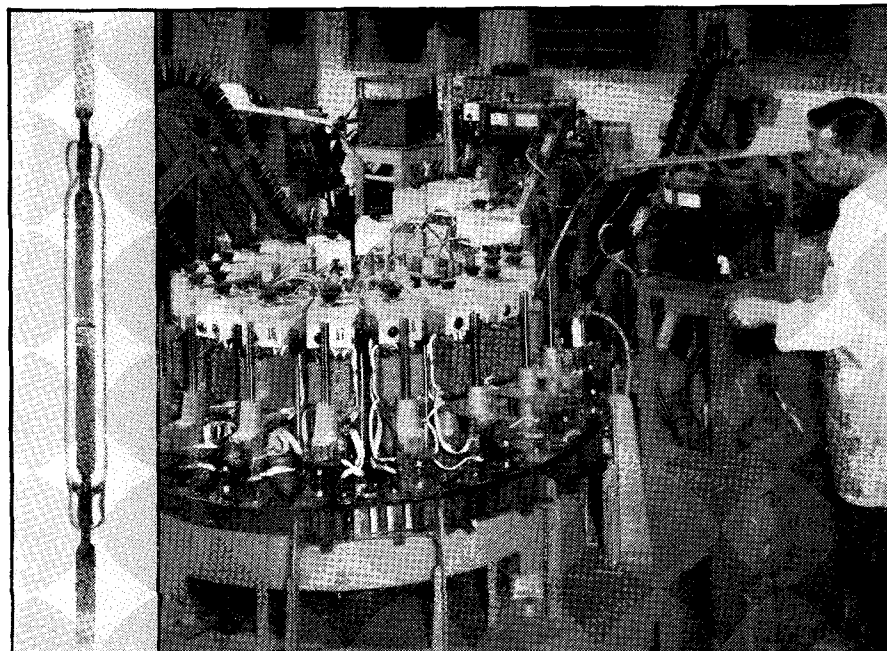
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NOVEMBER

ATLANTIC

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Rubinstein, pianist

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Gilels, pianist
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*18. BRAHMS
Concerto in D
Heifetz, violinist
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*23. TCHAIKOVSKY
Concerto No. 1
Cliburn, pianist
Kondrashin
conductor

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Concerto
Rubinstein,
pianist
SYM. OF THE AIR
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Boston Symphony
Munch

*14. BEETHOVEN
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Rubinstein,
pianist
SYMPHONY OF THE
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Beauty
(Excerpts)
LONDON SYMPHONY
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Juliet AND
Francesca
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Brandenburg
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No. 1
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STRING QUARTET

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Str. Quartet
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JULLIARD
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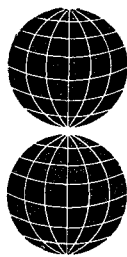
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WASHINGTON

THIS year's long congressional session produced a mixed bag of results, as was probably inevitable, given the division of power in Washington. Fundamentally, the President was right in the comment which he made after Congress had crept home in the dawn before Nikita Khrushchev's arrival. "I believe," said Eisenhower, "we cannot fix responsibility and there cannot be really the kind of leadership of the whole nation that the nation deserves" until both the executive and legislative branches are once more controlled by the same party.

The President, once he began really to use the powers of his office, was able to obtain much that he would not otherwise have wrung from the Democrat-controlled Congress. Above all, by use of some effective footwork of his House leader, Charles Halleck of Indiana, Congress passed a labor bill fairly close to the Administration formula.

On the other hand, much of the substantial amount of approved legislation was the result of Senate Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson's philosophy that Congress, faced with a Republican President's veto, had "a choice of doing something or doing nothing, creating laws or creating issues."

Johnson is right, of course, despite all his critics, in saying that "in a divided government, no one group can have everything exactly as desired." This is especially true when the huge Democratic majorities, only a few votes shy of two thirds in both Senate and House, are examined realistically. These majorities dwindle considerably when almost all the Southern Democrats join the majority of Republicans on economic issues. From the liberal standpoint, Senator Humphrey saw it as "too many Kremlin vetoes in the United Nations and too many White House vetoes in Washington."

The failures this year were apparent: no aid to education, no way out of the farm surplus mess, no reforming of the foreign aid program to meet the Communist economic challenge, no substantial changes in the nation's military program. The veto-induced compromises were many — among them, a housing bill with a pigmy approach to the crying need for massive urban redevelopment in our great cities and a too-limited expansion of airports and safety programs in the onrushing jet age.

Some of these gaps are likely to be filled next year, when the veto may be less effective because of the proximity of the November election. Even so, there will be many bitter battles before Democratic Chairman Paul Butler's minimum list of four bills is passed: aid to depressed areas, aid to education, a boost in minimum wages, and a new civil rights bill.

Civil rights

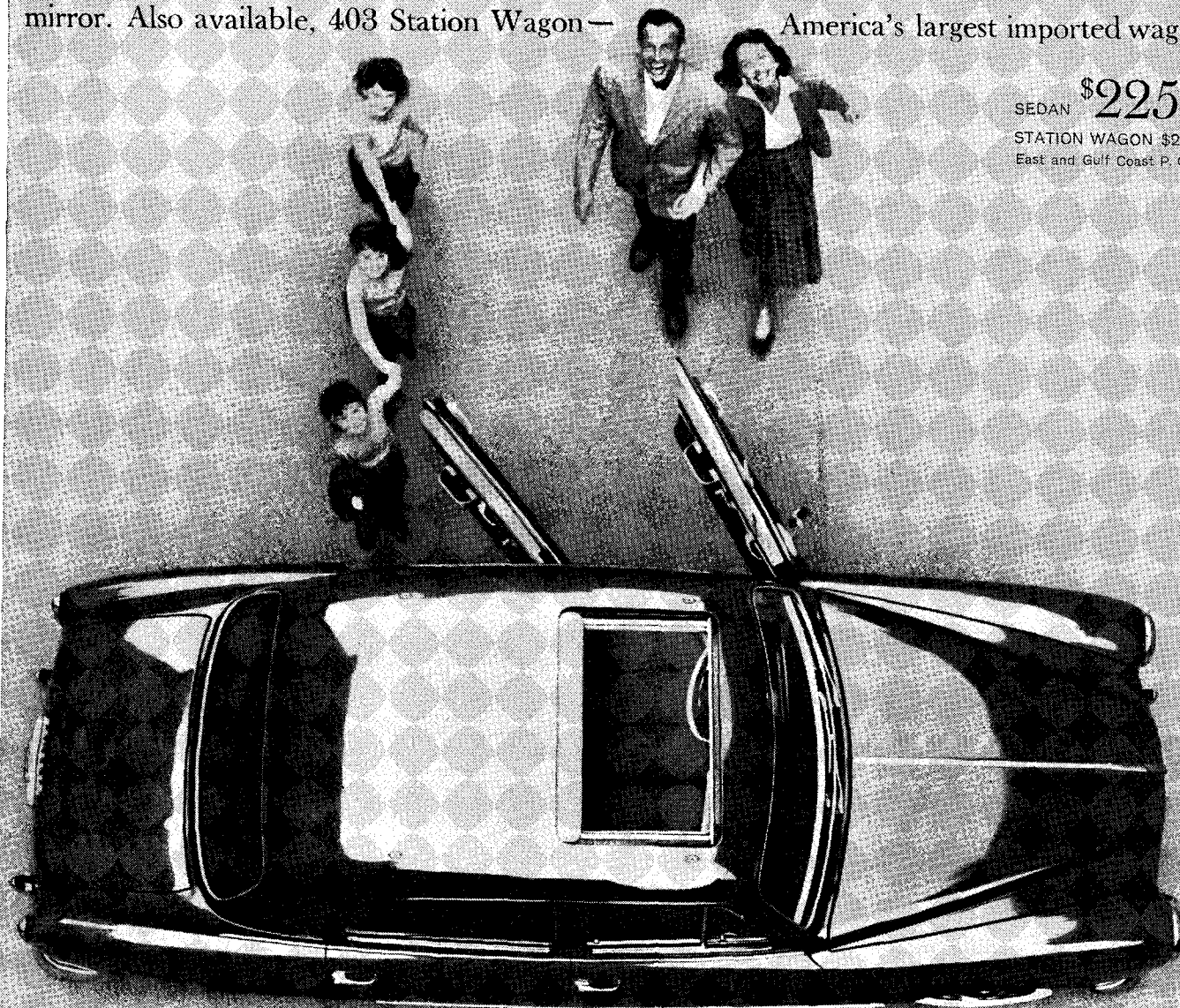
The Senate did loosen somewhat its filibuster rule, and it did extend the life of the Civil Rights Commission. In the final hours of the closing night, it all but formally set a date for a major civil rights debate in mid-February.

The Civil Rights Commission, which the Southerners had earlier accepted as something that would cause them little trouble, turned out to be of major importance in 1959. Its report, made just as Congress was winding up this year, is a landmark, certain to take its place with the report of a somewhat similar group appointed by President Truman more than a decade earlier.

Most remarkable of its recommendations, and one which raised the greatest Southern alarm, was the proposal to appoint special federal registrars to enroll Negro voters where the Southern whites refused to do their duty. Whether or not this

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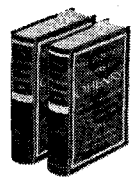
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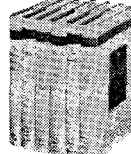
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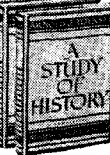
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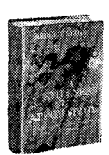
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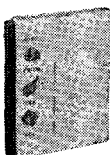
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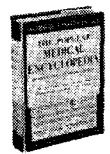
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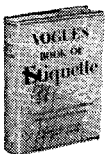
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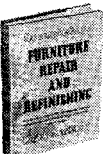
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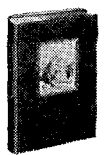
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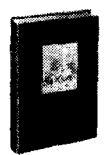
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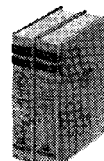
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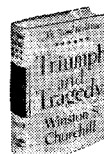
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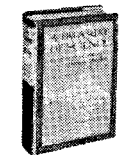
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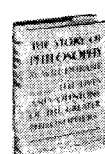
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Report on Washington



would be a wise step is debatable. But there is no doubt that this recommendation, accompanied as it was by a suggestion of three of the six commission members for a constitutional amendment setting minimum nationwide registration standards, will open a new phase in public discussion of the discrimination problem. The emphasis may now shift from school desegregation to finding a means to break down the voting barriers.

Sound money

The issue of fiscal responsibility permeated the entire session. Here the results were mixed. Senate Democrats yielded very little on the President's request to allow interest rates to rise, but Congress, as it should have done without such a long fuss, raised the gas tax a penny to finance the much-needed and highly popular highway program.

Senator Johnson claimed that he had pared \$1.3 billion from the Eisenhower spending requests. These claims are always suspect, for congressional bookkeeping often has the appearance of the old shell game. But Johnson and House Speaker Rayburn did knuckle under to the President's attack on the Democrats as spenders. Here Johnson judged the temper of the nation to be as conservative as the President did. And Johnson had the majority in both houses with him.

Labor legislation

As to the Labor Bill, it must be considered in two parts. The part which attempts to curb union corruption and racketeering had overwhelming support and probably will have considerable effect. The hoodlums will have a tougher time acting as unionists, if they are able to do so at all. But in this effort to legislate more democracy in some areas of organized labor, the Congress has opened uncertain gates.

The Labor Bill aims at breaking the stranglehold on union offices, which is so marked in a number of unions. The big question here concerns the sections calling for periodic secret union elections and the guarantees that rank-and-file members can vote, caucus, pass on dues, sue their union, or speak up against its policies. Will these changes bring more democracy in unions where most members are apathetic, or do the changes go so far that the crackpots on the one side or the doc-

trinaire left on the other can use them to harass the unions? Only experience can answer these questions.

New faces in Congress

The session saw the emergence of some new faces. In the Senate, an outstanding newer member was liberal Republican Javits of New York. A GOP maverick in his House days, Javits has demonstrated skill and intelligence in the Senate, with effective results on many issues.

A man of whom more will be heard is Minnesota's Eugene McCarthy, a newcomer from the House, where he was a leader of the influential liberal group. This fall, McCarthy is heading a nine-man committee inquiry into unemployment, and the results of this study are awaited with interest. McCarthy is steady, highly intelligent, and has a low boiling point but strong convictions.

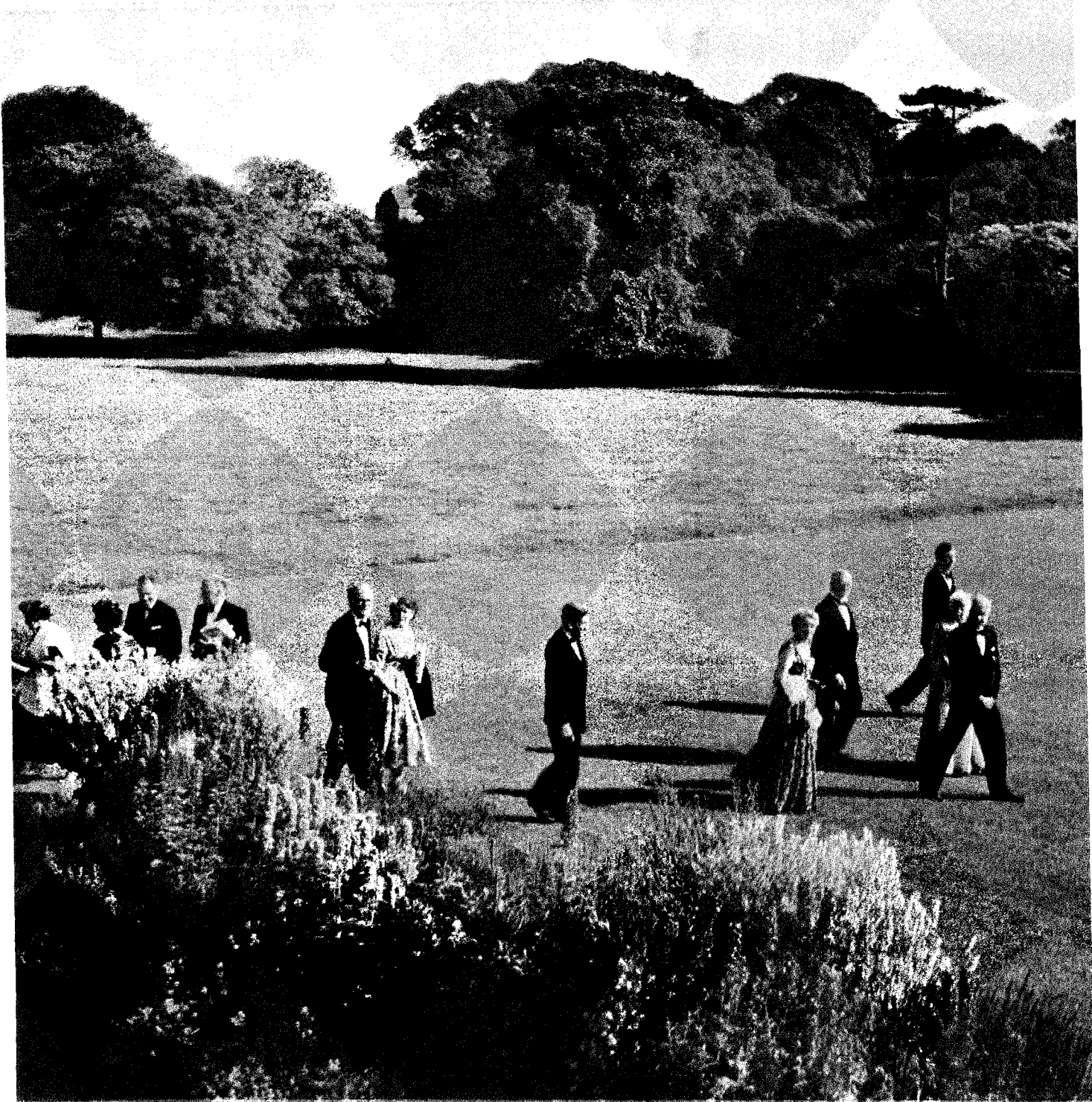
In the House, Chester Bowles, the former Connecticut governor and ambassador to India, did what few first-termers do: he created a stir and managed, as a newcomer on the Foreign Affairs Committee, to influence its actions. Another Connecticut newcomer, Thomas J. Dodd, aroused comment in the Senate. Dodd is a puzzle to many in Washington, who respect his intelligence but suspect he will turn out to be a fanatic. In the final hours in the Senate, Dodd crossed swords with Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Fulbright in a way which did not add to Dodd's stature.

A word, too, should be said about the new GOP leaders, Halleck in the House and Dirksen in the Senate. The change from Martin and Knowland was striking, because the new leaders, whatever may be said of this on-again, off-again liberal Republicanism, played the President's game to the hilt and very effectively.

Mood of the Capital

The verdict in Washington on the Khrushchev visit to America and the negotiations with the President at Camp David was extremely hopeful. Aside from the skeptics, few doubted that, at the least, the pressures of the Cold War would be mitigated, and therefore the chances of a "hot" war greatly lessened. For the talks opened a new stage of negotiation between East and West, negotiation on almost all levels, including a Summit conference and the Eisenhower visit to the Soviet Union next spring.

A second reaction, and an almost immediate one, was that the outcome would provide a major boost to Republican prospects in 1960. The Khrushchev tour of America made clear beyond doubt the intense public feelings on the issue of peace. Everywhere the Soviet Premier



Intermission stroll during the Glyndebourne Opera Festival in Sussex.

Night at the opera: where else but Britain?

SOME people think the British are crazy. Cricket matches last for days. Lawyers wear wigs. And, in a mad-hatter way, everything stops for tea.

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croquet on a lush Elizabethan lawn.

The occasion is the Glyndebourne Festival (May 28 to August 16) that has its unlikely home at a 400-year-old manor house. You are as apt to meet a Beecham or a Bing in those meadows as you are to meet a Southdown lamb. All three are worth meeting.

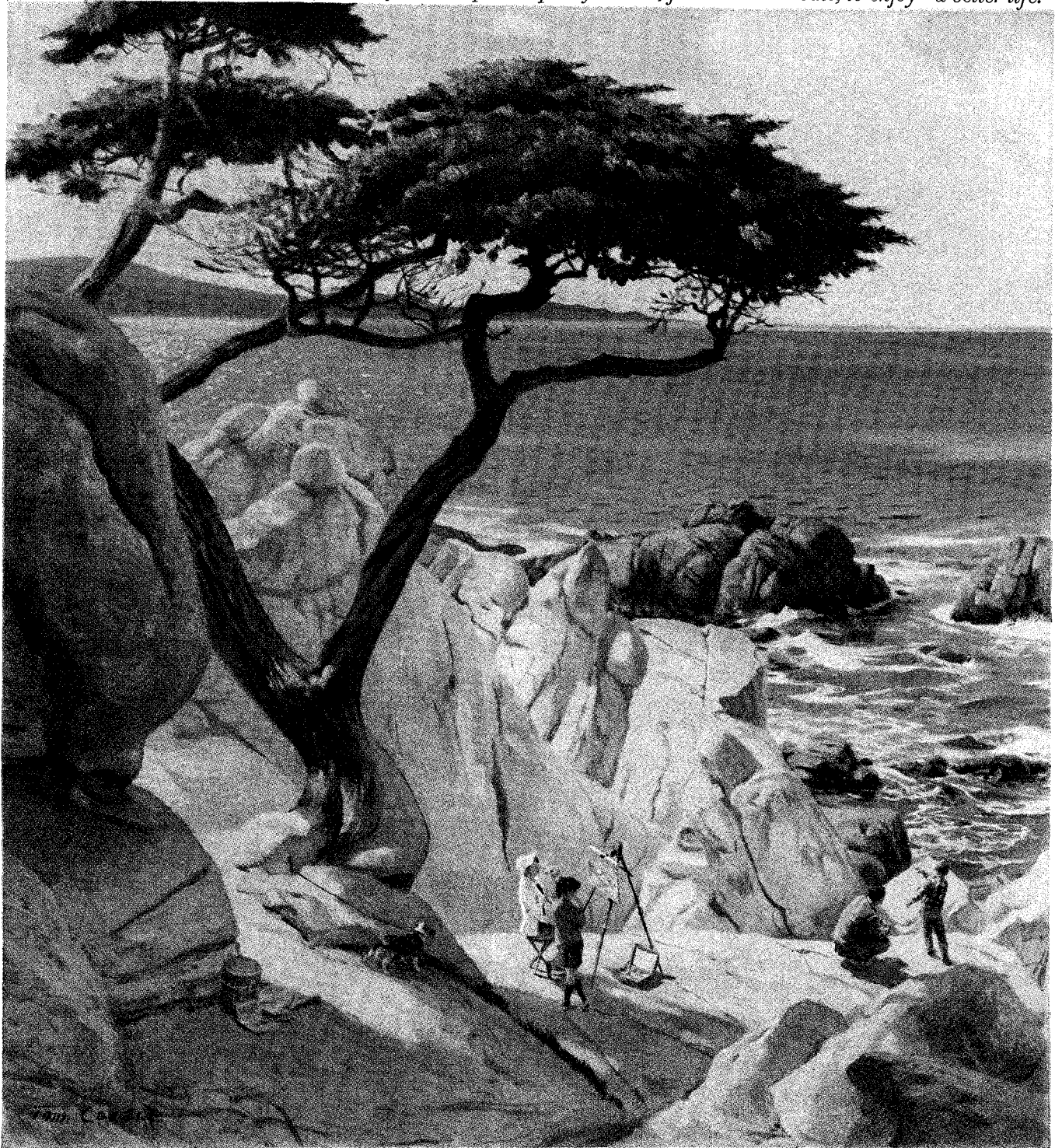
The delightful truth is that Britain blossoms with surprises all year round.

You can see the bottle-kicking and hare-pie scrambling in the Spring. Or watch the Scots toss cabers in the Fall. The weather will probably surprise you too. In a country where roses sometimes bloom at Christmas, the Summer seldom occurs exactly when it should.

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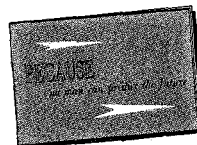
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stopped, people seemed to be hoping against hope that somehow the two leaders could settle their differences and assure an end to wars and threats of war. Peace and prosperity will weigh heavily in favor of the Republican presidential nominee. If Vice President Nixon is the nominee, his part in helping to melt the ice will not go unstated by the Republicans or unnoticed by the voters.

This initial rosy glow, for it was just that, to the Khrushchev visit is doubtless due for a certain amount of diminution in the coming months. Yet both the President and the Premier gave every evidence of making a major effort to lessen the intensity of the Cold War, lest someday they both be faced with the hideous alternative of decisions involving nuclear war.

The long view

There are likely to be many other results of the Khrushchev visit to America, perhaps some of them even more important. Certainly no one in Washington — or elsewhere in America, for that matter — could have predicted the day when the head of the Soviet Union would be telling the United States on its own television that this nation had reached “the ceiling of achievement in the capitalist world,” as well as painting a more attractive picture of the Communist utopia than ever came from Marx or Lenin. Only the pressure of events could have brought this about. The simple fact is that Khrushchev came to America because the Soviet Union has been matching the United States in terms of raw power and of nuclear weapons, and because the Premier coupled his missile threats with blackmail over Berlin to force the meeting.

Once in the United States, the Soviet leader fought for and demanded, again and again, a recognition of parity for his nation. He interpreted every slight as a failure to recognize that parity; he took advantage of every opportunity to argue that parity will soon be replaced by Soviet superiority.

Khrushchev succeeded in winning far more respect for the Soviet Union and in dislodging many of the unfavorable stereotypes about his own country. This has all been to the good, though his American trip demonstrated that the mental gulf between the two sides is still vast and difficult to bridge. Especially, it puts a tremendous responsibility on the President and his aides in planning the return trip to Russia to find the right words and acts to dispel the ignorance there about the United States.

The most hopeful people in Washington after Khrushchev departed were those who felt that his visit was a second Sputnik. The first Sputnik, in October, 1957, shattered the American illusion of military superiority. Khrushchev shattered the illusion — or so the Russians hope — that the American system can continue on its present rambling, complacent course and still maintain first place among the economies of the world.

What the Khrushchev visit thus has done, it is hoped in Washington, is to force a great public discussion, all across the nation and at many levels, on the nature of the American society and on its ability to meet the needs of a growing population at home and the obligations of a rich democracy to the millions abroad who remain impoverished. This discussion had already begun after the first Sputnik came into orbit.

One can only hope that the Soviet challenge so often and so directly thrown at the American system will become an important issue in the presidential campaign, that all the would-be candidates of both parties will be compelled to discuss their ideas on how this challenge is to be met.

The Khrushchev visit, it seems, suddenly lit up the night skies over America so that the nation could see itself. The outcome of that self-examination, including the outcome of the presidential election, is likely to fix the nation's pattern for a long time to come. If the outcome is good, the Khrushchev visit will have brought results of a different order from those the Premier and his Communist colleagues in the Kremlin anticipate.



The Dance of Bharata

Time was when Gods walked and sported among men and men had not lost the power to see them. It was then that the Secret of the Dance was revealed by the Lord of the Universe to a mortal, Bharata. Later, the dance in its divine form was developed by the devadasis of the temples of old. The sculptures of India even today pay tribute to the grace and dazzle of these devoted nymphs. And even today this living dance is performed in all its purity in the dance theatres of India.

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The Atlantic Report JAPAN



THREE years ago, at the crest of the first great wave of post-war prosperity, irreverent Shintoists used to say that an electric refrigerator, a TV set, and a washing machine had replaced the mirror, the sword, and the jewel of the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu, as the three sacred treasures of Japan. Today, an electric refrigerator remains on the list, but an automobile and an air conditioner have replaced the commonplace TV set and washing machine. In 1957 only one home in ten had a TV set; today there is a set for every four homes. Washing machines are even more numerous — one housewife in three is now spared the back-breaking task of scrubbing the family laundry. The charcoal-burning *hibachi* has gone from many kitchens, and the rice pot simmers on an electric ring. A peasant with a two-acre field plows with a rotary hoe.

Internal consumption of textiles is higher than in France or Italy. Food is plentiful and cheap. Exports went over the \$300 million mark for the first time in the month of June, and the expectation is that this year they will total more than \$3 billion. Last year, even under the retarding influence of the recession, the rate of growth of the economy was 8 per cent; this year the rate is in the vicinity of 10 per cent. Real wages have gone up by more than a third since before World War II. And, while official economists continue to sound their warnings that Japan's exports are lagging behind West Germany's in the vital field of capital goods, Japan's industrialists have few doubts about the future. The economy, they say, has not only broken through but exploded.

Their ebullience is understandable. Located on four islands, smaller in total area than the state of California, poor in all indigenous resources, except water for hydroelectricity, low-grade coal, and the skills and energies of its 92 million people, Japan is a living example to the uncommitted millions of Asia of the material benefits and rich rewards that come from a combination of hard work and free enterprise. Over the short haul and the long, Japan's record in the past ten years has not been surpassed by any other major industrial power.

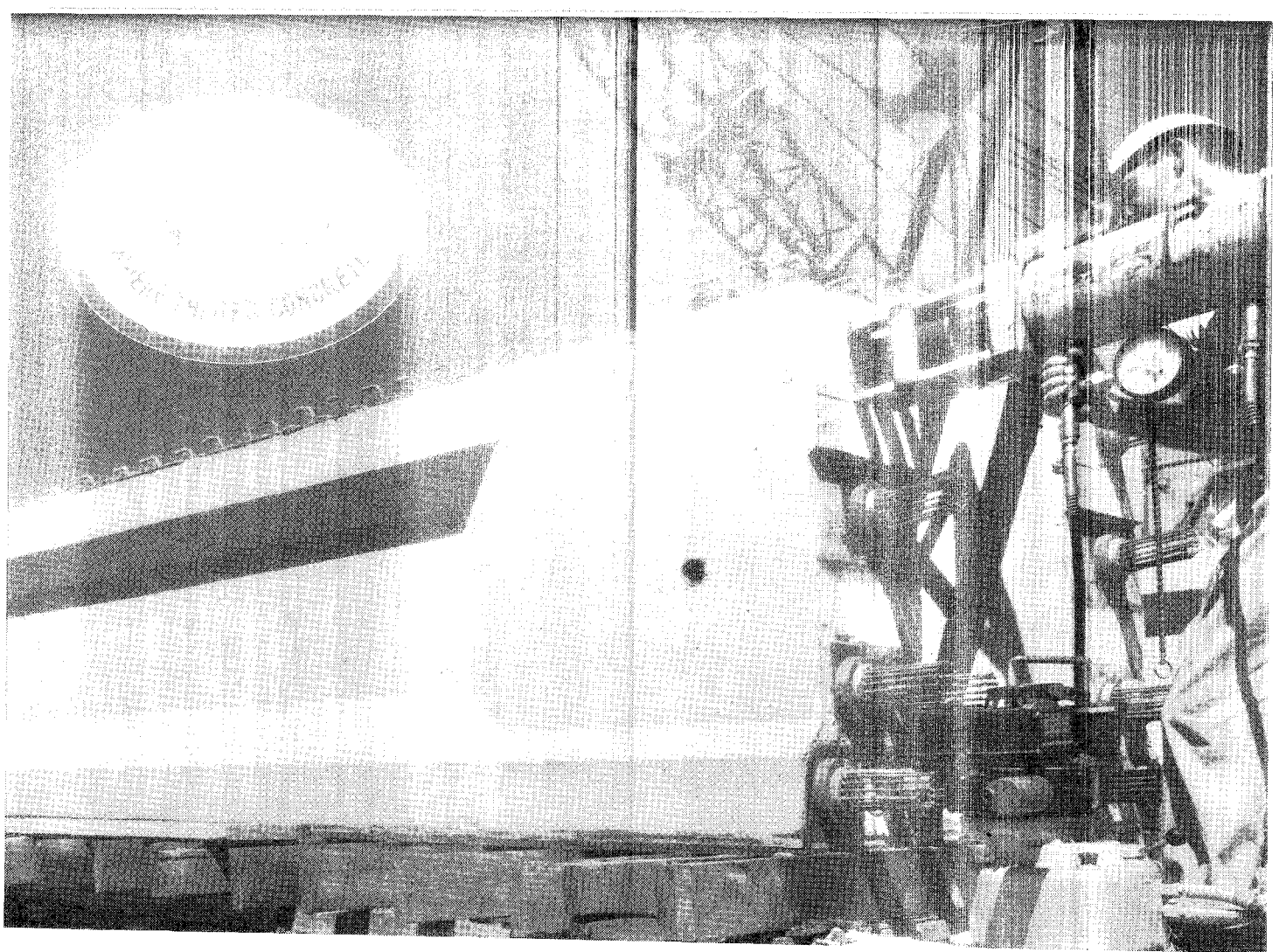
Curiously, Japan's remarkable industrial recovery had little initial impact on its Southeast Asian neighbors. In part this was the result of an inbred Southeast Asian inclination to equate capitalism with colonialism, and in part a hang-over of wartime antagonisms, but the effect was to cause many who were looking for a formula for the rapid development of underdeveloped countries to look first to Communist China. Now they are beginning to look to Japan. The Japanese reparations program will put about \$70 million a year into Southeast Asia for the next twenty years, and the flow of students and technicians into Japan from Southeast Asia today is matched by the export of Japanese technicians to all parts of free Asia except South Korea.

Few who visit Japan leave it unimpressed. Dr. P. C. Mahalanobis, director of India's second Five Year Plan, called Japan's accumulation of capital by the voluntary efforts of its people and industries a "wonder of the world." Another cause for wonder is the social revolution, which is rapidly changing the customs, clothing, diet, living standards, and even the physical appearance of the Japanese people — they are becoming taller and sturdier, and their life expectancy has increased by twenty years since the mid-thirties.

The emancipation of women

Nowhere is this change more marked than in the role of women. Of the labor force of approximately 44 million, more than 6 million today are women. They not only fill their traditional roles in the field of entertainment and in the textile industry, they are also invading business and the professions. They are the principal customers in the lavishly stocked department stores in the main cities; theirs are the investments, made in unique air-conditioned salons that the stock market conveniently provides in the larger shops, which helped to send the prices of shares to their highest level ever during the summer boom.

Fewer children, labor-saving devices in the home, and the taste of better living standards have accelerated the processes of emancipation that the



Why prestressing increases efficiency of modern concrete – and brings new economy

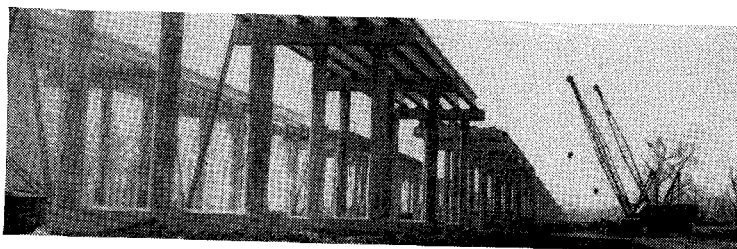
Prestressed concrete is the Horatio Alger of construction materials. Ten years ago it was practically unknown in the U.S. Today, the production of prestressed beams and slabs is a \$500 million industry.

A basically simple idea, prestressing is achieved with high-tensile steel wires placed lengthwise in a concrete beam. These are stretched with hydraulic jacks and either anchored at both ends of the beam or bonded to the concrete. The wires, trying to pull back to their original length, give the beam a "Paul Bunyan" squeeze that dramatically increases its strength. Two general methods of prestressing are in use: pretensioning and posttensioning. In the first, wires are stretched *before* the concrete is cast . . . in the other, *after* the concrete has hardened, as pictured above.

Prestressing has already been proved in the building of thousands of bridges and commercial and industrial structures. Dams, circular tanks and pressure pipe have also benefited from the economy it brings.

This year's use of prestressed concrete is expected to jump 60% over 1958. And its versatility suggests there is practically no limit to its potential uses.

Prestressing is one more area in which the Portland Cement Association is today making valuable contributions. It is carrying on continuing research projects—testing, evaluating, and making new technical information broadly available. In this way, the 74 progressive (and competing) cement manufacturers who comprise the Association work together to serve more effectively the construction needs of the nation.



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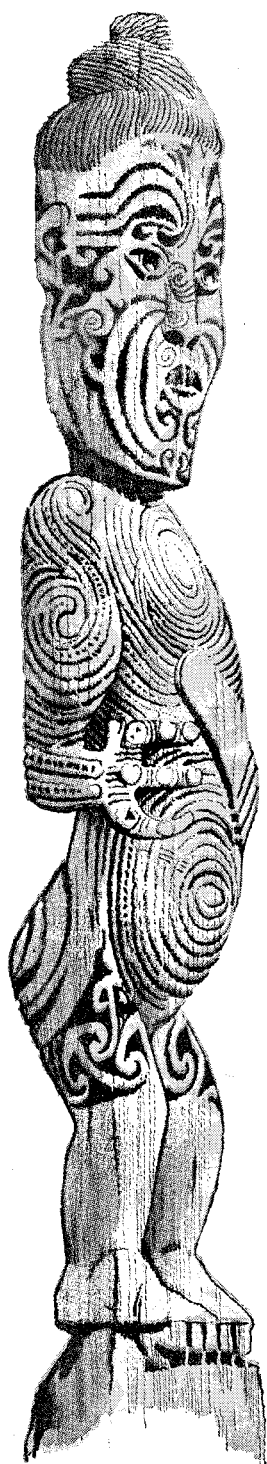
Of the 265 bridges on the new Illinois Tollways, 217 use prestressed concrete. They include 6,900 girders in all, totaling 453,500 linear feet. The money saved made every fifth bridge free. Central casting yards permitted mass production and close quality control. Maintenance is expected to be the lowest of any major bridge system.

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occupation began. Women no longer regard themselves as married to their husbands' families, nor do they hesitate to take their domestic and matrimonial problems to the family court. The modern girl who does not yet rebel against the arranged marriage insists at least on the right of the veto. If the processes of emancipation are far from complete, the target of full equality is clearly in sight.

Especially in the larger cities, meat, vegetables, fruit, and bread are rapidly replacing rice and fish as the staple diet; in Tokyo, restaurants serving Western food outnumber those offering Japanese dishes. Sales of sake, the Japanese rice wine, have fallen rapidly, while beer and wine are becoming more and more popular.

Population control

Draconian methods of control have now almost destroyed fears of overpopulation. Though there is real concern about the country's capacity to absorb the results of the 1947-1949 baby boom when it begins to reach the labor market in three years' time, long-range population forecasts estimate that Japan will actually begin to suffer from a labor shortage after 1965.

The disappearance of infant children from their mothers' backs and the village streets is almost as striking as the outcrop of TV antennas. From 1947 to 1949 births averaged nearly 2,700,000 a year; from 1956 to 1958 the average was 1,620,000, giving Japan a birth rate of 18 per thousand, compared with 24 in the United States and 28 in Canada.

In the years immediately following the amendment of the Eugenics Protection Law in 1949, induced abortion was almost the only factor in the falling birth rate. More recently, the official circulation of family planning information and the widespread practice of birth control have begun to have effect. Fifty thousand visiting nurses and midwives in eight hundred health centers throughout

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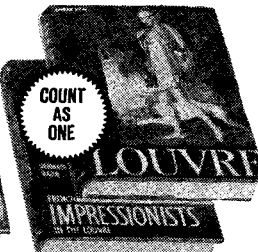
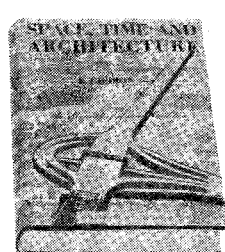
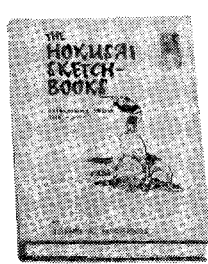
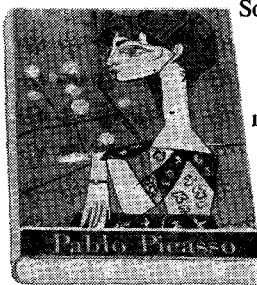
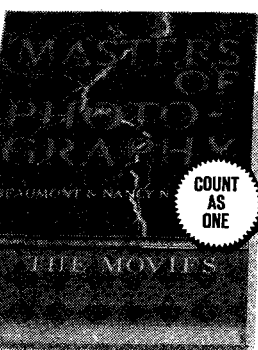
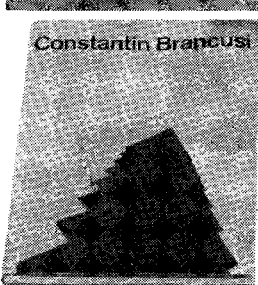
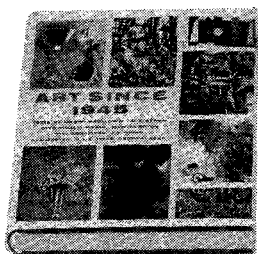
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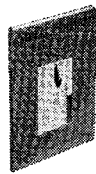
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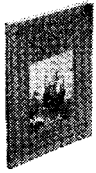
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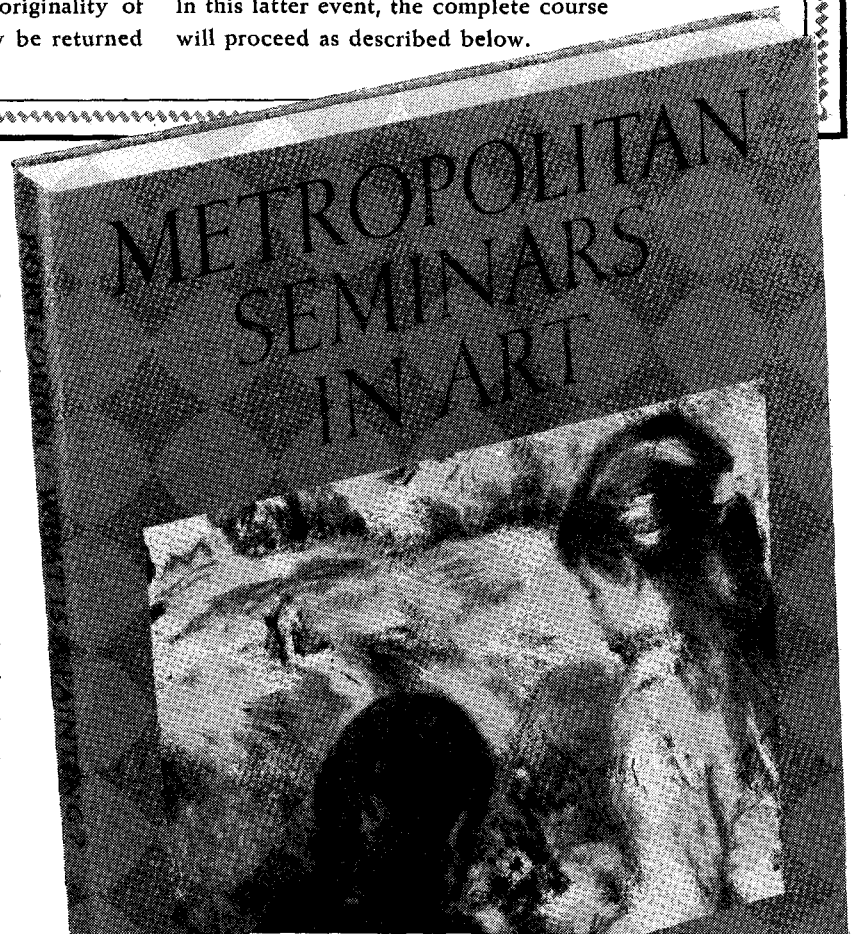
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How the Outer Edge of the Earth's Atmosphere Can Be the Training Ground for Man's First Landing on the Moon

by Norman V. Petersen

One of our current studies at Norair shows that a manned capsule can be rocket-launched from the earth in a ballistic trajectory approximating an approach to the moon. A braking rocket blast fired from the capsule would push the vehicle into an earthward turn and place it in landing position — the same way a space ship would maneuver for a moon landing. Such a maneuver would be made above the earth's atmosphere in order to approximate the moon's lack of atmosphere and its low gravity.

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Report on Japan



Japan have been trained in birth control procedures. To the well to do, they give advice; among the indigent, they distribute contraceptives free of charge; and such has been their impact that the Institute of Population Problems now estimates that 60 per cent of couples in urban areas where the wife is under fifty years of age now practice birth control. In rural areas the figure is said to be 40 per cent. Only in fishing villages and among isolated mountain communities has the program failed.

Poverty in the midst of plenty

Despite the smaller families and the general improvement in living standards, life for many Japanese is still not easy. The economy has a duality that must be taken into account in any objective assessment of the scene. The huge, clean, and modern factories outside Tokyo and on the Kansai Plain in the Nagoya-Osaka-Kobe complex, complete with free beauty shops for women employees, have to be matched against the poverty that still exists in the cottage industries.

The 1955 census figures (the latest available) are admittedly inadequate in this period of great change, but it is worthy of note that of all employees over the age of fifteen in that year, 37.5 per cent were employed in old-fashioned small enterprises run on a family basis, and that 31 per cent of these employees were actually unpaid family workers.

The Ministry of Labor estimates that the average monthly cash earnings of a Japanese regular worker in 1958 were \$60, but this figure does not give a true picture of labor earnings. In the absence of a minimum basic wage, the larger companies often pay ten times as much as the smaller firms and throw in numerous fringe benefits, ranging from beauty treatments for girls to assistance in transportation, accommodation, and food. The unemployment figure of approximately 600,000 is not high, but the number of underemployed on the rural-urban fringe is vari-

ously estimated to be from 2.5 to 5 million.

The workers in cottage industries, at one end of the social scale, and the intellectuals, at the other, have had little share in Japan's prosperity. Approximately 25,000 graduates of the engineering, medical, and science faculties in Japan's universities find gainful employment each year; for more than 100,000 others, and especially for those who do not attend the top four or five colleges, job hunting is hard and often unrewarding. Larger firms conduct their own entrance examinations, and, almost invariably, only graduates from the top-ranking colleges are accepted as candidates. Even so, as many as 3000 candidates often compete for ten or a dozen vacancies. Suicide and tuberculosis remain the principal causes of death, and suicide is especially high among students.

Successful candidates for government service begin work at about a third the real salary they would have received before the war. Others who can find no jobs commensurate with their training and skills drift into unskilled occupations. Many streetcar conductors and bar hostesses, for example, hold arts degrees.

The Teachers' Union

From this frustration of the intellectuals comes the most articulate leadership of the extreme left. The Teachers' Union, with half a million members, is both the most active, and, with the Railways Union, the largest member of Sohyo, the left-wing congress of trade unions — which, in turn, is the chief support for the Marxist wing of the Socialist Party.

Occasional pitched battles between the Police and the Teachers' Union, strong left-wing tendencies among some university professors and writers, the activities of the students' organization, Zengakuren (which was expelled from the Communist Party for left-wing adventurism), and a general tendency toward Communist leadership in many unions sometimes appear to endow the extreme left with a following it does not in fact possess. In terms of the total labor force, the unions, with a membership of only about seven million, are small, and Sohyo, especially, has lost prestige by its



Santo Domingo, Santa Maria and San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

They were carved a hundred years before the pilgrims landed

THESE EXCELLENT figures are Puerto Rican *santos*—carvings of the saints. They are only eighteen inches tall and they are made of wood.

Yet, as they stand gravely in the Caribbean sun, they seem to possess an inner serenity that is uncanny.

The earliest Puerto Rican *santos* were carved by Spanish missionaries. The art survives. Humble. Sometimes almost naive. But it is an immemorial

art with that lovely old culture that flowered in Puerto Rico over a hundred years before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

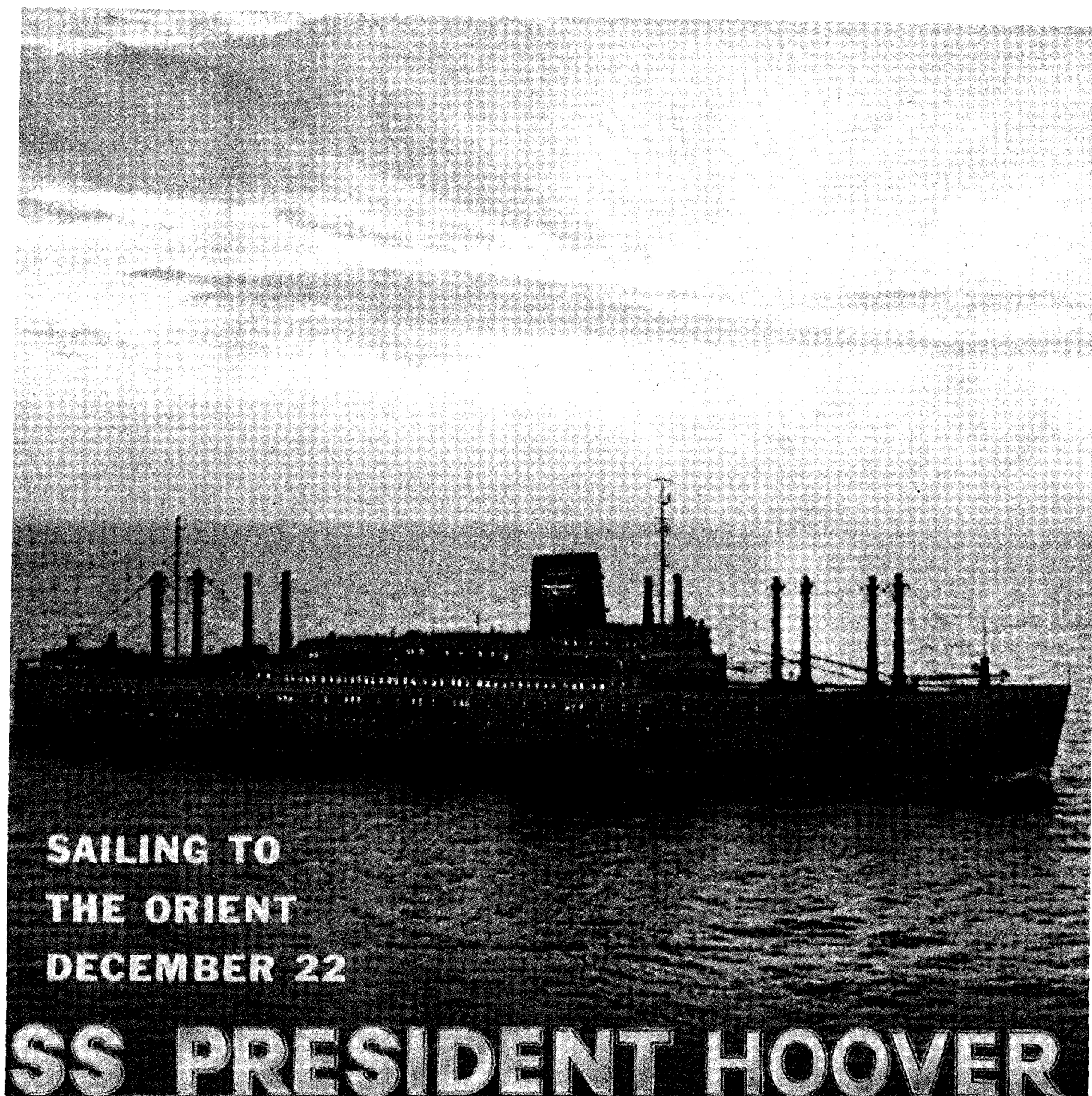
Today you can see many beautiful *santos*, new as well as old, in Puerto Rican galleries. Look especially for the figures of the Magi. They are usually on horseback and have a quiet charm that is all their own.

Isn't it pleasing to know that the

graceful traditions of Old Spain still pervade this lovely island? You may read about hotels and factories going up by the dozen. And they are. But you can still find tranquility in shaded patios—and the hush of devotion in cellar-cool churches.

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Report on Japan



fondness for taking direct action for political, rather than economic, ends.

Sometimes, as in its opposition to the Police Law revision last year, Sohyo has been in accord with general public opinion; more often, however, it serves principally as the mouthpiece for the Communist Party, which once again is making a bid for the control of organized labor. This is a serious development, but in evaluating its general significance it is important to remember that Party membership is down to 45,000 and that the Communists can no longer count on more than 2 per cent of the national vote.

Link with the United States

As Communist China started on its own road to industrialization it had the good will of most Japanese. No significant body of public opinion in Japan opposed Sino-Japanese trade; on the contrary, there were many who recalled, in eager anticipation of good things to come, that trade with China before the war accounted for 16 per cent of Japan's imports and exports.

Chinese intransigency has dissipated much of this good will. Today there is both a clear appreciation that Japan's economic future is closely linked with that of the United States and a sharp, even hostile reaction to Peking's attempts to use economic relations for political purposes. Moreover, internal developments in China in the past year have dismayed many Japanese. Culturally and historically, they feel that there are strong links between the two peoples, but accounts of life in the communes and the killing of bonzes and the destruction of monasteries in Tibet suggest to the Japanese that their links are with the China of the past, not the present.

Businessmen need to look no further than at their rapidly expanding trade with the United States to distinguish between the substance and the shadow. Between 1954 and 1958, Japan's exports to the United States increased from \$283 million to

\$680 million, or 26 per cent of its total, while special dollar earnings in offshore procurement and services, though now declining, averaged more than \$500 million a year.

The relationship is far from one-sided, however. Japan now ranks second only to Canada as the United States's most important trading partner. U.S. exports to Japan rose from \$849 million in 1954 to \$1054 million in 1958, and of these about \$400 million a year were farm products protected at home by government subsidies.

Economically, then, it is not difficult to point up the interdependence of the two countries. Nor is it difficult to see Japan's importance in the global strategic picture. There are only four main industrial complexes in the world with a full run of related industries — the West European, the Sino-Soviet, the North American, and the Japanese — and the shift of any one would have a profound effect on the balance of world power. Furthermore, Japan's four main islands, stretching for 1500 miles off the northeast coast of Asia, form an effective shield against the main concentration of Communist Far Eastern power.

Defense partner

With its industrial facilities and room for deployment, Japan is also the natural cornerstone of the U.S. Far Eastern island defense chain; without the support of our nine Japanese air bases and two fleet facilities, the confined American position in Korea and Okinawa would be untenable. Finally, Japan's logistical facilities save the United States at least \$100 million a year in haulage back to the East Coast.

The Japanese do not all see an identity of strategic interests, however. Japan has always been a lone wolf in world politics, and the concept of a free partnership is both new and difficult. The general abhorrence of war, coupled with the Socialist clamor for neutralism, makes the alliance extremely delicate. The Americans in Japan are well aware of this. Servicemen in the cities are now conspicuous by their absence, and in the revision of the United States-Japan Mutual Security Pact, the United States is being careful to retain only the essentials.

RAINBOW'S END

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The Atlantic Report EAST GERMANY



FOR a long time it was fashionable to write of the impending catastrophe in East Germany, of chronic industrial stagnation, incipient economic collapse, even of famine. But, in fact, East German economic progress, though not as spectacular as that of the "Golden West" of the Federal Republic, is steady and gaining in impetus all the time. As long as it continues, there will not be the slightest difficulty in holding East Germany in its appointed place in the Communist bloc.

It is still a popular pastime of the West German press to write of shortcomings in the East German economy as if they were the only things that matter. The inability of East Germany to deliver high-quality goods to West Germany, under the interzonal trade agreement, was duly noted at the Leipzig Trade Fair this fall. East German officials, while prophesying the doubling of interzonal trade to a negligible figure of \$750 million a year, were quite unable to indicate what they could offer in return for West German machinery, steel, plastics, and other consumer goods. Attention has been drawn to East Germany's lagging housing program. The West Germans are building 600,000 new homes this year; the East Germans by July had under construction only 18,000 out of their 1959 target of 70,000.

The East Germans are themselves lamenting the low production figures of their agricultural cooperatives (by August the East German state controlled 47 per cent of all farmland) and the shortage of electric power, of high-quality consumer goods, of qualified technicians (about 1000 fled to the West during the first half of 1959), and even of unskilled labor.

In this last respect, indeed, they have a big problem. Half of the 200,000 East German refugees who have been arriving each year in the Federal Republic are under the age of twenty-five; their loss grows more serious each year to East Germany, for a number of young East Germans leave school annually: 358,000 in 1955, 230,000 last year, and an estimated 160,000 in 1961. The only reserves on which the East Germans can draw

are a residue of female labor — a small one, since every second worker is a woman — employees from the oppressed privately owned industries, and whoever can be spared from various paramilitary and security services.

Yet the East Germans can be more honest today than ever before about their economic difficulties. They can even publish firm figures, instead of the next-to-meaningless percentages of production which they used in the past in order to conceal their failures. The plain fact is that they are doing better than ever before. In each of the last two years, national income rose by 6 per cent (in West Germany it rose by 5 per cent and 4 per cent). East German industrial production is now running at 25 per cent above the pre-war rate — not a spectacular result, but one which must please all who suffered under the economic paralysis of the first post-war years.

East Germany is no longer paying crippling reparations to the Soviet Union. In fact, the only form of hidden reparations still being paid is the shipment, at cut prices, of uranium ores from Saxony, which are believed to cover about one quarter of the Soviet Union's needs. Expenditure on East German defense is being held steady, since the armed forces were stabilized at 90,000 regular soldiers and 100,000 People's Police.

Confidence in the future

While the gaps in the East German economy can still be easily discovered, there are plenty of signs of confidence in the future. By 1964, for instance, a ten-year school curriculum will have been established for all children. The East German government believes that the resulting drop in available labor will be more than offset by increased technical training and by the polytechnical education which sends children for a certain number of weeks a year into the factories, acclimatizes them to industrial conditions, and makes it much easier to spot and later utilize youthful talent. Fewer East Germans are seeking refuge in the West; the monthly average dropped from 17,000 in 1958 to 11,000 this year. Many



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East Germany



East Germans, moreover, are returning home again, suffering from homesickness and the problems of making their way in a prosperous, sternly competitive society which lacks interest in them. In the past, about one East German refugee in ten returned home; today the proportion is one in five.

Confidence in the future of East Germany is illustrated also by the new line of talk which greets West Germans who visit there. No longer do East Germans ask about life in Western Europe with a wistful note in their voices; generally they do not ask about it at all. Instead they talk, for the first time since 1945, about "our republic" and "our socialist achievements." West Germans were this year amazed to hear mention of "our Grotewohl" and his round of economic conferences with Asian and African governments. They found that their poor cousins took a Spartan pride in the toughness of life in the East German Republic (DDR) and valued their success all the more highly.

The Seven Year Plan

The economic turn-around for the DDR began in 1954. Until then the Soviet Union looked on its most western, unfledged satellite as a field for exploitation. It is estimated that during the first eight years after the war the Soviet Union took 16 billion dollars' worth of reparations from East Germany, or 40 per cent more than was claimed at the Potsdam Conference. In 1954 Soviet policy switched to one of building up the DDR's resources as a workshop for the Communist bloc. The DDR was brought into COMECON (Communist Council for Mutual Economic Aid), which has just celebrated its tenth birthday. COMECON plans for the DDR took definite shape when the East German Seven Year Economic Plan was formulated in 1958. The following were the most important features.

The DDR must more than double its chemical production by 1965. In the Communist bloc it will be-



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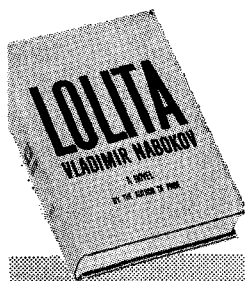
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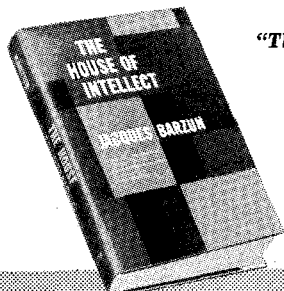
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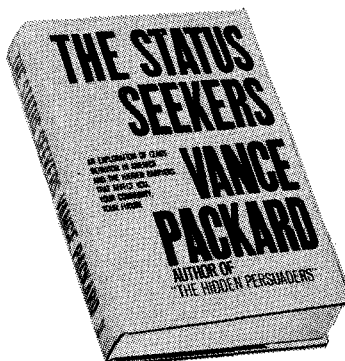


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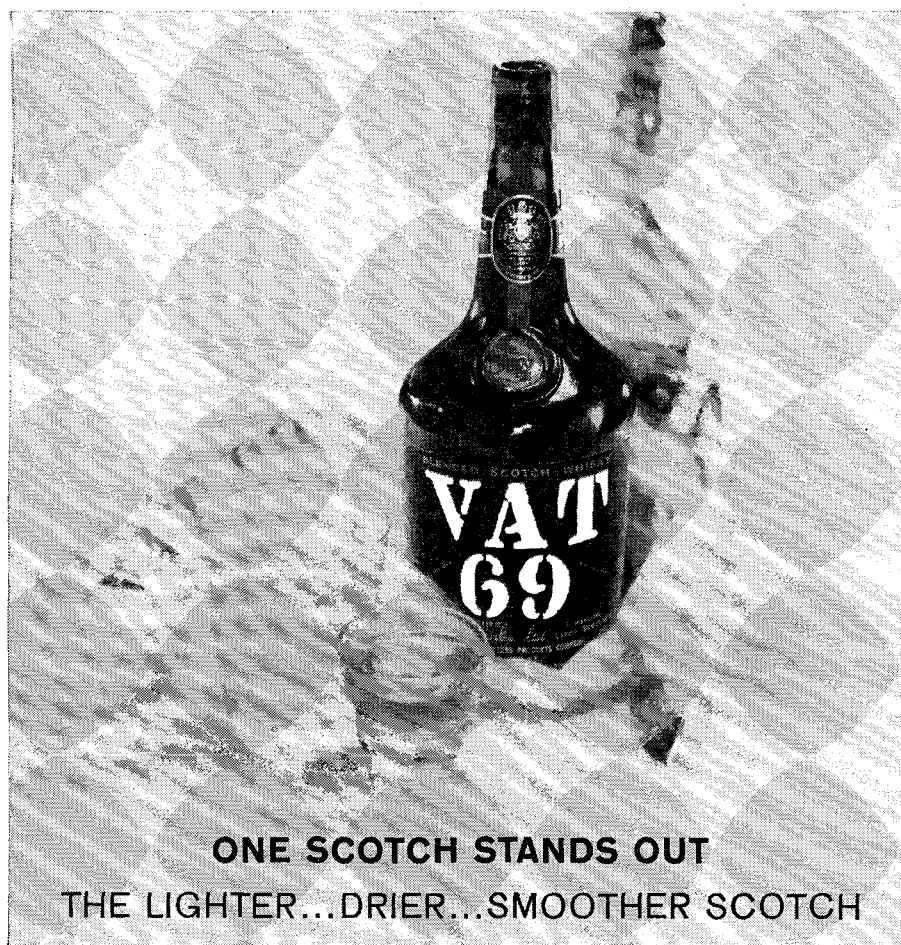
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come the biggest producer, after the Soviet Union, of petrochemicals, plastics, potash, and calcined soda. Plastics production will be raised, in the whole Communist bloc, from 350,000 to over 6 million tons a year by 1975. The Soviet Union will help the DDR by building an oil pipeline from the Ukraine to Schwedt by the end of 1963. Two years later it should be bringing 4.8 million tons of crude oil a year into the DDR.

The planned expansion of the chemical industry is already bearing fruit. In the first quarter of 1959, production was 9 per cent above that of the same period in 1958. During the Seven Year Plan, at least 9 billion marks will be invested in this industry, 3.6 billion in construction work alone. East Berlin is to be the seat of COMECON's Commission for Chemicals.

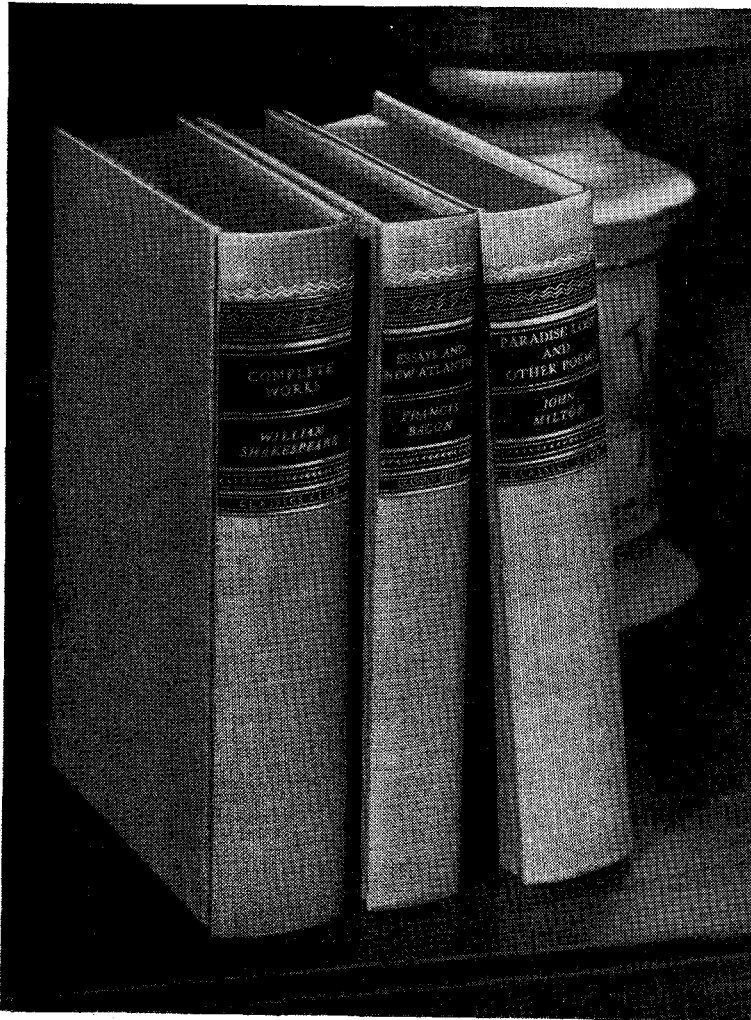
The DDR will become the principal producer of zinc and nickel in the Communist bloc. Both industries will be centered round St. Egidien, near Chemnitz. The DDR will remain the biggest Communist producer of lignite, which will be increasingly used for specialized purposes, while fuel requirements will be met by larger deliveries of Polish and Czech hard coal.

East Germany has been given a big role to play in COMECON shipbuilding programs. While small ships will mostly be built on the Black Sea and the ships of over 15,000 tons on the Baltic by Poland and the Soviet Union, the DDR will concentrate on ships of between 5000 and 15,000 tons in its Rostock, Wismar, and Stralsund yards. The Warnow yard at Rostock is expected to complete the first East German nuclear-powered ship by 1965.

The DDR has also been selected, along with Czechoslovakia, as the Communist country best fitted to build sugar-beet and cement factories. The DDR will specialize, too, in optics and fine mechanics, and the production of heavy turbines and

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East Germany



tractors, locomotives and rolling stock, and nuclear power. The first nuclear power plant should be working by the end of 1960, and the second by 1965. All these features of COMECON planning have been integrated into the East German Schwerpunkt Program, which provides for concentration on special economic sectors. Meanwhile, 75 per cent of the DDR's imports and exports continue to be exchanged with other COMECON countries.

Of course, it is much too soon to predict unlimited success for the Seven Year Plan. But a basis for success is there. Food rationing has been abolished; the frantic muddles of the state farms have been ended by the introduction of the cooperatives, which leave the farmer ownership of his land and merely take his produce; there are no longer thousands of acres of farmland lying derelict; trade with the uncommitted nations is expanding; hard coal and steel industries have been built up from nothing.

Ulbricht's waiting game

Economic stability is the main reason for the truculence with which the Ulbricht regime in East Germany has backed Soviet threats against West Berlin. East German leaders have echoed, parrotlike, the demand for a free city of West Berlin, for withdrawal of allied garrisons and transfer of control of Berlin's communications from the Soviet to the East German authorities. At the Geneva Foreign Ministers' Conference, the DDR delegation was delighted with the measure of semi-recognition accorded to it and with ready-made chances of depicting the West Germans as the main stumbling block to a solution of the German problem.

After Geneva, Ulbricht coined the phrase "The DDR is the savior of the German people from a new war." Unlike Dr. Adenauer, he was not embarrassed by the proposal of an Eisenhower-Khrushchev meeting. Ulbricht was able to maintain pressure for the "solution" of a German

confederation of two equally entitled states and to accuse Dr. Adenauer of wanting to perpetuate the status quo, thereby blocking reunification.

Ulbricht has been able to go on making overtures to the West German Social Democrats and trade unions, inviting both to East Berlin and being little distressed by their instant refusal. At least the left-wingers in the unions and the Social Democratic Party have shown signs of weakening. This is enough; like Khrushchev, Ulbricht is in no hurry.

The jaunty Berliners

Ulbricht may have been disappointed by the lack of concern shown by the Berliners to the Soviet threat to their freedom and independence. It is a striking fact that this threat produced only a minor emigration from Berlin of old and rich people and has affected the nerves of the Berliners far less than those of other Germans. Their jauntness and self-confidence are indestructible. They have laughed to scorn East German offers of political friendship and economic aid.

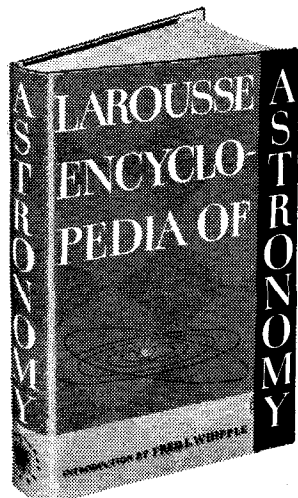
But in other respects Ulbricht is a satisfied man. In company with other ministers, he has moved to a new and more luxurious "government ghetto" in a wired-in compound in the North Berlin suburb of Wandlitz. He has pursued his pet hobby of an anti-smoking campaign, after instituting an anti-alcohol campaign two years ago. Now no smoking will be permitted at any meeting which he attends. He has secured the East German skiers equal representation in the all-German team for the 1960 Olympics at Squaw Valley (this is the first all-German unit of any kind since 1945).

And he has commissioned his "tame historian," Professor Jerusalemski, to produce the "true" explanation of the 1939 Hitler-Stalin Pact. Evidently it was signed because the Western powers sent delegates to Moscow, ostensibly to negotiate with the Soviet Union but in reality to encourage Hitler to negotiate with them. Their objectives were a Western-German alliance and the invasion of Russia. It is a sad thought that, as the two Germanies grow apart, more and more people on the other side of the Iron Curtain will come to believe this nonsense.

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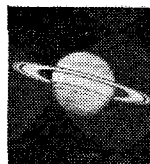
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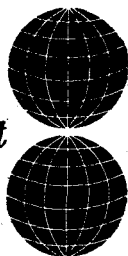
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The Atlantic Report CHILE



WHEN one comes to Chile today from one of its neighbors — Argentina, Bolivia, or Peru — or when one remembers the Chile of a year or so ago, the change in atmosphere is almost startling. There are optimism, confidence, and a certain pride in Chile's government. Prosperity has certainly not arrived, but it is felt — somewhat rashly, perhaps — to be just around the corner. More striking still is the prevalent moral tone. The government has, in less than a year, managed to infuse a high sense of purpose, sincerity, and honesty into the management of public affairs. In a country so hard-pressed as Chile, with chronic inflation, a stagnant economy, and considerable unemployment, this change of climate is particularly impressive.

The man most responsible for it is the new President, Jorge Alessandri Rodriguez, who took office in November, 1958, after a tense five-way election. Alessandri is an "independent conservative," aloof, austere, somewhat authoritarian. Although he is not without sincere social preoccupations and although he does not himself spring from the landholding aristocracy, who form the bulwark of the Conservative Party, he stood nevertheless very much to the right among the four major candidates. (The fifth candidate was a defrocked priest, half clown and half mystic, whose chief importance was to collect a certain number of fringe votes and so divide the strength of the far left.)

Alessandri made few promises during the electoral campaign. His chief assets were his undoubted intellectual powers, his name, and his record. His father was twice President of Chile and, in the 1920s, instituted important social and constitutional reforms. Alessandri is a very successful business executive and a former Minister of Finance, the only one in recent years to have balanced the budget. Such a personality might be expected to have little appeal in the flamboyant Latin American political arena. However, Chile, although underdeveloped economically, is politically one of the most mature of the Latin American republics.

It is significant that Alessandri's support came not only from the good residential districts but also from the industrial suburbs of Santiago and Valparaiso. He fared poorly in agricultural districts, traditional bailiwicks of the Conservative Party; but it is pointed out by some observers that this may simply indicate the unusual honesty of the elections — agricultural laborers felt free to vote according to their consciences, rather than as the landlords advised.

Since taking office, Alessandri has further broadened his political base by striking up a working alliance with the Radical Party, thus acquiring a comfortable majority in the Congress. But in forming his Cabinet and in making other government appointments, he has eschewed purely political considerations, to the evident disappointment of his own party — although in wooing the Radicals he has been obliged to concede some political plums. He has ostensibly sought personal capability rather than political expediency in filling government posts and has generally found it among business executives, like himself. This is a government of managers, say his friends and supporters.

This position of being above petty politics is an important factor in the wide popular support Alessandri at present enjoys. And the general house cleaning effected in a few brief months by these expert managers has also gained for him the confidence of the Chilean people.

Orderly finances

Order has been brought out of the confusion of public finances. The government now pays its bills on the dot, instead of dillydallying, as it did, for months, or even years, while the peso lost value. As a consequence it can now impose a reduction in prices — suppliers had previously added a generous margin to compensate for interim inflation.

The budget had previously had little more than token significance; supplements were automatically voted after inflation had pushed up costs, with the

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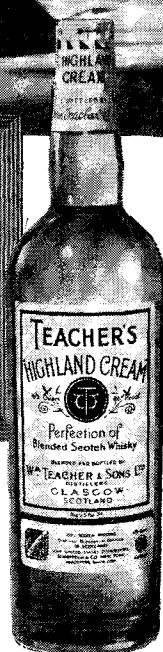
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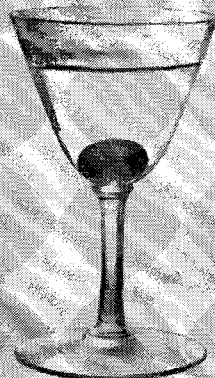
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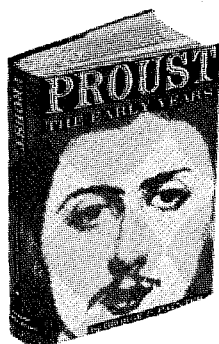
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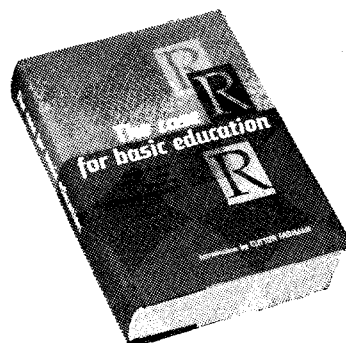
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Report on Chile



consequent relaxing of controls. This year the budget is to mean what it says and is balanced for the first time since 1950, although with some aid from foreign loans. Next year, it is hopefully stated, it will balance with local resources alone.

Among the extraordinary powers granted the President in April are those to revise and modernize the fiscal code and to reorganize the public administration. Work on this is already going forward. It is thus the first ambition of the Alessandri government to endow Chile with the efficient machinery of a modern state, as the essential preliminary to economic expansion.

Alessandri's governing philosophy is economic liberalism. He has inherited from previous governments a whole creaking apparatus of controls, subsidies, restrictions, and protections. These he does not propose to abolish at a single blow, since such action would be politically inexpedient and economically upsetting.

For instance, the percentage of readjustment in wages and salaries to compensate for inflation is fixed at the end of each year by law, usually after much heated discussion. Alessandri observed the custom this year, although with the slight modification that employers already paying better than minimum wages were subject to smaller increases. In the future, however, it is his stated intention that wage levels shall be fixed by direct negotiation between unions and management, restoring to labor the same freedom as to business enterprise. As a corollary, there is a new law punishing all forms of monopoly.

Stimulating expansion

In Alessandri's view, free enterprise is not, as the left stanchly maintains, a system directed toward the exclusive benefit of the well to do but the simplest and quickest means of stimulating the expansion which will provide better living for everyone.

Trouble-maker

He is the silent one. He never speaks up on issues. He never sounds off in the letter column of his local newspaper. He never writes his Congressman. He is quiet as a clam. And in his wish to offend nobody, he offends Democracy. How could Democracy succeed...if all of us, like this one, withheld our opinions, our ideas, our criticisms? Voting on election day is only part of a citizen's duty. Active, day-by-day participation in government, in society, in business associations, is a responsibility for each and every one of us. The *silent* trouble-maker fails to understand this. In his worship of "law and order," he never dares to question an oppressive law, never distinguishes "order" from stagnation. He is the apostle of social decay, not democracy.



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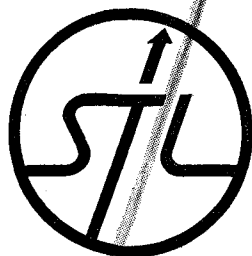
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Report on Chile



In answer to criticism of his program, he has taken certain measures which reduce the privileges of the rich, to the disgruntlement of some of his own supporters. He has moved particularly harshly against tax evaders; they will now be punished with jail sentences instead of, as formerly, fines eaten away by inflation before they were paid. Borrowing a page from the new French tax code, he has decreed that income may be judged by "exterior signs of wealth." And large agricultural estates, chief source of wealth of Chile's aristocracy, will be, for the first time, obliged to keep business-like accounts.

At the same time, two of Chile's gravest social problems have been tackled. A special commission has been set up for the development of the arid regions in the far north, where the decline of the nitrate industry and marginal mining have left misery and unemployment. A coordinated housing program for low-income groups has been initiated. These actions should not only help fill Chile's desperate need but at the same time provide new jobs and stimulate production in correlated industry.

There is already some statistical evidence that the Alessandri formula, which he insists is empirical rather than theoretical, is having a beneficial effect. From September to June, industrial production has risen by 11 per cent, reversing a downward trend that began in 1953. From March to June, unemployment decreased from 10 per cent to 7 per cent in the Greater Santiago area. The combined result of these moral and material factors is that Alessandri's popularity has grown with his months in office.

Chile's chronic inflation

There are, however, some shadows in this bright picture, the chief of which is continuing inflation. Chile's inflation, while it has never reached the galloping stage, is chronic and serious. The cost of living rose by nearly 80 per cent in 1955 and 40

per cent in 1956. It fell by 20 per cent in 1957 and rose again by over 30 per cent in 1958. This inflation has not been a method of enforced saving to promote economic expansion. On the contrary, it has been accompanied by diminishing investments, and stagnation, even regression, in national production.

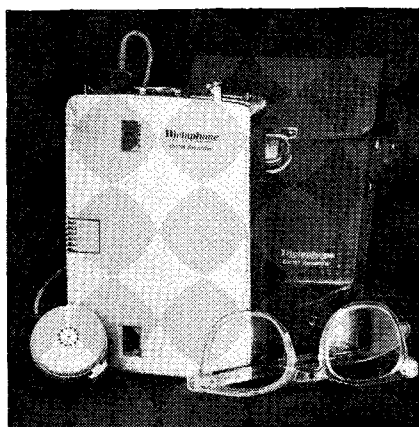
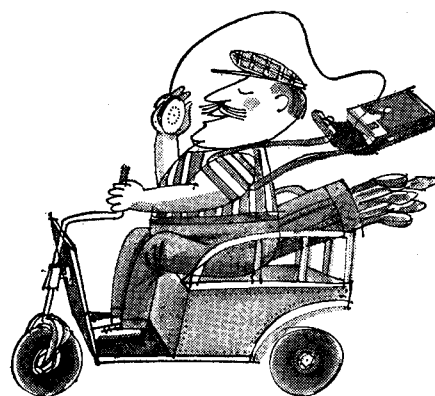
An effort at stabilization was made by the previous government, of President Ibañez, in 1956. It was but a halfhearted attempt at best, since the essential factor of a balanced budget was never achieved. It was further bedeviled by a sharp drop in the price of copper, and then by the American recession. The incidence of this former stabilization program on Chile's economic plight is still ardently discussed, particularly by those who object in principle, political as well as economic, to the prescriptions of the International Monetary Fund.

Be that as it may, the fact is that Chile's economy is today at a considerably lower level than in 1953. According to Dr. Joseph Grunwald, director of the Institute of Economic Research of the University of Chile, average consumption per person has fallen by about 10 per cent during the past six years.

Alessandri's problem is thus twofold: to achieve a measure of stabilization and at the same time to encourage economic expansion. The technical factors tending toward stabilization have this time been put in place. Public finance has been put in order, the peso has been stable for months, credit is tightly controlled. Yet, in the first seven months of 1959 the cost of living has risen nearly 29 per cent, almost as much as during the whole of 1958.

Part of this rise was to be expected, owing to the increase in wages and a 20-per-cent devaluation of the peso. Part of it is undoubtedly speculative, and the government, if faithful to its philosophy, can exert little else but moral pressure to deal with it. But the government has gone so far as to slap controls on bread and potatoes and has dramatically airlifted meat from Argentina. For the rest, it is depending on persuasion and a vast campaign to educate the buying public — in which it includes its own purchasing agents and those of

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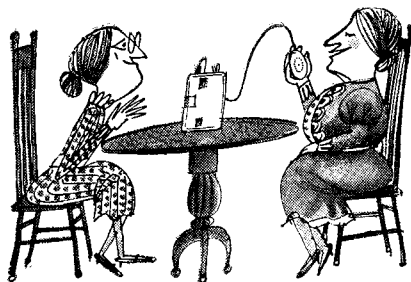
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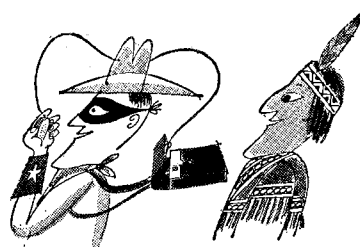


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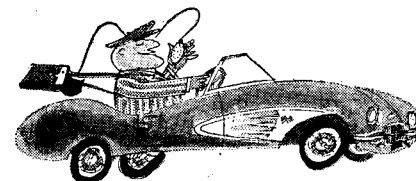
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Report on Chile



industry, middlemen, and retailers, as well as the ultimate consumer—in the technique of bargaining.

The speculative habit

The psychological attitude engendered by so chronic an inflation as Chile's is, in fact, one of the most stubborn obstacles to eliminating it. Margins are swollen to allow for the worst, and prices change so rapidly that increases are accepted without scrutiny as a normal occurrence. Thus Alessandri, while notably successful in creating faith in himself as President, has not yet succeeded in building sufficient belief in the stability of the peso or in breaking the speculative habits induced by years of spiraling prices.

These same habits, coupled with the tendency toward conspicuous consumption which characterizes Chile's wealthy, are also at the root of Chile's low rate of productive investment. The long-term gains to be expected from industrial investment in an uncertain economy are much less tempting than those from quick speculative deals.

One solution is, of course, an influx of foreign capital, but the amount of this is limited by Chile's ability to service it. In a package deal, which includes advances from the International Monetary Fund, renewal of previous loans, and fresh money from the Export-Import Bank and private sources, Chile obtained \$132 million. Germany and France have opened lines of credit of \$100 and \$50 million, respectively, for the importation of capital goods and raw materials.

This is an encouraging start, but it is essential that local capital also do its part. The government is trying to stimulate such investment by various tax exemptions and exchange guarantees on certain types of loans. It is as yet too soon to judge the success of its efforts, although there has already been a significant influx of private capital into local banks, attracted by extremely high rates of interest.

In a small, underdeveloped country such as Chile, the standard of living depends on the ability to import, and hence on exports. In this respect, copper is Chile's staff of life, accounting for more than 50 per cent of its exports. In view of the volatile nature of copper prices and the apparent saturation of the world market, much has been made of the necessity for diversifying exports.

New exports

The recent discovery and development of iron mines in the north—one is believed to be much more extensive than Cerro Bolívar in Venezuela—have aroused high hopes. Iron ore is expected shortly to replace nitrate as Chile's second export commodity. The export of steel products is also likely to increase rapidly, owing to the expansion of the Huachipato steel mill. A recently opened pulp and cellulose plant will doubtless provide an exportable surplus. There is an expanding market for Chile's luscious fruits, and last year two tanker loads of Chilean wine went to France—and the French found it good.

There are thus plenty of hopeful possibilities. The chief problem is time. With an exploding population, increasing at the rate of 2.5 per cent a year, economic growth must be considerable if it is to do more than simply keep pace. Dr. Grunwald estimated in February that over the next few years "per capita production and income will increase about 3 per cent at best, and less than one per cent a year under more pessimistic assumptions." This will seem very slow to a population already living on the thin edge of misery, however patient and politically mature. The present euphoria is not likely to last unless it is based on something more substantial than a high moral tone and administrative efficiency.

A climate has been created and technical foundations laid more propitious than any that have been seen in Chile in a generation. In the government's philosophy, it is now the moneyed class who should come forward with enthusiasm and enterprise to develop Chile's resources before the time runs out. The economic future of Chile will depend on its response.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

American import quotas

SIR:

I should like to add some of my own views on certain statements made by Professor Hugh G. Aitken in "Import Quotas: A Short sighted Policy" (September *Atlantic*).

Mr. Aitken takes the viewpoint that oil import restrictions were adopted in order to protect the U.S. oil industry from foreign competition. He fails to add the important fact that, at the time these quotas were adopted, the United States was undergoing an economic recession.

Another factor which must be taken into account is the condition of our bituminous coal industry. Before the import quotas were adopted, that industry had made numerous representations before Congress to halt the inflow of heavy or residual fuel oil. This type of oil has been a rather serious competitor in the East Coast soft coal market.

I cannot agree with Mr. Aitken's statement that the government's petroleum import program was accepted with "surprisingly little domestic protest." While it is true that the consumers of petroleum maintained their usual sphinxlike silence on trade restrictions, there was much opposition from the major internationally affiliated petroleum companies. The group which must be given the credit for the quotas is the Independent Petroleum Association of America. Their national security arguments to keep out foreign petroleum are, interestingly enough, virtually identical with the national security reasoning presented in the President's Special Committee report of July, 1957.

Mr. Aitken is quite correct in his

statement that discrimination with regard to foreign oil sources is essential today. The logic of this policy is even more compelling, in my opinion, when one considers that a future war might last only a few weeks or months. It is difficult to see how any oil supply outside of the North American continent itself could be depended upon in the event of a military attack.

In the heat of the discussion on U.S. petroleum quotas no one has mentioned that these restrictions were virtually ineffective with regard to Canadian exports to the United States. The truth of the matter is that, with the termination of the Suez Canal crisis, Canadian crude oil was displaced from its Puget Sound refinery market by cheap crude oil from the Middle and Far East. This resulted from a greater availability of low-cost ocean tankers, which permitted the delivered cost of foreign crude oil — particularly from Sumatra — to undersell Alberta's crude oil.

ALAN R. PLOTNICK
Kingston, R. I.

SIR:

Mr. Aitken shrugs off the domestic mining industry by saying that only low-grade ores are being mined and processed in the United States and by implying that labor costs outside of the United States are no lower than our own. Neither of these assumptions is entirely true, and the picture presented by Aitken is distorted. Domestic mining troubles are far more complex than Aitken presents them as being. Mines are not created or maintained without huge investments, nor can they

spring to life overnight. American tungsten, cobalt, nickel, steel, lead, zinc, cadmium, and many other metals face disastrous foreign competition.

The economic factors involved are different for U.S. producers. If it were not so, they would not have invested their capital in foreign lands and become importers themselves. The high cost of American labor is reflected not only in wages to direct labor forces but in all items needed to operate — power, machines, and transportation — particularly in the West, where discrimination in prices, as compared with the East, is apparent in every purchase.

Is it cheap and secure to have the United States in a position of having a far-reduced producing and processing capacity in ferrous and nonferrous metals in the event that we are cut off from all but Canada and Mexico by another world conflict?

Is it fair to tax an American and put him out of business by enhancing foreign competition with *his* money?

We who live with the nonferrous mining industry in Idaho are bitter about the treatment we have received at the insistence of Eastern thinkers such as Aitken. They have placed us in depression in the midst of plenty. We ask why foreign metals should not be taxed in the United States to support some of the benefits that have been received at our hands.

ROBERT M. ROBSON
Kellogg, Ida.

A strange sky

SIR:

Thank you for publishing Jesse Hill Ford's "A Strange Sky" in the

September *Atlantic*. In an extraordinary way, I believe, it catches and holds an experience in living which is beyond the dimensions of a reading experience. Congratulations to Mr. Ford and to your recognition of him.

JANE CROSBY
Bradford, Penn.

SIR:

After a futile attempt at enjoying the article "Gertrude Stein in Paris" by John Malcolm Brinnin, I sallied to the back of the September *Atlantic* and happened upon the announcement of Jesse Hill Ford's grant. In eager anticipation I hunted out the story, which I was sure would be indicative of your high literary taste.

I dislike inveighing against any flowering author, but I feel I must protest. I have read many themeless short stories, but this is the first time I have seen one in the *Atlantic*. Even an attempt at justifying it as a satire failed, and when that happens, all is lost. The "I've been seduced for seventeen years, and look at me now" has no place in the *Atlantic*.

JOHN F. MANLEY
Syracuse, N. Y.

Correction

SIR:

Robert Hillyer's poem, "Seven Times One Are Seven," in the September *Atlantic* is one which stirs up memories of my own childhood and teens. I enjoyed it so much, but wonder if the poet has mistaken his source of "Seven times one are seven." I am familiar with the line as it appears in "Songs of Seven" by Jean Ingelow but fail to find it in a volume of the complete poems of Felicia Hemans.

MRS. LANNING MYERS
Wildwood, N. J.

SIR:

My poem should have been called "June 3, 1902"; and, since it is fifty-seven years ago, I had a slip of memory.

ROBERT HILLYER
Newark, Del.

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But she deserves a glass slipper because she is by nature a sweet, bright and interesting child. It would not be difficult to make a fine lady out of this little garbage collector. A month in a CCF Home and she would be transformed into "a beautiful princess."

Hong Kong, a British possession adjacent to Communist China, in 1947 had a population of 1,800,000. Today the flood of refugees from Red China has increased the population to approximately 4,000,000. The Hong Kong Government is doing a noble work in



Liang Mei

trying to assist these freedom-loving newcomers but the task is gigantic. Children like Liang Mei can be "adopted" and admitted to the nine CCF Homes in Hong Kong, which include Children's Garden, the largest cottage-plan Home in the Far East. The cost is the same in Hong Kong as in all the countries listed—\$10 a month.

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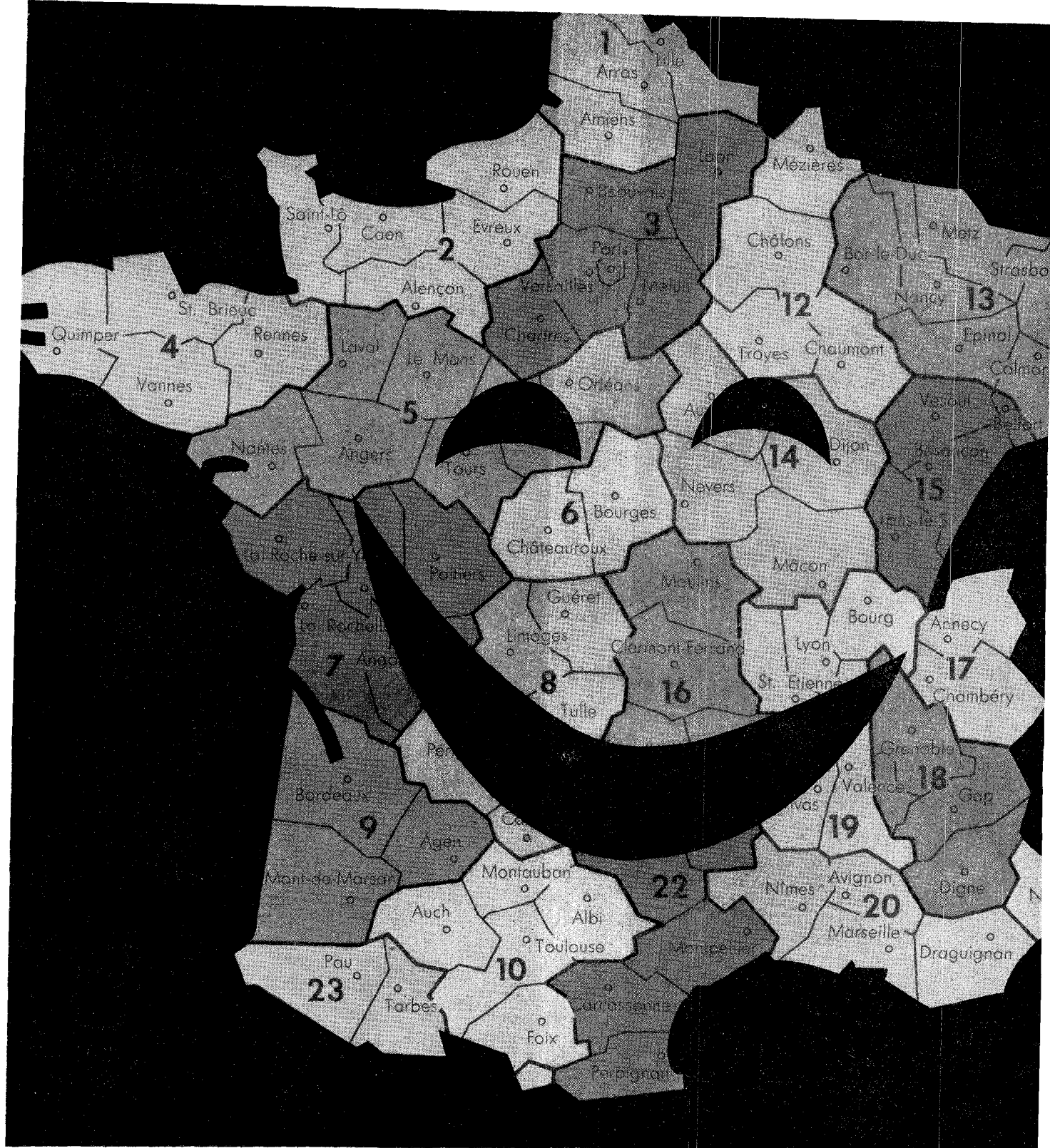
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THE ATLANTIC



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BY MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

Translated by Robert Daglish

Generally regarded as the foremost novelist in the Soviet Union, MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV has done most of his writing about the Don River region, where he makes his home. His two big novels, AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON and THE DON FLOWS HOME TO THE SEA, present a picture of the Cossack life and people before, during, and after the 1917 Revolution. He is presently engaged in writing a powerful new trilogy, VIRGIN SOIL UPTURNED, the second volume of which has raised considerable controversy in the Soviet Union. The short story which follows, and which is so symbolic of Russia's attitude toward Germany, has just been reproduced in a remarkably moving Russian film.

THERE was a rare drive and swiftness in the early spring that came to the upper reaches of the Don in the first year after the war. At the end of March, warm winds blew from the shores of the Azov Sea and in two days the sands on the left bank of the river were bare, the streams burst the ice and flooded madly, and the roads became almost completely impassable.

At this unfavorable time of the year it so happened that I had to make a journey to the district center of Bukanovskaya. The distance was not great — only about sixty kilometers — but it turned out to be hard going. My friend and I set out before sunrise. The pair of well-fed horses strained at the traces and could scarcely pull the heavy wagon. The wheels sank axle-deep into the damp mush of sand mixed with snow and ice, and the fresh morning air was filled with the sharp intoxicating smell of horses' sweat and warm harness lavishly smeared with tar.

Where the going was particularly heavy for the horses we got out and walked. The slushy snow squelched under our boots, and it took us about six hours to do the thirty kilometers as far as the ford over the River Yelanka.

We had to make the crossing in a leaky flat-bottomed boat that could not take more than

three people at the most. We sent the horses back. The driver and I with some misgivings climbed into the unsteady little craft. My friend stayed behind on the bank with our things. We had scarcely pushed off when little fountains of water came spouting up through the rotten planks. We plugged them with anything we could lay hands on and kept bailing until we reached the other side. In an hour we were on the far bank of the river. The driver fetched a jeep from the village and went back to the boat. "If this perishing old tub doesn't fall to bits in the water," he said, picking up an oar, "I'll be back with your friend in a couple of hours. At the earliest."

The village lay a good distance from the river, and down by the water there was that kind of stillness that falls on deserted places only in the depths of autumn or at the very beginning of spring. The water gave off a damp smell mingled with the tart bitterness of rotting alders, and from the distant steppes bathed in a lilac haze of mist a light breeze brought the eternally young, barely perceptible aroma of earth that has not long been liberated from the snow.

Not far away, on the sand at the water's edge, lay a broken wattle fence. I sat down on it to have a smoke but, on putting my hand in my jacket

pocket, discovered to my great disappointment that the package of cigarettes I had been carrying there was soaked. I drew the sodden package gingerly out of my pocket, got down on my haunches, and began laying out the moist brownish cigarettes one by one on the fence.

It was noon. The sun shone as hot as in May. I hoped the cigarettes would soon dry. It was so hot that I began to regret having put on my quilted army trousers and jacket for the journey. It was the first really warm day of the year. But it was good to sit there alone, abandoning myself completely to the stillness and solitude, and to stare up vacantly at the big-breasted clouds floating in the faded blue.

PRESENTLY I noticed a man come out on the road from behind the end cottages of the village. He was leading a little boy, about five or six years old, I reckoned, not more. They tramped wearily toward the ford, but, on reaching the jeep, turned in my direction. The man, tall and rather stooped, came right up to me and said in a deep husky voice: "Hullo, mate."

"Hullo." I shook the big rough hand he offered me.

The man bent down to the little boy and said: "Say hullo to uncle, lad. Looks as if he's another driver like your dad. Only you and I used to drive a lorry, didn't we, and he goes about in that little bus over there."

Looking straight at me with a pair of eyes that were as bright and clear as the sky, and smiling a little, the boy boldly held out a pink cold hand. I shook it gently and asked: "Feeling chilly, old man? Why's your hand so cold on a hot day like this?"

With a touching childish trustfulness the boy pressed against my knees and lifted his little flaxen eyebrows in surprise. "But I'm not an old man, Uncle. I'm only a boy, and I'm not chilly either. My hands are cold because I've been making snowballs."

Taking the half-empty rucksack off his back, the father sat down heavily beside me and said: "This passenger of mine is a regular young nuisance, he is. He's made me tired as well as himself. If you take a long stride he breaks into a trot; just you try keeping in step with a footslogger like him. Where I could take one pace, I have to take three instead, and so we go on, like a horse and a tortoise. And you need eyes in the back of your head to know what he's doing. As soon as you turn your back, he's off paddling in a puddle or breaking off an icicle and sucking it like a lollipop. No, it's no job for a man to be

traveling with someone like him, not on foot anyway." He was silent for a little, then asked: "And what about you, mate, waiting for your chief?"

By now I didn't want to tell him I was not a driver, so I answered: "Looks as if I'll have to."

"Is he coming over from the other side?"

"He will be."

"Do you know if the boat will be here soon?"

"In about two hours' time."

"That's a fair stretch. Well, let's have a rest, I'm in no hurry. Just saw you as I was walking past, so I thought to myself, there's one of us drivers, taking a spot of sunshine. I'll go over and have a smoke with him, I thought. No fun in smoking alone, any more than in dying alone. You live well, I see, smoking cigarettes. Got them wet, eh? Well, brother, wet tobacco's like a doctored horse, neither of them any good. Let's have a go at my old shag instead."

He pulled a worn silk pouch out of the pocket of his thin khaki trousers, and as he unrolled it, I noticed the words embroidered on the corner: "To one of our dear soldiers from a pupil of Lebedyanskaya Secondary School."

We smoked the strong home-grown tobacco, and for a long time neither of us spoke. I was going to ask him where he was making for with the boy and what brought him out on such bad roads, but he got his question in first: "At it all through the war, were you?"

"Nearly all of it."

"Front line?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had a good bellyful of trouble out there too, mate, more than enough of it."

He rested his big dark hands on his knees and let his shoulders droop. When I glanced at him sideways I felt strangely disturbed. Have you ever seen eyes that look as if they've been sprinkled with ash, eyes filled with such ingrained yearning and sadness that it is hard to look into them? This chance acquaintance of mine had eyes like that. He broke a dry twisted twig out of the fence and for a minute traced a curious pattern in the sand with it, then he spoke:

"Sometimes I can't sleep at night; I just stare into the darkness and I think: 'What did you do it for, life, why did you maim me like this? Why did you tear the guts out of me?' And I get no answer, either in darkness or when the sun's shining bright. . . . No, I get no answer, and I'll never get one!" And suddenly he recollected himself, nudged his little son affectionately and said: "Go on, laddie, go and play down by the water, there's always something for little boys to do by a big river. Only mind you don't get your feet wet."

While we had been smoking together in silence,

I had taken a quick look at father and son, and one thing about them had struck me as unusual. The boy was dressed plainly but in good stout clothes. The way the long-skirted little coat with its soft lining of worn beaver lamb fitted him, the way his tiny boots had been made to fit snugly over the woolen socks, the very neat darn that covered an old tear on the sleeve of the coat — all these things spoke of a woman's hand, the skillful hand of a mother. But the father's appearance was different. His quilted jacket was scorched in several places and roughly darned; the patch on his worn khaki trousers was not sewed on properly, it was tacked on with big mannish stitches; he was wearing an almost new pair of army shoes, but his thick woolen socks were full of holes. They had never known the touch of a woman's hand. Even then I had thought, either he's a widower or there's something wrong between him and his wife.

HE WATCHED his son run down to the water, then coughed and again began to speak, and I listened with all my attention.

"To start with, my life was just ordinary. I'm from the Voronezh Province, born there in 1900. During the Civil War I was in the Red Army, in Kikvidze's division. In the famine of twenty-two I struck out for the Kuban and worked like an ox for the kulaks — wouldn't be alive today if I hadn't. But my whole family back home, father, mother, and sister, died of starvation. So I was left alone. As for relatives anywhere, I hadn't got a single one, not a soul. Well, after a year I came back from the Kuban, sold my cottage, and went to Voronezh. First I worked as a carpenter, then I went to a factory and learned to be a mechanic. And soon I got married. My wife had been brought up in a children's home. She was an orphan. Yes, I got a good one there! Good-tempered, cheerful, always anxious to please. And smart she was, too, no comparison with me. She had known what real trouble was since she was a kid; maybe that had an effect on her character. Just looking at her from the side she wasn't all that striking; but, you see, I wasn't looking at her from the side, I was looking at her full face. And for me there was no more beautiful woman in the whole world, and there never will be.

"I'd come home from work tired and bad-tempered as hell sometimes. But no, she'd never fling your rudeness back at you. She'd be so gentle and quiet, couldn't do enough for you, always trying to get you a bit of something nice, even when there wasn't enough to go around. It made your heart lighter just to look at her, and after a while you'd put your arm around her and

say: 'I'm sorry I was rude to you, Irina dear, I had a rotten day at work today.' And again there would be peace between us, and my mind would be at rest. And you know what that means to your work, mate? In the morning I'd be out of bed like a shot and off to the factory, and any job I laid hands on would go like clockwork. That's what it means to have a real clever friend for a wife.

"Sometimes it would happen that I'd have a drink with the boys on payday. And sometimes the scissor-legged way I staggered home afterwards must have been frightening to watch. The main street wasn't wide enough for me, let alone the side streets. In those days I was a tough strong young fellow and I could hold a lot of drink, and I always got home on my own. But sometimes the last stretch would be in bottom gear, you know; I'd finish up by crawling on my hands and knees. But again I'd never get a word of reproach, no scolding, no shouting. My Irina, she'd just laugh at me, and she did that careful-like, so that even drunk as I was I wouldn't take it wrong. She'd pull my boots off and whisper: 'You'd better lie next to the wall tonight, Andrei, or you might fall out of bed in your sleep.' And I'd just flop down like a sack of oats and everything would go swimming around in front of me. And as I dropped off to sleep, I'd feel her stroking my head softly and whispering kind words, and I knew she felt sorry for me.

"In the morning she'd get me up about two hours before work to give me time to come around. She knew I wouldn't eat anything after being drunk, so she'd get me a pickled cucumber or something like that and pour me out a good glass of vodka to take away the aftereffects. 'Here you are, Andrei, but don't do it any more, dear.' How could a man let someone down who put such trust in him? I'd drink it up, thank her without words, just with a look and a kiss, and go off to work like a lamb. But if she'd had a word to say against me when I was drunk, if she'd started cursing or scolding me, I'd have come home drunk again, God's truth I would. That's what happens in some families where the wife's a fool. I've seen plenty of it, and I know.

"Well, soon the children started arriving. First my little son was born, then two girls. And that was when I broke away from my mates. I started taking all my pay home to the wife; we had a fair-sized family now, and there was no time for drinking. On my day off I'd have just a glass of beer and let it go at that.

"In 'twenty-nine I got interested in motors. I learned to drive and started to work on a lorry. And when I got into the swing of it I didn't want to go back to the factory any more. I found it

more to my liking to be at the wheel. And so I lived for ten years without noticing how the time went by. It was like a dream. But what's ten years? Ask any man over forty if he's noticed how he's spent his life. You'll find he hasn't noticed a darned thing. The past is like that distant steppe way out there in the haze. This morning I was crossing it and it was clear all around, but now that I've covered twenty kilometers there's a haze over it and you can't tell the trees from the grass, nor the plowland from the meadow.

"Those ten years I worked day and night. I earned good money, and we lived no worse than other folk. And the children were a joy to us. All three did well at school, and the eldest, Anatoly, turned out to be so bright at mathematics that he even got his name in a Moscow newspaper. Where he inherited this great gift from, I couldn't tell you, mate. But it was a very nice thing for me, and I was proud of him, mighty proud, I was.

"In ten years we saved up a bit of money, and before the war we built ourselves a little cottage with two rooms and a shed and a little porch. Irina bought a couple of goats. What more did we want? There was milk for the children's porridge, we had a roof over our heads, clothes on our backs, shoes on our feet, so everything was all right. The only thing was, I didn't choose a very good place to build. They allotted me a plot of land not far from an aircraft factory. Maybe if my little place had been somewhere else, my life would have turned out different.

"And then it came — war. The next day I had my call-up papers, and the day after it was 'Report to the station, please.' All my four saw me off together — Irina, Anatoly, and my daughters, Nastenka and Olyushka. The kids took it fine, though the girls couldn't keep back a tear or two. Anatoly just shivered a bit as if he were cold; he was going on seventeen by that time. But that Irina of mine — I'd never seen anything like it in all the seventeen years we'd lived together. That night my shirt and chest were wet with her tears, and in the morning it was the same thing. We got to the station and I felt so sorry for her I couldn't look her in the face. Her lips were all swollen with tears, her hair was poking out from under her shawl, and her eyes were dull and staring like someone who's out of her mind. The officers gave the order to get aboard, but she flung herself on my chest and clasped her hands around my neck, and she was shaking all over, like a tree that's being chopped down. The children tried to reason with her, and so did I, but nothing would help. Other women chatted to their husbands and sons, but mine clung to me like a

leaf to a branch, and just trembled all the time, and couldn't say a word. 'Get a grip on yourself, Irina dear,' I said. 'Say something to me before I go, at least.' And this is what she said, with a sob between every word: 'Andrei, my darling . . . we'll never . . . never see each other again . . . in this world.'

"There was I with my heart bursting with pity for her, and she says a thing like that to me. She ought to have understood it wasn't easy for me to leave her; I wasn't going off to a party either. And that got my temper up! I pulled her hands apart and gave her a push. It seemed only a gentle push to me, but I was strong as an ox, and she staggered back about three paces, then came toward me again with little steps, and I shouted at her: 'Is that the way to say good-bye? Do you want to bury me before my time?' But then I took her in my arms again because I could see she was in a bad way. . . ."

HE BROKE off suddenly, and in the silence that followed I heard a choking sound coming from his throat. His emotion communicated itself to me. I glanced sideways at him but did not see a single tear in those dead ashy eyes of his. He sat with his head drooping dejectedly. The big hands hanging limply at his sides were shaking slightly; his chin trembled, and so did his firm lips.

"Don't let it get you down, friend, don't think of it," I said quietly, but he seemed not to hear my words and, overcoming his emotion with a great effort, said suddenly in a hoarse, strangely altered voice:

"Till my last, dying day, till the last hour of my life, I'll never forgive myself for pushing her away like that!"

He fell silent again and for a long time. He tried to roll a cigarette, but the strip of newspaper tore apart in his fingers and the tobacco scattered onto his knees. In the end he managed to make a clumsy roll of paper and tobacco, took a few hungry pulls at it, then went on:

"I tore myself away from Irina, took her face in my hands and kissed her, and her lips were like ice. I said good-bye to the kids and ran to the carriage, managed to jump on the steps as it was moving. The train started off very slow, and it took me past my family again. I could see my poor little orphaned kids bunched up together, waving their hands and trying to smile but not managing it. And Irina had her hands clasped to her breast, her lips as white as chalk, and she was whispering something and staring, and her body was all bent forward as if she was trying to walk against a strong wind. And that's how I'll

see her in my memory for the rest of my life — her hands clasped to her breast, those white lips, and her eyes wide open and full of tears. And that's mostly how I see her in my dreams too. Why did I push her away like that? Even now, when I remember, it's like a blunt knife twisting in my heart.

"We were drafted to our units at Belaya Tserkov, in the Ukraine. I was given a three tonner, and that's what I went to the front in. Well, there's no point in telling you about the war; you saw it yourself and you know what it was like to start with. You'd get a lot of letters from home, but didn't write much yourself. Just now and then you'd write that everything was all right and you were doing a bit of fighting. Maybe we're retreating at present, you'd say, but it won't be long before we gather our strength and give the Fritzies something to think about. And what else could you write? Those were grim times, and you didn't feel like writing. And I must say, I was never much of a one for harping on a pitiful note, and I couldn't stick the sight of those slobbering types that wrote to their wives and kids every day for no reason at all, just to rub their snot over the paper — oh, it's such a hard life; oh, I might get killed! And so he goes on, the son of a bitch, complaining and looking for sympathy, blubbering away, and he can't understand that those poor unhappy women and kids are having just as bad a time of it back home as we are. Why, they were carrying the whole country on their shoulders. And what shoulders our women and children must have had not to be crushed down under a weight like that! But they weren't crushed, they stuck it out. And then one of those whimperers writes his pitiful letter and that just knocks a working woman off her feet. After a letter like that, the poor thing won't know what to do with herself or how to face up to her work. No! That's what a man's for, that's what you're a soldier for — to put up with everything to bear everything, if need be. But if you've got more woman than man in you, then go and put on a frilled skirt to puff out your skinny arse so you can look like a woman at least from behind, and go and weed the beets or milk the cows, because your kind aren't needed at the front — the stink's bad enough there without you!

"But I didn't get even a year's fighting done. I was wounded twice, but only slightly both times, once in the arm, the second time in the leg. The first was a bullet from an aircraft, the second a chunk of shrapnel. The Germans holed my lorry, top and sides, but I was lucky at first. Then I got taken prisoner at Lozovenki in May of 'forty-two. It was an awkward setup. The Germans were attacking hard, and one of our 120 mm.

howitzer batteries had nearly run out of ammo. We loaded my lorry chock-full of shells; I worked on the job myself till my shirt was sticking to my back. We had to get a move on because they were closing in on us; on the left we could hear a rumble of tanks, and firing on the right and in front, and things didn't smell too healthy.

"Can you get through, Sokolov?" asks the commander of our company. He need never have asked. Was I going to sit twiddling my thumbs while my mates got killed? 'What are you talking about!' I said. 'I've got to get through, and that's that.' 'Get cracking then,' he says, 'and step on it.'

"And step on it I did. Never driven like that before in my life! I knew I wasn't carrying a load of spuds, I knew I had to be careful with the stuff I'd got aboard, but how could I be when the lads were fighting out there empty-handed, when the whole road was under artillery fire? I did about six kilometers and got pretty near the place. I'd have to turn off the road to get to the hollow where the battery was stationed, and then what did I see? Strike me, if it wasn't our infantry running back across the field on both sides of the road with shells bursting all around them. What was I to do? I couldn't turn back, could I? So I gave her all she'd got. There was only about a kilometer to go to the battery — I had already turned off the road — but I never reached it, mate. Must have been a long-range gun landed a heavy one near the lorry. I never heard the bang or anything, just something burst inside my head, and I don't remember any more. How I stayed alive and how long I lay there by the ditch, I've got no idea. I opened my eyes, but I couldn't get up. My head kept jerking, and I was shaking as if I had a fever; everything seemed dark; something was scraping and grinding in my left shoulder, and my body ached all over as if somebody had been lamming into me for two days running with anything he could lay hands on. I squirmed about on my belly for a long time, and in the end I managed to get up. But still I couldn't figure out where I was, nor what had happened to me. My memory was clean gone. But I was scared to lie down. I was scared I'd never get up again, so I just stood there, swaying from side to side like a poplar in a gale.

"When I came to and had a look around, my heart felt as if someone had got a pair of pliers around it. The shells I'd been carrying were lying about all around me; not far away was my lorry, all torn to bits, with its wheels in the air; and the fighting, the fighting was going on behind me — yes, behind me!

"When I realized that, and I'm not ashamed to say it, my legs just caved in under me and

I fell as if I'd been poleaxed, because I realized I was cut off behind the enemy lines — or, to put it point-blank, I was already a prisoner of the fascists. That's war for you. . . .

No, it's not an easy thing to understand, mate, it's not easy to understand that you've been taken prisoner through no wish of your own. And it takes time to explain to a fellow who's never felt it on his own hide just what that thing means.

"So I lay there, and soon I heard the tanks rumbling. Four medium German tanks went by me at full speed in the direction I'd brought the shells from. What do you think that felt like? Then came the tractors hauling the guns, and a mobile kitchen, then the infantry, not many of them, not more than a company all told. I'd squint up at them out of the corner of my eye and then I'd press my face into the earth again; it made me sick to look at them, sick in my soul.

"When I thought they'd all gone past, I lifted my head, and there were six submachine gunners marching along about a hundred paces away. And as I looked they turned off the road and came straight toward me, all six of them, without saying a word. Well, I thought, this is it. So I got into a sitting position — I didn't want to die lying down — and then I stood up. One of them stopped a few paces away from me and jerked his gun off his shoulder. And it's funny how a man's made, but at that moment I didn't feel any panic, not even a shiver in my heart. I just looked at him and thought: 'It's going to be a short burst; I wonder where he'll place it? At my head or across my chest?' As if it mattered a damn to me what part of my body he made his holes in.

"Young fellow he was, pretty well built, dark-haired, but his lips were thin as thread and his eyes had a nasty glint in them. That one won't think twice about shooting me down, I thought. And sure enough, up goes his gun. I looked him straight in the eye and didn't say anything. But another one, a corporal or something, older than him, almost elderly to look at, shouted something, then pushed the other fellow aside and came up to me. He babbled a few words in his own language and bent my right elbow — feeling my muscle, he was. 'O-o-oh!' he says when he feels it, and points along the road to where the sun was setting, as much as to say: 'Off you go, you mule, and work for our Reich.' Thrifty type, he was, the son of a bitch!

"But the dark-haired one had got his eye on my boots and they looked a good sound pair, so he signs with his hand: 'Take them off!' I sat down

on the ground, took off my boots, and handed them to him. Fair snatched them out of my hands, he did. So I unwound my footcloths and held them out to him, looking up at him from the ground. But he shouted and swore, and up went his gun again. And the others just roared with laughter. And so they went away. Only the dark-haired one, he looked around at me about three times before he got to the road, and his eyes glittered like a wolf cub's with fury. Anyone would think I'd taken his boots instead of his taking mine.

"Well, mate, there was nothing for it. I went on to the road, let out the longest and hottest Voronezh cuss I could think of, and stepped out westward — a prisoner! But I wasn't much good for walking by that time; a kilometer an hour was all I could do, not more. It was like being drunk. You'd try to go straight and something would just push you from one side of the road to the other. I went on for a bit, and then a column of our prisoners from the same division as I'd been in caught up with me. There were about ten German submachine gunners guarding them. The one at the front of the column came up to me and, without saying a word, just bashed me on the head with his gun. If I'd gone down, he'd have stitched me to the ground with a burst, but our chaps caught me as I fell and hustled me into the middle of the column and half carried me along for a while. And when I came to, one of them whispered: 'Don't fall down, for God's sake! Keep going while you've got any strength left or they'll kill you!' And though I had mighty little strength left, I managed to keep going. . . .

As soon as the sun went down the Germans strengthened their guard, brought up another twenty submachine gunners in a lorry, and drove us on at a quicker pace. The badly wounded ones couldn't keep up with the rest and were shot down in the road. Two tried to make a break for it, but they forgot that on a moonlit night you can be seen a mile away out in the open; of course, they got shot too. At midnight we came to a village that was half burned down. They drove us into a church with a smashed dome. We spent the night on the stone floor without a scrap of straw, and no one had a greatcoat, so there wasn't anything to lie on. Some of the men didn't even have tunics, just calico undershirts. They were mostly NCOs. They had taken off their tunics so they couldn't be told from the rank and file. And the men from the gun crews didn't have tunics either. They had been taken prisoner half naked, as they were while working at the guns.

"That night it poured rain and we all got wet to the skin. Part of the roof had been smashed by a heavy shell or a bomb and the rest of it was ripped up by shrapnel; there wasn't a dry spot, even at the altar. And so we spent the whole night in that church, like sheep in a dark pen. In the middle of the night I felt someone touch my arm and ask: 'Are you wounded, comrade?' 'Why do you ask, mate?' I says. 'I'm a doctor, perhaps I can help you in some way.' I told him my left shoulder made a creaking noise and was swollen and gave me terrible pain. And he says firmly: 'Take off your tunic and undershirt.' I took everything off, and he started feeling about with his thin fingers around my shoulder, and did it hurt! I ground my teeth and I says to him: 'You must be a vet, not a doctor. Why do you press just where it hurts, you heartless devil?' But he kept on groping about, and he says to me, angry-like: 'Your job's to keep your mouth shut. Talking to me like that! Just wait, it'll hurt more in a minute.' And then he gave my arm such a wrench that red sparks spurted out of my eyes.

"When I got my senses back I asked him: 'What are you doing, you fascist bastard? My arm's broken to bits and you give it a pull like that.' I heard him chuckle, then he said: 'I thought you'd hit out with your right while I was doing it, but you're a good-tempered chap, it seems. Your arm wasn't broken, it was out of joint, and I've put it back in its socket. Well, feeling any better?' And sure enough, I could feel the pain going out of me. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart, and he went on in the darkness, asking quietly: 'Any wounded?' There was a real doctor for you. Even shut up like that, in pitch-darkness, he went on doing his great work.

"It was a restless night. They wouldn't let us out even to relieve ourselves — the senior guard had told us that when he drove us into the church in pairs. And as luck would have it, one of the Christians among us wanted to go out bad. He kept on saving it up, and at last he burst into tears. 'I can't pollute a holy place!' he says. 'I'm a believer, I'm a Christian. What shall I do, lads?' And you know the kind of chaps we were. Some laughed, others cursed, and others started teasing him with all sorts of advice. Cheered us all up, he did, but it turned out bad in the end. He started bashing on the door and asking to be let out. And he got his answer. A fascist gave a long burst through the door with his submachine gun, killed the Christian and three more with him, and another was so badly wounded he died by morning.

"We pulled the dead into a corner, then sat down quiet and thought to ourselves, this isn't a very cheerful start. And presently we started

whispering to each other, asking each other where we came from and how we'd got taken prisoner. The chaps who'd been in the same platoon or the same company started calling quietly to each other in the darkness. And next to me I heard two voices talking. One of them says: 'Tomorrow, if they form us up before they take us on farther and call out for the commissars, Communists, and Jews, you needn't try and hide yourself, Platoon Commander. You won't get away with it. You think just because you've taken off your tunic you'll pass for a ranker? Well, that won't wash. I'm not going to suffer because of you. I'll be the first to point you out. I know you're a Communist. I remember how you tried to get me to join the Party; now you're going to answer for it.' That was the one sitting nearest to me on the left, and on the other side of him a young voice answers: 'I always suspected you were a rotten type, Kryzhnev. Specially when you refused to join the Party, pretending you were illiterate. But I never thought you'd turn out to be a traitor. You went to school until you were fourteen, didn't you?' And the other one answers in a lazy sort of way: 'Yes, I did. So what?' They were quiet for a long time, and the platoon commander — I could tell him by his voice — says softly: 'Don't give me away, Comrade Kryzhnev.' And the other one laughed quietly. 'You've left your Comrades behind on the other side of the line,' he says. 'I'm no Comrade of yours, so don't plead with me; I'm going to point you out all the same. I believe in looking after my own skin first.'

"They stopped talking and my whole body shuddered at the thought of such a creeping low-down action. 'No,' I thought, 'I won't let you betray your commander, you son of a bitch. You won't walk out of this church on your own two feet — they'll drag you out by the legs!' Then it began to get light, and I could see a fellow with a big fleshy face lying on his back with his hands behind his head, and beside him a little snub-nosed lad, in only an undershirt, sitting with his arms around his knees and looking very pale. 'That kid won't be able to handle this great fat gelding,' I thought. 'I'll have to finish him off myself.'

"I touched the lad's arm and asked him in a whisper: 'You a platoon commander?' He didn't say anything, just nodded. 'That one over there wants to give you away?' I pointed to the fellow lying on his back. He nodded again. 'All right,' I said, 'hold his legs so he won't kick. And quick about it!' And I jumped on that fellow and locked my fingers around his throat. He didn't even have time to shout. I held him under me for a few minutes, then eased off a bit. That was one traitor less, with his tongue hanging out.

"It was a rotten feeling I had after that, and I wanted to wash my hands something terrible, as if it weren't a man I'd killed but some crawling snake. The first time I had killed anyone in my life, and one of our own. Our own? But he wasn't anything of the kind. He was worse than one of the enemy — he was a traitor. I got up and said to the platoon commander: 'Let's go away from here, Comrade, the church is a big place.'

Just as Kryzhnev had said, in the morning we were all formed up outside the church with a ring of submachine gunners covering us, and three SS officers started picking out the ones among us they thought were dangerous. They asked who were Communists, who were officers, who were commissars, but they didn't find any. And they didn't find anybody who was swine enough to give them away either, because nearly half of us were Communists, and there were a lot of officers, too, and commissars. They only took four out of over two hundred men. One Jew and three Russians from the rank and file. The Russians landed in trouble because they were all dark and had curly hair. The SS men just came up to them and said: 'Jude?' The one they asked would say he was a Russian, but they wouldn't even listen. 'Step out!' and that was that.

"They shot the poor devils and drove us on further. The platoon commander who'd helped me strangle that traitor kept by me as far as Poznan, and the first day of the march he would edge up to me every now and then and press my hand as we went along. At Poznan we got separated. It happened like this:

"You see, mate, ever since the day I was captured I'd been thinking of escaping. But I wanted to make sure of it. All the way to Poznan, where they put us in a proper camp, I never got the right kind of chance. But in the Poznan camp it looked as if I'd got what I wanted. At the end of May they sent us out to a little wood near the camp to dig graves for the prisoners who had died — a lot of our chaps died at that time from dysentery — and while I was digging away at that Poznan clay I had a look around and I noticed that two of our guards had sat down to have a bite and the third one was dozing in the sun. I put down my shovel and went off quietly behind a bush. And then I ran for it, keeping straight toward the sunrise.

"They couldn't have noticed me very quick, those guards. Where I found the strength, skinny as I was, to cover nearly forty kilometers in one day, I don't know myself. But nothing came of it. On the fourth day, when I was a long way from

that cursed camp, they caught me. There were bloodhounds on my track, and they found me in a field of unreaped oats.

"At dawn I had come to an open field and I was afraid to go across it in the daylight. It was at least three kilometers to the woods, so I lay low in the oats for the day. I crushed up some oat grains in my hand and was filling my pockets with a supply when I heard the sound of dogs barking and the roar of a motorcycle. My heart missed a beat because the dogs kept coming nearer. I lay flat and covered my head with my arms, so they wouldn't bite my face. Well, they came up and it only took them a minute to tear all my rags off me. I was left in nothing but what I was born in. They dragged me about in the oats, just did what they liked with me, and in the end a big dog got his forepaws on my chest and started making passes at my throat, but he didn't bite straightaway.

"Two Germans came up on motorcycles. First they beat me up good and proper; then they set the dogs on me and the flesh just came off me in chunks. They took me back to camp, naked and bloody as I was. I got a month in solitary for trying to escape, but I managed to keep alive.

"It's pretty awful, mate, to remember the things I went through as a prisoner, let alone tell you about them. When you remember the inhuman tortures we had to suffer out there in Germany, when you remember all your mates who were tortured to death in those camps, your heart comes up and starts beating in your throat and it's hard to breathe.

"The way they herded us about in those two years I was a prisoner! I think I covered half of Germany being driven from camp to camp. I was in Saxony at a silicate plant, in the Ruhr hauling coal in a mine. I sweated away with a shovel in Bavaria, I had a spell in Thüringen, and the devil knows what German soil I didn't have to tread. There's plenty of different scenery out there, but the way they shot and bashed our lads was the same all over, punching us, kicking us, beating us with rubber truncheons, with any lump of iron they happened to have handy, not to mention their rifle butts and sticks.

"They beat you up just because you were a Russian, because you were still alive in the world, just because you worked for them. And they'd beat you for giving them a wrong look, taking a wrong step, for not turning around the way they wanted. They beat you just so that one day they'd knock the life out of you, so you'd choke with your own blood and die of beating. There weren't enough ovens in the whole of Germany, I guess, for all of us to be shoved into.

"And everywhere we went they fed us the

same: one hundred and fifty grams of ersatz bread made half of sawdust, and a thin swill of swedes. Some places they gave us hot water to drink, some places they didn't. But what's the use of talking? Judge for yourself. Before the war started I weighed 189 pounds, and by the autumn I was no more than 110. Just skin and bones, and hardly enough strength to carry the bones either. But you had to work and not say a word, and the work we did would have been a lot too much for a cart horse sometimes, I guess.

AT THE beginning of September they sent a hundred and forty-two of us Soviet prisoners of war from a camp near Küstrin to camp B-14, not far from Dresden. At that time there were about two thousand in the camp. We were all working in a stone quarry, cutting and crushing their German stone by hand. The stint was four cubic meters a day per man, and for a man, mind you, who could hardly keep body and soul together anyway. And then it really started. After two months, out of the hundred and forty-two men in our camp there were only fifty-seven left. How about that, mate? Tough going, eh? We hardly had time to bury our own mates, and then there was a rumor in the camp that the Germans had taken Stalingrad and were pressing on into Siberia. It was one grief after another, and they held us down so we couldn't lift our eyes from the ground, as if we were just asking to be put there, into that German earth. And every day the camp guards were drinking and bawling out their songs, rejoicing for all they were worth.

"One evening we came back to our hut from work. It had been raining all day and our rags were soaking; we were all shivering from the cold wind and couldn't stop our teeth chattering. There wasn't anywhere to get dry or warm, and we were as hungry as death itself, or even worse. But we were never given any food in the evenings.

"Well, I took off my wet rags, threw them onto my bunk, and said: 'They want you to do four cubic meters a day, but one cubic meter would be plenty to bury one of us.' That was all I said, but, would you believe it, among our own fellows there was one dirty dog who went and reported my bitter words to the camp commandant.

"The camp commandant, or *Lagerführer*, as they call him, was a German called Müller. Not very tall, thick-set, hair like a bunch of tow, sort of bleached all over. The hair on his head, his eyelashes, even his eyes were a kind of faded color, and he was popeyed too. Spoke Russian like you and me, even had a bit of a Volga accent, as if he'd been born and bred in those parts. And could

he swear! He was a terror for it. I sometimes wonder where the bastard ever learned that trade. He would form us up in front of the block — that's what they called the hut — and walk down the line, surrounded by his bunch of SS men, with his right hand held back. He wore a leather glove, and under the leather was a strip of lead to protect his fingers. He would walk down the line and bloody every other man's nose for him. 'Inoculation against flu,' he used to call it. And so it went on every day. Altogether there were four blocks in the camp, and one day he'd give the first block their 'inoculation,' next day, the second, and so on. Regular bastard, he was, never took a day off. There was only one thing he didn't understand, the fool; before he started on his round, he'd stand out in front there, and to get himself real worked up for it, he would start cursing. He'd stand there cursing away for all he was worth, and, do you know, he'd make us feel a bit better. You see, the words sounded like our own; it was like a breath of air from over there. If he had known his cursing and swearing gave us pleasure, I don't think he would have done it in Russian — he'd have stuck to his own language. Only one of our fellows, a pal of mine from Moscow, used to get wild with him. 'When he curses like that,' he says, 'I shut my eyes and think I'm in Moscow, having one at the local, and it just makes me dizzy for a glass of beer.'

WELL, the day after I said that about the cubic meters, the commandant had me up on the mat. In the evening an interpreter and two guards came to our hut. 'Sokolov, Andrei?' I answered. 'Follow us, quick march; the *Herr Lagerführer* himself wants to see you.' I guessed what he wanted me for. To finish me off. So I said good-bye to my pals — they all knew I was going to my death — took a deep breath, and followed the guards. I went across the camp yard, looked up at the stars and said good-bye to them, and I thought to myself: 'Well, you've had your full dose of torture, Andrei Sokolov, Number 331.' I felt somehow sorry for Irina and the kids; then I got over it and began screwing up my courage to face the barrel of that pistol without flinching, like a soldier should, so the enemy wouldn't see how hard it would be for me at the last minute to part with this life.

"In the commandant's room there were flowers on the window sill and it was clean and nice as it is in one of our clubs. At the table there were all the camp's officers. Five of them sitting there, downing schnapps and chewing bacon fat. On the table there were a big opened bottle, bread, bacon fat, soused apples, all kinds of open tins. I

took one glance at all that grub, and you wouldn't believe it, but I felt so sick I nearly vomited. I was hungry as a wolf, you see, and I'd forgotten what the sight of decent food was like, and now there was all this stuff in front of me. Somehow I kept my sickness down, but it cost me a great effort to tear my eyes away from that table.

"Right in front of me sat Müller, half drunk, flicking his pistol from one hand to the other, playing with it, and he'd got his eye fixed on me, like a snake. Well, I stood to attention, snapped my broken-down heels together, and reported in a loud voice like this: 'Prisoner of War Andrei Sokolov at your service, *Herr Kommandant*.' And he says to me: 'Well, you Russian Ivan, four cubic meters of quarrying is too much for you, is it?' 'Yes, *Herr Kommandant*,' I said, 'it is.' 'And is one cubic meter enough to make a grave for you?' 'Yes, *Herr Kommandant*, quite enough and to spare.'

"He gets up and says: 'I shall do you a great honor, I shall now shoot you in person for those words. It will make a mess here, so come into the yard; you can sign off out there.' 'As you like,' I told him. He stood thinking for a minute, then tossed his pistol on the table and poured out a full glass of schnapps, took a piece of bread, put a slice of fat on it, held the lot out to me, and says: 'Before you die, Russian Ivan, drink to the triumph of German arms.'

"I was about to take the glass and the bread out of his hand, but when I heard those words something seemed to burn me inside. Me, a Russian soldier, I thought, drink to the victory of German arms? What next, *Herr Kommandant*? You can go to hell with your schnapps!

"I put the glass down on the table, and the bread with it, and I said: 'Thank you for your hospitality, but I don't drink.' He smiled. 'So you don't want to drink to our victory? In that case, drink to your own death.' What had I got to lose? 'To my death and relief from torment, then,' I said. And with that I took the glass and poured it down my throat in two gulps. But I didn't touch the bread. I just wiped my lips politely with my hand and said: 'Thank you for your hospitality. I am ready, *Herr Kommandant*, you can sign me off now.'

"But he was looking at me sharply and he says: 'Have a bite to eat before you die.' So I says to him: 'I never eat after the first glass.' Then he poured out a second and handed it to me. I drank the second, and again I didn't touch the food; I was staking everything on courage, you see. Anyway, I thought, I'll get drunk before I go out into that yard to die. And the commandant's fair eyebrows shot up in the air. 'Why don't you eat, Russian Ivan? Don't be shy!' But I stuck to my guns: 'Excuse me, *Herr Kommandant*, but I

don't eat after the second glass either.' He puffed up his cheeks and snorted, and then he gave such a roar of laughter, and while he laughed he said something quickly in German — must have been translating my words to his friends. The others laughed too, pushed their chairs back, turned their big mugs around to look at me, and I noticed something different in their looks, something a bit softer, like.

"The commandant poured me out a third glass, and his hands were shaking with laughter. I drank that glass slowly, bit off a little piece of bread, and put the rest down on the table. I wanted to show the bastards that even though I was half dead with hunger I wasn't going to choke myself with the scraps they flung me, that I had my own Russian dignity and pride, and that they hadn't turned me into an animal as they had wanted to.

"After that the commandant got a serious look on his face, straightened the two Iron Crosses on his chest, came out from behind the table unarmed, and said: 'Look here, Sokolov, you're a real Russian soldier. You're a fine soldier. I am a soldier too, and I respect a worthy enemy. I shall not shoot you. What is more, today our gallant armies have reached the Volga and taken complete possession of Stalingrad. That is a great joy for us, and therefore I graciously grant you your life. Go to your block, and take this with you for your courage.' And he handed me a small loaf of bread and a lump of bacon fat.

"I gripped that bread to my chest tight as I could and picked up the fat in my left hand, and I was so taken aback at this unexpected turn of events that I didn't even say thank you, just did a left about-turn and went to the door. And all the while I was thinking, now he'll blast daylight through my shoulder blades and I'll never get this grub back to the lads. But no, nothing happened. Again death passed me by and I only felt the cold breath of it.

"I got out of the commandant's room without a stagger, but outside I went reeling all over the place. I lurched into the hut and pitched flat down on the cement floor, unconscious. The lads woke me up when it was still dark. 'Tell us what happened!' Then I remembered what had happened at the commandant's and told them. 'How are we going to share out the grub?' the man in the bunk next to me asked, and his voice was trembling. 'Equal shares all around,' I told him. We waited till it got light. We cut up the bread and fat with a bit of thread. Each of us got a lump of bread about the size of a matchbox — not a crumb was wasted — and as for the fat, well, of course, there was only enough to grease your lips with. But we shared it out fair for all.

"Soon they put about three hundred of the strongest of us on draining a marsh; then off we went to the Ruhr to work in the mines. And there I stayed until 'forty-four. By that time our lads had knocked some of the stuffing out of Germany and the fascists had stopped looking down on us prisoners. One day they lined us up, the whole day shift, and some visiting *Oberleutnant* said through an interpreter: 'Anyone who served in the army or worked before the war as a driver, one pace forward.' About seven of us stepped out. They gave us some old overalls and took us under guard to Potsdam. When we got there, we were split up. I was detailed to work in Todt, the setup the Germans had for building roads and defense works.

"I drove a German major of the engineers about in an Opel-Admiral. That was a fascist hog for you, if you like! Short fellow with a potbelly, as broad as he was tall, and a backside on him as big as any wench's. He had three chins hanging down over his collar in front and three whoping folds around his neck at the back. Must have carried a good hundredweight of pure fat on him. When he walked he puffed like a steam engine, and when he sat down to eat — hold tight! He'd go on all day, chewing and taking swigs from his flask of brandy. Now and then I came in for a bit too. He would stop on the road, cut up some sausage and cheese, and have a drink; and when he was in a good mood he'd toss me a scrap like a dog. Never handed it to me, oh, no, he considered that beneath him. But be that as it may, there was no comparing it to the camp, and little by little I began to look like a man again — even put on weight.

"For about two weeks I drove the major to and fro between Potsdam and Berlin; then he was sent to the front-line area to build defenses against our troops. And then I just forgot how to sleep at night. All night long I'd be thinking how to escape to my own fellows, my own country.

"We drove to the town of Polotsk. At dawn, for the first time in two years, I heard the boom of our artillery, and you can guess how my heart thumped at the sound. Why, mate, even when I first started courting Irina, it never beat like that! The fighting was going on east of Polotsk, about eighteen kilometers away. The Germans in the town were sore as hell and jumpy, and my old Potbelly started drinking more and more. During the daytime he would drive around and he'd give instructions on how to build the fortifications, and at night he'd sit by himself drinking. He got all puffy, and there were great bags under his eyes.

"Well, I thought, no need to wait any longer; this is my chance. And I'm not just going to escape alone; I've got to take old Potbelly with me — he'll come in useful over there!

"Among some ruins I found a heavy iron

weight and wound a rag around it so that if I had to hit him there wouldn't be any blood, picked up a length of telephone wire in the road, got everything ready that I needed. One evening, two days before I said good-bye to the Germans, I was on my way back from the filling station and I saw a German *Unter* staggering along blind drunk, grabbing at the wall. I pulled up, led him into a damaged building, and shook him out of his uniform and took his cap off his head. Then I hid the whole lot under the front seat and I was ready.

ON THE morning of June 29, my major told me to take him out of town in the direction of Trosnitsa. He was in charge of some defense works that were being built there. We drove off. The major was sitting on the back seat taking a quiet doze, and I sat in front with my heart trying to jump out of my mouth. I drove fast, but outside the town I slowed down, then stopped and got out and had a look around; a long way behind there were two lorries coming on slowly. I got out my iron weight and opened the door wide. Old Potbelly was lying back on the seat, snoring as if he'd got his wife beside him. Well, I gave him a bang on the left temple with my iron. His head flopped onto his chest. Just to make sure, I gave him another one, but I didn't want to kill him. I wanted to take him over alive — he was going to be able to tell our lads a lot of things. So I pulled the gun out of his holster and shoved it in my pocket. Then I pushed a bracket down behind the back seat, tied the telephone wire around the major's neck, and fastened it into the bracket. That was so he wouldn't tumble over on his side when I drove fast. I pulled on the German uniform and cap and drove the car straight for the place where the earth was rumbling, where the fighting was.

"I ripped across the German front line between two pillboxes. A bunch of submachine gunners popped up out of a dugout, and I slowed down purposely so they would see I had a major with me. They started shouting and waving their arms to show me I mustn't go on, but I pretended not to understand and roared off at about eighty. Before they realized what was happening and opened fire, I was in no man's land, weaving around the shell holes no worse than any hare.

"There were the Germans firing from behind, and then our own chaps got fierce and had a smack at me from the front. But not far away I spotted a little wood near a lake and some of our chaps running toward the car, so I drove into the wood, flung the door open, fell on the ground and kissed it. And I could hardly breathe.

"A young fellow, with khaki shoulder straps

on his tunic I'd never seen before, reached me first and says with a grin: 'Aha, you Fritzzy devil, lost your way, eh?' I tore off my German tunic, threw the German cap down at my feet, and I says to him: 'You lovely young kid. Sonny boy! Me a Fritz, when I was born and bred in Voronezh! I was a prisoner of war, see? And now unhitch that fat hog sitting in the car, take his brief case, and lead him off to your commander.' I handed over my pistol and was passed from one person to the next until by the evening I had to report to the colonel in command of the division. By that time I had been fed and taken to the bathhouse and questioned and given a new uniform, so I went to the colonel's dugout in proper order, clean in body and soul and properly dressed. The colonel got up from his table and came up to me, and in front of all the officers there he takes me in his arms and says: 'Thank you, Soldier, for the fine gift you brought us. Your major and his brief case have told us more than any twenty Germans we might capture on the front line. I shall recommend you for a decoration.' His words and the affection he showed moved me so much I couldn't keep my lips from trembling, and all I could say was: 'Comrade Colonel, I request to be enrolled in an infantry unit.'

"But the colonel laughed and clapped me on the shoulder. 'What kind of fighter do you think you would make when you can hardly stand on your feet? I'm sending you off to the hospital straightaway. They'll patch you up there and put some food inside you, and after that you'll go home to your family for a month's leave.'

"The colonel and all the officers that were in the dugout with him shook hands and said good-bye to me in a heartfelt way, and I went out with my head spinning, because in the two years I'd been away I'd forgotten what it was like to be treated as a human being. And mind you, mate, it was a long time before I got out of the habit of sucking my head into my shoulders when I had to talk to the high-ups, as if I were still scared of being hit. That was the kind of training we got in those fascist camps.

"As soon as I got into the hospital I wrote Irina a letter. I told her in a few words all about how I was taken prisoner and how I escaped with the German major. Where that kid's boasting came from in me, I couldn't tell you. Why, I couldn't even hold back from saying the colonel had promised to recommend me for a medal.

"For a couple of weeks I just slept and ate. They fed me up a little at a time, but often; if they had given me all the food I wanted, so the doctor said, I might have gone under. But there was no reply from home and, I must admit, I began to get mopy. Couldn't think of eating, sleep wouldn't

come to me, and all kinds of bad thoughts kept creeping into my head. In the third week I got a letter from Voronezh. But it wasn't from Irina, it was from a neighbor of mine, a joiner. I would not wish anyone to get a letter like that. He wrote that the Germans had bombed the aircraft factory and one heavy bomb had fallen squarely on my cottage. Irina and the girls were at home when it dropped. . . . Well, he wrote that not a trace of them had been found, and there was only a deep crater where the house had been. First time, I didn't manage to finish reading the letter. Everything went dark before my eyes, and my heart squeezed into a tight little ball so that I thought it would never open up again. I lay back on my bed and got a bit of strength back; then I read to the end. My neighbor wrote that Anatoly had been in town during the bombing. In the evening he went to the spot where his home had been, looked at the bomb crater, and went back to town the same night. Before he went he told my neighbor he was going to volunteer for the front. And that was all.

"When my heart eased up and I heard the blood rushing in my ears, I remembered how Irina had clung to me when we parted at the station. That woman's heart of hers must have known all along we were not to see each other again in this world. And I had pushed her away. . . . Once I had had a family, a home of my own it had taken years to build, and it was all destroyed in a flash, and I was left all alone. It must be a dream, I thought, this messed-up life of mine. Why, when I had been a prisoner, nearly every night, under my breath, of course, I had talked to Irina and the kids, tried to cheer them up by telling them I'd come home and they needn't grieve. I'm tough, I said, I can stand it, we'll all be together again one day. So for two years I had been talking to the dead? . . ."

THE big man was silent for a minute, then he said jerkily in a changed, quiet tone: "Let's have a smoke, mate, I feel as if I were choking."

We lighted up. A woodpecker tapped resonantly in the flooded woodland. The warm breeze still rustled the dry leaves of the alders, the clouds were still floating past in the towering blue as though under taut white sails, but in those minutes of solemn silence the boundless world preparing for the great fulfillment of spring, for that eternal affirmation of the living in life, seemed quite different to me.

It was too distressing to keep silent, and I asked: "What happened then?"

"What happened then?" the storyteller re-

sponded unwillingly. "Then I got a month's leave from the colonel, and a week later I was in Voronezh. I went on foot to the place where I had once lived with my family. There was a deep crater full of rusty water, the weeds all around came up to your waist. Everywhere empty and still, still as a graveyard. I felt it bad then, mate, I can tell you. I stood there and let my soul grieve; then I went back to the station. I couldn't stay there an hour, and the same day I went back to the division.

"But about three months later I did get a flash of joy, like a gleam of sunlight through the clouds. I got news of Anatoly. He sent me a letter from another front. He had got to know my address from that neighbor of mine. It seems he had been to an artillery college to start with; his gift for mathematics stood him in good stead there. After a year he graduated with honors and went to the front, and now he wrote that he had been given the rank of captain, was commanding a battery of forty-fives, and had been awarded six orders and medals. In a word, he had left his old man far behind. And again, I felt real proud of him. It didn't matter that his dad was just carting shells and other stuff about in a Studebaker. His dad's time was past, but he, a captain, had everything ahead of him.

"And at night I began having an old man's dreams. When the war was over I would get my son married and live with them. I'd do a bit of carpentry and look after the kiddies. All the kinds of things an old man does. But that all went bust too. In the winter we went on advancing without a break and there wasn't time to write to each other very often, but toward the end of the war, right up near Berlin, I sent Anatoly a letter one morning and got an answer the very next day. It turned out that he and I had come up to the German capital by different routes and were now very close to each other. I could hardly wait for the moment when we would meet. Well, the moment came. Right on the ninth of May, on the morning of Victory Day, my Anatoly was killed by a German sniper.

"In the afternoon I was called up before a company commander. I saw that there was a strange artillery officer sitting with him. I went into the room, and he stood up as if he were meeting a senior. My company commander said: 'He's come to see you, Sokolov,' and turned away to the window. Something went through me then like an electric shock because I felt trouble coming. The lieutenant colonel came up to me and said: 'Bear up, Father. Your son, Captain Sokolov, was killed today at his battery. Come with me.'

"I swayed, but I kept my feet. Even now it seems like a dream, the way that lieutenant

colonel and I drove in that big car along those streets strewn with rubble. I've only a foggy memory of the soldiers drawn up in line and the coffin covered with red velvet. But my Anatoly I see as plain as I can see you now, mate. I went up to the coffin. Yes, it was my son lying there, and yet it wasn't. My son had been a lad, always smiling, with narrow shoulders and a sharp little Adam's apple sticking out of his thin neck, but here was a young broad-shouldered handsome full-grown man. His eyes were half closed as if he were looking past me into some far unknown distance. Only the corners of his lips still had a bit of the smile my son used to have. The Anatoly I knew once. I kissed him and stepped aside. The lieutenant colonel made a speech. My Anatoly's friends were wiping their tears, but I couldn't cry. I guess the tears dried up in my heart. Maybe that's why it still hurts so much.

I BURIED my last joy and hope in that foreign German soil. The battery fired a volley to send off their commander on his long journey, and something seemed to snap inside me. . . . When I got back to my unit I was not myself. Soon after that I was demobilized. Where was I to go? To Voronezh? Not for anything. I remembered I had a friend who had been invalided out of the army and was living in Uryupinsk; he had asked me to go and live with him once, so I went.

"My friend and his wife had no children and they had their own cottage on the edge of the town. He got a disability pension, but he worked as a driver in a lorry depot and I got a job there too. I settled with my friend, and they gave me a home. We used to drive various loads about the suburbs, and in the autumn we switched over to grain delivery work. It was then that I got to know my new son, the one that's playing down there in the sand.

"First thing you would do when you got back from a long trip would be to go to a café for a bite of something, and, of course, you'd put away a glass of vodka to get rid of your tiredness. I had quite a liking for that harmful habit by that time, I must admit. And one day I noticed this lad near the café, and the next day I noticed him again. What a little ragamuffin he was. His face all smeared with watermelon juice and dust, dirty as anything, hair all over the place, but he'd got a pair of eyes like stars at night after it's been raining. And I felt so fond of him that I'd hurry to finish my run so I could get back to the café and see him sooner. That's where he got his food — he ate what people gave him.

"The fourth day I came in straight from the

state farm with my lorry loaded with grain and pulled in at the café. There was my little fellow sitting on the steps, kicking his legs, and pretty hungry by the look of him. I poked my head out of the window and shouted to him: 'Hi, Vanya! Come on, jump aboard, I'll take you to the elevator, and then we'll come back here and have some dinner.' My shout made him start; then he jumped straight from the steps onto the running board and pulled himself up to the window. 'How do you know my name's Vanya?' he says quietly, and he opens those starry eyes of his wide, waiting for my answer. Well, I told him I was just one of those chaps who know everything.

'He came round to the right side, I opened the door and let him in beside me, and off we went. Lively little fellow he was, but suddenly he got quiet, and from time to time gave me a look from under those long curly eyelashes of his and sighed. 'Where's your father, Vanya?' I asked. 'He was killed at the front,' he whispered. 'And Mummy?' 'Mummy was killed by a bomb when we were in the train.' 'And haven't you got any family at all?' 'No, nobody.' 'But where do you sleep at night?' 'Anywhere I can find.'

'I felt the hot tears welling up in my throat and I made up my mind at once. Why should we suffer alone and separate like this? I'd take him as my own son. And straightaway I felt easier in my mind, and there was a sort of brightness there. I leaned over to him and asked very quiet-like: 'Vanya, do you know who I am?' And he just breathed it out: 'Who?' And still as quiet, I says to him: 'I'm your father.'

'Lord alive, what happened then! He threw his arms around my neck, he kissed my cheeks, my lips, my forehead, and started chirping away like a singing bird: 'Daddy dear! I knew it! I knew you'd find me! I knew you'd find me whatever happened! I've been waiting so long for you to find me!' He pressed himself to me and he was trembling all over, like a blade of grass in the wind. My eyes were misty, and I was trembling too, and my hands were shaking. How I managed to keep hold of the wheel, I don't know. Even so, I put her in the ditch and stopped the engine. While my eyes were so misty I was afraid to go on in case I knocked someone down. We sat there for about five minutes, and my little son was still clinging to me for all he was worth and not saying anything, just trembling. I put my right arm around him, hugged him gently, and turned the lorry around with my left hand and drove back to the cottage where I lived. I couldn't think about going to the elevator after that.

'I left the lorry at the gate, took my new son in my arms, and carried him into the house. My friend and his wife were both at home. I

came in and winked at them and bold and cheerful I says: 'Well, I've found my little Vanya at last! Here we are, good people.' They hadn't any children themselves and they both wanted a kid, so they guessed what was up straightaway and started bustling around. And I just couldn't get away from my son. But somehow I managed to persuade him. I washed his hands with soap, sat him down at the table. My friend's wife ladled him out a plate of soup, and when she saw how he gulped it down, she just burst into tears. She stood at the stove, crying into her apron. And my Vanya, he saw she was crying, and he ran up to her, tugged at her skirt, and said: 'Why are you crying, Auntie? Daddy found me near the café. Everybody ought to be happy, and you are crying.' But she only cried all the harder.

'After dinner I took him to the barber's and had his hair cut, and at home I gave him a bath myself in a tub and wrapped him up in a clean sheet. He put his arms around my neck and went to sleep in my arms. I laid him gently in bed, drove off to the elevator, unloaded the grain, took the lorry back to the park, and ran off to the shops. I bought him a pair of serge trousers, a little shirt, a pair of sandals, and a straw cap. Of course, they all turned out to be the wrong size and no good for quality. My friend's wife even gave me a call-down over the trousers. 'Are you crazy,' she says, 'dressing a boy in serge trousers in heat like this!' And the next minute she had the sewing machine on the table and was rummaging in the chest, and in an hour she had a pair of cotton trousers and a little white shirt ready for my Vanya. I took him to bed with me, and for the first time for many a night fell asleep peacefully. I woke up about four times in the night though. And there he was, nestling in the crook of my arm like a sparrow under the eaves, breathing away softly, and I can't find words to tell you how much joy I felt.

'Just before daybreak I woke up and I couldn't make out why it seemed so stuffy. And it was my little son — he'd climbed out of his sheet and was lying right across my chest, with his little knee on my throat. He's a rare young fidget to sleep with, he is, but I've got used to him; I miss him when he's not there. At night, you can look at him while he's sleeping or you can smell his curls, and the pain eases off your heart and it feels softer. You see, my heart had got like a lump of stone with grief. . . .

AT FIRST he used to ride with me while I drove the lorry; then I realized that that wouldn't do. What do I need when I'm on my own? A hunk

of bread and an onion with a pinch of salt will last a soldier the whole day. But with him it's different. You've got to get him some milk, you've got to boil an egg for him, and he can't get along without something hot. But I had my work to do. So I plucked up my courage and left him in the care of my friend's wife. Well, he just cried all day and in the evening ran away to the elevator to meet me. Waited there till late at night.

"I had a hard time with him at first. After one very tiring day we went to bed when it was still light. He used to be always chirruping like a sparrow, but this time he was very quiet. 'What are you thinking about, Son?' I asked. He just looks up at the ceiling and asks me: 'What did you do with your leather coat, Daddy?' And I'd never had a leather coat in my life. I had to get around it somehow. 'Left it in Voronezh,' I told him. 'And why were you so long looking for me?' So I said: 'I looked for you, Sonny, in Germany, in Poland, and all over Byelorussia, and you turned up in Uryupinsk.' 'Is Uryupinsk nearer than Germany? Is it far from our house to Poland?' And so we went on talking till we dropped off to sleep.

"But do you think there wasn't a reason for his asking about that leather coat, mate? No, there was a reason behind it all right. It meant at some time or other his real father had worn a coat like that, and he had just remembered it. A kid's memory is like summer lightning, you know; it flashes and lights things up for a bit, then dies away. And that was how his memory worked, like the flashes of summer lightning.

"Maybe we would have gone on living another year in Uryupinsk together, but in November I had an accident. I was driving along a muddy road through a village and I went into a skid, and there happened to be a cow in the way, and I knocked it over. Well, you know how it is, the women raised a hullabaloo, folks came crowding around, and soon there was a traffic inspector on the spot. I asked him to go easy, but he took my license away. The cow got up, stuck its tail in the air, and went galloping away down the street, but I lost my license. I went through the winter as a joiner and then got in touch with an old army friend — he works as a driver in our district — and he invited me to go and stay with him. You can do joinery work for a year, he says, then you can get a new license in our region. So now my son and I, we're on the march to Kashary.

"But even if I hadn't had that accident with the cow, you know, I'd have left Uryupinsk just the same. My grief won't let me stay in one place for long. When my Vanya gets older and he's got to be sent to school, then maybe I'll knuckle

under and settle down. But for the time being we're tramping over the Russian land together."

"Does he get tired?" I asked.

"Well, he doesn't walk much on his own feet; most of the time he rides on me. I hoist him onto my shoulder and carry him, and if he wants to stretch his legs, he jumps down and runs about at the side of the road, prancing around like a little goat. All that wouldn't matter, mate, we'd get along all right; the only thing is, my heart's got a knock in it somewhere, ought to have a piston changed. Sometimes it gives me such a stab I don't know what I'm doing. I'm afraid one day I may die in my sleep and frighten my little son. And then, there's another trouble. Nearly every night I see in my dreams the dear ones I've lost. And mostly it's as if I were behind barbed wire and they were on the other side, at liberty. I talk about everything to Irina and the children, but as soon as I try to pull the barbed wire apart, they go away, seem to melt before my eyes. And there's another funny thing about it. In the daytime I always keep a firm grip on myself, but sometimes I wake up at night and my pillow's wet with tears. . . ."

From the river came the sound of my friend's voice and the splash of oars in the water.

This stranger, who now seemed a close friend of mine, held out his big hand, firm as a block of wood: "Good-bye, mate, good luck to you!"

"Good luck and a good journey to Kashary!"

"Thank you kindly. Hey, Sonny, let's go to the boat."

The boy ran to his father's side, took hold of the corner of his quilted jacket, and started off with tiny steps beside his striding father.

Two orphans, two grains of sand swept into strange parts by the tremendous hurricane of war. What did the future hold for them? I wanted to believe that this Russian, this man of unbreakable will, would stick it out and that the boy would grow at his father's side into a man who could endure anything, overcome any obstacle if his country called upon him to do so.

I felt sad as I watched them go. Perhaps everything would have been all right at our parting but for Vanya. After he had gone a few paces, he twisted around on his stumpy legs and waved to me with his little rosy hand. And suddenly a soft but taloned paw seemed to grip my heart and I turned hastily away. No, not only in their sleep do they weep, these elderly men whose hair grew gray in the years of war. They weep, too, in their waking hours. The main thing is to be able to turn away in time. The really important thing is not to wound a child's heart, not to let him see that dry, burning tear on the cheek of a man.



SEX AND THE COLLEGE GIRL

BY NORA JOHNSON

A native of California and a graduate of Smith College in the class of 1954, NORA JOHNSON has traveled widely, first through Europe, and after her marriage, through the Middle East. Now living in New York with her husband and small daughter, she is the author of a number of short stories, and her first novel, THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT, was published last year under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

EVER since Gertrude Stein made her remark about the Lost Generation, every decade has wanted to find a tag, a concise explanation of its own behavior. In our complicated world, any simplification of the events around us is welcome and, in fact, almost necessary. We need to feel our place in history; it helps in our constant search for self-identity. But while the Beatniks travel about the country on the backs of trucks, the rest of us are going to college and then plunging — with puzzling eagerness — into marriage and parenthood. While the Beatniks are avoiding any signs of culture or intellect, we are struggling to adapt what we have to the essentially nonintellectual function of early parenthood. We are deadly serious in our pursuits and, I am afraid, non-adventurous in our actions. We have a compulsion to plan our lives, to take into account all possible adversities and to guard against them. We prefer not to consider the fact that human destinies are subject to amazingly ephemeral influences and that often our most rewarding experiences come about by pure chance. This sort of thinking seems risky to us, and we are not a generation to take risks. Perhaps history will prove that we are a buffer generation, standing by silently while our children, brought up by demand-feeding and demand-everything, kick over the traces and do startling things, with none of our predilection for playing it safe.

Our parents kicked over so many traces that there are practically none left for us. That is not to say, of course, that all of our parents were behaving like the Fitzgeralds. Undoubtedly most of them weren't. But the twenties have come down to us as the Jazz Age, the era described by *Time* as having "one abiding faith — that something would happen in the next twenty minutes that would utterly change one's life," and this is what will go on the record. The people living more quietly didn't make themselves so eloquent. And this gay irresponsibility is our heritage. There is very little that is positive beneath it, and there is one clearly negative result — so many of our parents are divorced. This is something many of us have felt and want to avoid ourselves (though we have not been very successful). But if we blame our parents for their way of life, I suspect we envy them even more. They seemed so free of our worries, our self-doubts, and our search for what is usually called security — a dreary goal. I think that we bewilder our parents with our sensible ideas, which look, on the surface, like maturity. Quite often they really are, but how did we get them so early? After all, we're young!

Since so many of us are going to college, a great many of our decisions about our lives have been and are being made on the campuses, and our behavior in college is inevitably in for some comment. Two criticisms rise above the rest: people

in college are promiscuous, for one thing, and, for another, they are getting married and having children too early. These are interesting observations because they contradict each other. The phenomena of pinning, going steady, and being monogamous-minded do not suggest sexual promiscuity. Quite the contrary — they are symptoms of our inclination to play it safe.

Promiscuity, on the other hand, demands a certain amount of nerve. It might be misdirected nerve, or neurotic nerve, or a nerve born of defiance or ignorance or of an intellectual disregard of social mores, but that's what it takes. Sleeping around is a risky business, emotionally, physically, and morally, and this is no light undertaking. I have never really understood why it is considered to be so easy for girls to say yes, particularly to four different men over a period of two weeks. On the other hand, it is very easy to go steady. Everybody is doing it. During my first two weeks at Smith I felt rather like a display in a shop window. Boys from Amherst, Yale, Williams, and Dartmouth swarmed over the campus in groups, looking over the new freshmen for one girl that they could tie up for the next eight Saturday nights, the spring prom, and a house party in July. What a feeling of safety not to have to worry about a date for months ahead! A boy might even get around to falling in love at some point, and that would solve the problem of marriage too.

The depressing aspect of this perpetual two-some is that it is so often based on sex and convenience. It is so easy to become tied up with old Joe, even though he is rather a bore, and avoid those nightmarish Saturday nights home with the girls. But the trouble is, once the relationship with Joe has become an established thing, getting out of it again (when Joe's conversation begins to have the stimulating effect of a dose of Seconal) is about as easy as climbing out of a mud swamp. Joe objects; how about the spring prom? A friend of mine, trying to rid herself of such a relationship, told me she felt bad about "flushing" old Joe, since he was really such a nice person. She worried for a long time, then prepared the most understanding, sensitive, kind speech she could think of, taking into account his tender feelings and possible indignation. She delivered it to Joe, who listened her out with a rather stunned expression, and then waited for his reaction. "I understand your point of view," said Joe finally, "but you don't understand mine at all. Don't you realize that now I have to go out and find myself a new girl?" Joe might have been an exaggerated case, but there is an element of eternity about his feelings.

Joe is not a man to take chances. He might

waste seven Saturday nights and two proms on hopeless blind dates before he finds one he likes. He does not enjoy spending the evening dredging up conversation with a complete stranger; he wants to relax. Beyond this, he does not want the bother of starting the whole sex cycle over again, with discussions and possibly arguments about how far he may go how soon. He wants it all understood, with the lady reasonably willing, if possible. (This depends on his and her notions of what constitutes a nice girl.) Now if Joe sounds abominably lazy, besides being a monster of self-indulgence (which, of course, he is), I do not mean to say that he is *the* living example of young American manhood. I simply use him to illustrate what I imagine to be some of the attitudes of young men who want to settle down early.

"Marriage is for girls," a young man told me recently, and I had no reason to take exception to this until he told me later that, when he said it, he had become engaged only an hour before. For no matter how much is said about the conniving ability of females to lay traps for men, the fact remains that men not only phone for the dates but ordinarily they do the proposing, too; if by chance a girl proposes to them, there is nothing to stop them from refusing. And when we look over the campuses today, it is obvious that they are accepting with alacrity.

THE modern American female is one of the most discussed, written-about, sore subjects to come along in ages. She has been said to be domineering, frigid, neurotic, repressed, and unfeminine. She tries to do everything at once and doesn't succeed in doing anything very well. Her problems are familiar to everyone, and, naturally, her most articulate critics are men. But I have found one interesting thing. Men, when they are pinned down on the subject, admit that what really irritates them about modern women is that they can't, or won't, give themselves completely to men the way women did in the old days. This is undoubtedly true, though a truth bent by the male ego. Women may change roles all they wish, skittering about in a frantic effort to fulfill themselves, but the male ego has not changed a twig for centuries. And this, God knows, is a good thing, problems or not.

I think that the charge that men have become emasculated by the competence of women is both depressing and untrue. Men become annoyed, certainly, and occasionally absolutely furious at all this nonsense, but they are still calmly sure of their own superiority; and women, whether or not they admit it, find this comforting. Old Joe's

problem is laziness, not lack of self-confidence; his ego is of crushing size. Women, of course, when consulted, are less articulate about their problems. Often they dismiss the whole subject as nonsense, but then the women who say this are usually unmarried. I suspect that for most women the problem doesn't really become apparent until after a few years of marriage, when the novelty of everything has worn off and the ticking of the clock becomes louder.

The average college girl, then, is trapped by the male wish for dating security. If she balks at this at first, she soon accepts — a couple of Saturday nights playing bridge with the girls quickly teach her what's good for her. She can't really manage to keep up a butterfly life for long, unless she is an exception. Even if she wants to, the boys she goes out with are all too willing to make an honest woman of her. Their fraternity pins are burning holes in their lapels. Avoiding going steady with old Joe requires an extraordinary measure of tact and delicacy, because curious situations arise very early in the game. If Susie has gone out with a boy three or four times and then is asked out by a friend of his she met at the fraternity house, she is already in a predicament. She would like to go, because she likes Boy Number Two, and why not? But Boy Number One would be terribly hurt. It just isn't cricket. If she does go, she runs the risk of being thought lightheaded and lighthearted by the rest of the fraternity, besides having done dirt to one of the brothers (an unpardonable offense), which practically extinguishes any other dating possibilities at that particular house.

Besides, the evening with Number Two won't be much fun anyway, because when they go to the fraternity house (which is almost unavoidable) Boy Number One will be skulking about, either casting her hurt looks as he creeps off to the library or else whooping it up in an ostentatious manner with another girl. The brothers will be uncomfortable, the pattern will be upset, and it is all Susie's fault for trying to play the field a bit. Boy Number Two probably won't last long either, unless he is swept off his feet and throws all caution to the winds. In that case, they might become duly pinned and eventually engaged, and probably by then she will be forgiven. But by then it's graduation time, and she doesn't care anyway. This is just one of the innumerable difficulties that girls can get into, and it has a great deal to do with the strong loyalty of the fraternity system. The point is that, if Susie is determined to play the field, she will have to manage it carefully. None of her dates must know any of the others, and she will have to be scrupulously careful in her allotment of Saturday nights. For if a boy is turned down for three Saturday nights in a row, rather

than being fascinated he is likely to be discouraged and give up. She just can't manage it for long, unless she is unusually beautiful and simply catnip to every man who sees her. Better settle for old Joe, who has been snapping at her heels on and off during freshman year and who eventually offers her his pin. Now Joe, for all his faults, is really an eminently sensible and dependable sort. Wild horses couldn't stop him from taking her out every Saturday night, most Fridays and Sundays, and occasional weekdays. Besides, Joe has a future. He knows exactly what he is going to do after graduation, the army, navy, or marines, and a few years' graduate school. Of course he won't earn a cent until he is thirty, but that doesn't matter. Susie can always work, and they can wait a couple of years for babies.

Now, one might wonder about the questions of love and sex. Susie has, on the whole, kept her chastity. She is no demimondaine, and she wants to be reasonably intact on her wedding night. She had an unfortunate experience at Dartmouth, when she and her date were both in their cups, but she barely remembers anything about it and hasn't seen the boy since. She has also done some heavy petting with boys she didn't care about, because she reasoned that it wouldn't matter what they thought of her. She has been in love twice (three times, if you count Joe), once in high school and once in freshman year with the most divine Yale senior, whom she let do practically anything (except have intercourse) and who disappeared for no reason after two months of torrid dating. It still hurts her to think about that.

She has kept Joe fairly well at arm's length, giving in a little at a time, because she wanted him to respect her. He didn't really excite her sexually, but probably he would if they had some privacy. Nothing was less romantic than the front porch of the house, or Joe's room at the fraternity with his roommate running back and forth from the shower, or in the back of someone's car with only fifteen minutes till she had to be in. Anyway, it might be just as well.

Susie and Joe have decided that they will sleep together when it is feasible, since by now Joe knows she is a nice girl and it's all right. But they will be very careful. Susie, like all her friends, has a deep-rooted fear of pregnancy, which explains their caution about having affairs. They have heard that no kind of birth control is really infallible. And, today, shotgun weddings are looked down upon and illegal abortions sound appalling. It simply isn't worth the worry. She will sleep with

Joe, if they become engaged, because he wants to, and if she becomes pregnant, they can get married sooner. But they will do everything possible to prevent it.

Obviously, Susie is hardly in love with Joe in the way one might hope. But she is sincerely fond of him, she feels comfortable with him, and, in some unexplained way, when she is with him life seems much simpler. The decision about her life keeps her awake at night, but when she is with Joe things make more sense. The prospect of marrying Joe gradually becomes more attractive.

The *New Yorker* recently ran the following item, titled "Overheard on the Barnard Campus": "I can't decide whether to get married this Christmas or come back and face all my problems." If Susie becomes engaged, she can, in a way, stop trying so hard. She can let go. For college (though it may not sound it from this account) hasn't been easy. Her liberal education has had the definite effect of making her question herself and some of her lifelong ideas for the first time, sometimes shatteringly. She has learned to think, not in the proportions of genius, but intelligently, about herself and her place in the world. She realizes, disturbingly, that a great many things are required of her, and sometimes she can't help wondering about the years beyond the casserole and playpen. The beginnings of maturity are taking place in her.

The Eastern women's colleges (and I can speak with authority only about Smith) subtly emanate, over a period of four years, a concept of the ideal American woman, who is nothing short of fantastic. She must be a successful wife, mother, community contributor, and possibly career woman, all at once. Besides this, she must be attractive, charming, gracious, and good-humored; talk intelligently about her husband's job, but not try to horn in on it; keep her home looking like a page out of *House Beautiful*; and be efficient, but not intimidatingly so. While she is managing all this, she must be relaxed and happy, find time to read, paint, and listen to music, think philosophical thoughts, be the keeper of culture in the home, and raise her husband's sights above the television set. For it is part and parcel of the concept of liberal education to better human beings, to make them more thoughtful and understanding, to broaden their interests. Liberal education is a trust. It is not to be lightly thrown aside at graduation, but it is to be used every day, forever.

These are all the things that a liberally educated girl must do, and there has been in her background a curious lack of definition of the things she must not do. Parents who have lived in the Jazz Age can not very well forbid adventurousness, nor can they take a very stalwart attitude about

sex. Even if they do, their daughters rarely listen. What or what not to do about sex is, these days, relative. It all depends. This is not to say that there are no longer any moral standards; certainly there are — the fact that sex still causes guilt and worry proves it. But moral generalizations seem remote and unreal, something our grandparents believed in.

Today girls are expected to judge each situation for itself, a far more demanding task. A man recently told me that he had found girls rather inept at this, since taking a square view of a new relationship at the beginning, before sex has entered it, requires more maturity and insight than most college girls have. He said he had found such girls inconsistent in their attitude toward him — sexual sirens at first (when they wanted to attract him), promising everything, then becoming more and more aloof and more and more anxious to discuss the relationship step by step, when logically their behavior should be quite reversed; he had thought that as they got to know and like him they would be more relaxed about sex.

The fact is that, lacking a solid background of Christian ethics, most girls have only a couple of vague rules of thumb to go by, which they cling to beyond all sense and reason. And these, interestingly enough, contradict each other. One is that anything is all right if you're in love (romantic, from movies and certain fiction — the American dream of love) and the other is that a girl must be respected, particularly by the man she wants to marry (ethical, left over from grandma). Since these are extremely shaky and require the girl's knowing whether or not there is a chance of love in the relationship, sex, to her, requires constant corroborative discussion while she tries to plumb the depths of a man's intentions. Actions alone are not trustworthy. After all, a prostitute can arouse a man as well as (and probably better than) a "nice" girl. But if a man loves her for herself, and not just her body, he will augment his wandering hands with a few well-placed words of love. Clinging to her two contradictory principles, she tries to be a sexual demon and Miss Priss at tea at the same time; she tries not to see what strange companions love and propriety are.

On the other side of the coin, men do little to clarify the situation. Some, at least, are simple-minded about it. They divide girls into two categories, bad and good: the bad ones have obvious functions, and the good ones are to be married; but good ones, once pinned or engaged (and the official definition of being pinned is "being engaged to be engaged") must loosen up immediately or run the risk of being considered cold or hypocritical. This would require the girl to be an

angel of civilized and understanding behavior at first, pacifying her man by a gentle pat on the knee at just the right time and keeping him at bay — and yet interested — in a way both tactful and loving (the teen-age magazines devote a lot of space to this technique and recommend warding off unwise passes by asking about the latest football scores), and then, once the pin has been handed over, to shed her clothes and hop into bed with impassioned abandon.

Even more complicated to deal with is the intellectual-amoral type of man, who has affairs as a matter of course and doesn't (or says he doesn't) think less of a girl for sleeping with him. He is full of highly complicated arguments on the subject, which have to do with empiricism, epicureanism, live today, for tomorrow will bring the mushroom cloud, learning about life, and the dangers of self-repression, all of which are whipped out with frightening speed and conviction while he is undoing the third button on his girl's blouse. And he may well need arguments at this point.

Our liberally educated girl is not very likely to be swept away on a tide of passion. With the first feeling of lust, her mind begins working at a furious rate. Should she or shouldn't she? What are the arguments on both sides? Respect or not? Does she really want to enough? and so on, until her would-be lover throws up his hands in despair and curses American womanhood. Even if she gives in, she is hardly going to be his dream goddess of love; she is too exhausted by her mental exertions. She must discuss the whole thing at length. And by then her Lothario, who had been so articulate about sex while they were still sitting in the bar, has turned into a panting beast to whom words mean nothing. This is clearly a mess and not one that is going to clear up with magic speed on the wedding night.

A good many girls try to solve their bewilderment in college by constantly comparing notes with each other. Things seem more acceptable if everybody is doing them. I remember an occasion during my freshman year when a girl walked into my room after a date and said mournfully to several of us who were sitting around, "He tried to take my blouse off. What shall I do?" She typified all of us, and all of us were going to have to solve the same problem sooner or later. As a friend of mine put it, "Freshman year, the problem is what to do when a boy tries to unbutton your blouse; sophomore year, when he reaches up your skirt; and after that, everybody shuts up." For when the real problem comes, the best thing to do is simply look sphinxlike about the whole thing. I suppose the ideal girl is still technically a virgin but has done every possible kind of petting without actually having had intercourse. This gives her

savoir-faire, while still maintaining her maiden dignity.

A girl, then, by the end of college is saddled with enough theories, arguments pro and con, expectations, and conflicting opinions to keep her busy for years. She is in the habit of analyzing everything, wondering why she does things, and trying to lay a pattern for her life. Her education, which has laid such a glittering array of goals before her as an educated American woman, has also taught her to be extremely suspicious of the winds of chance. She has been told that she is a valuable commodity, that only efficiency will allow her to utilize all her possibilities, and that to get on in this risky and nerve-racking world she must keep what a disillusioned male friend of mine calls "the safety catch." There must always be something held in reserve, a part of her that she will give to no one, not even her husband. It is her belief in herself, modern version, and the determination to protect that belief. It is the vision of possibility which remains long after she is mature enough to accept the eventual, gradual limitation of the things that will happen to her in life. It is the dream of the things she never did.

In other ages, women were not educated to expect so much, and consequently they were less frequently disappointed. A really mature girl can, of course, absorb her disappointment by saying to herself, "I can't do all the things I wanted, but, instead of trying to, I can be much happier by doing my best in the few things that are possible to me." Others never give up the hope of being able to manage everything — a husband, a career, community work, children, and all the rest. A few exceptional ones can manage it, but others end up with an ulcer, a divorce, a psychiatrist, or deep disappointment. And there are a sad few who think that since they can't do everything, they won't do anything at all. They then give themselves over to the most confining kind of domestic life, an attitude of martyred anti-intellectualism, and a permanent chip on the shoulder.

The safety catch, then, can be a woman's happiness or her doom. If my disillusioned friend complains about it, he had better realize that as long as he wants an educated woman, his chances of finding one who is also willing to be totally dominated by her husband, who can yield completely to him, are fairly slim.

This, then, is what the result is for a girl who has been brought up in a world where the only real value is self-betterment. She has had to create her own right and wrong, by trial and error and endless discussion. If this is what is meant by Susie's search for security, it is not security from a frightening world but from a world that has treated her too well.



THE SAVING GRACE

BY JAMES THURBER

In the foreword to JAMES THURBER's first, slim volume of drawings, Dorothy Parker recounted how hecklers had found the Thurber women to have no sex appeal, to which the artist replied, "They have for my men." This certainly applies to the heroine of his new cocktail party, Mrs. Groper. Readers wanting more of Thurber are advised to consult his most recent and popular book, THE YEARS WITH ROSS.

I HAVE wanted to argue with you since 1951," said a woman who sat down next to me, around midnight, at a recent party in Connecticut.

"You have shown remarkable restraint for your impatient sex," I said. "Here it is 1959. What is it you want to be wrong about?"

"In 1951, in an interview, you said that humor would be dead within five years. Well, it wasn't," she said firmly.

"I said it would either be dead or off its rocker," I told her. "Perhaps it is both. You may have seen its gibbering ghost."

"Do you think ghosts are crazy?" she demanded.

"Well," I said, "anyone who rejoins our species, after once being quit of it, can scarcely be called bright, can she?"

Here she proved too quick for me. "It was Banquo who made that awful scene in the dining room, not Lady Banquo," she pointed out. I could have observed that Lady Banquo was not dead, but it would have been too easy.

"Lady Banquo sent him there," I said. "You know how women ghosts are."

"I don't want to get into the First Folio, or anything like that," she said with a touch of irritation. "What did you think was the matter with humor in 1951?"

"It was suffering from acute hysteria, pernicious fission, recurring nightmare, loose talk, false witness, undulant panic, ingrown suspicion, and

occlusion of perception — quite a syndrome," I said. "When reason totters and imagination reels, humor loses its balance, too."

"It is called the saving grace," she said, making a sharp left jab of the truism. I wasn't off guard, though.

"Grace can't save us unless we save it," I said.

"It is saved," she insisted. "It's on all sides of us. You just don't want to see it. What else do you think has happened to humor?"

"It suffers from chronic crippling statistics," I told her. "Humor flourishes only as a free single entity. Humor makes its own balances and patterns out of the disorganization of life around it, but disorganization has been wiped out by organization, statistics, surveys, group action, program, platform, imperatives, and the like. These are good for satire, but they put a strait jacket on humor."

A man with a highball glass in his hand wavered over to us and said to me, "You guys give me a pain in the neck. On the other hand, the pain in Twain stays mainly in the brain."

For such crude intruders I always carry a piece of complicated academic drollery, and I gave it to him: "If you prefer 'I think, therefore I am' to 'Non sum qualis eram,' you are putting Descartes before Horace."

He hesitated, jiggling the ice in his glass. "Nuts," he said, and wove away.

"Who was that feeble-minded son of bombast and confusion?" I asked my companion.

"My husband," she said. "My name is Mrs. Groper. Alice Groper. Tell me some more about statistics, but not too much."

"On Monday, July 6," I said, "I heard three news broadcasters say, 'Only two hundred and sixty-two people were killed in automobile accidents in the past two days,' and one of them added that nearly a hundred people — eighty-eight, to be exact — were alive that might have been dead. He was basing his statistics on an estimated three hundred and fifty dead, confidently predicted by the Safety Council. In the place of humor, you see, we have grim, or negative, cheerfulness. One statistician not long ago tried to cheer us all with his estimate that only eighteen million people, not fifty million, would be killed here in a nuclear war. This kind of horrifying reassurance is now our main substitute for laughter."

"I don't want to talk about horrifying reassurance," said Mrs. Groper.

"Take teeth, then," I told her. "Last year, in London, somebody asked me why Americans thought teeth were so funny. I explained that it is not teeth, but the absence of teeth, that we regard as funny, and also the absence of hair."

"But we laugh at paunches, too," she cut in quickly, "and that's the presence of something."

"Not at all," I told her. "What we laugh at is the absence of the once flat abdomen. If I am splitting hairs, they are the hairs just above the male ears, as all the others are so hilariously gone."

"Let's not go into philosophy or definition," said Mrs. Groper. "They never get you anywhere."

"They have got us where we are, or, anyway, they have left us there," I said. "Now, disorganization must not be confused with disintegration. If the falling apart of the human body is funny, then death should be the biggest laugh of all. I think I saw this concept forming when the edentulous mouth was first deemed to be uproarious. That was a long time ago, and I hoped that the comedy of dentures would disappear along with the jokes about the activities of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, but I was wrong. Mike Nichols and Elaine May, and even the English playwright, Graham Greene, regard teeth as highly amusing. The usually very humorous Nichols and May have a protracted, or perhaps I should say extracted, skit about a dentist who falls in love with the decayed molar of a young woman patient, and then with the rest of her. (They call her Reba, but I would prefer Sesame.) Mr. Greene's current comedy success on the London stage concerns a love triangle involving a dentist, a bookseller, and

the dentist's wife. In this play the dentist occasionally flashes his electric torch into his rival's mouth and warns him about a certain tooth. The play is a huge success, and I expect any day now to encounter a burlesque called *The Bridgework on the River Kwai*. I happen to consider the oral cavity to be about as humorous as a certain canal. Ask me, what canal?"

"What canal?" asked Mrs. Groper.

"Alimentary, my dear Watson," I said. "Why don't you giggle?"

"Because my name is not Watson, and I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

"I am talking about the fragmentation of the human organism as the source and subject of dubious fun," I said. "Last August a weekly magazine I sometimes write for became avant-garde in this field of humor and came up with a comic drawing about the virus called *Staphylococcus aureus*. There were no funny drawings in the magazine about people, only about other creatures. The idea that persons, as such, in their entirety may be passing from the American comic scene keeps me awake at night. One dawn I woke up singing, 'When you were the fly in the ointment and I was the cat in the bag.' Then I worked out the caption for the drawing of a bug in a rug. It is saying to another bug, 'I can't get comfortable.'"

"But you have done a hundred fables about talking animals and birds," she reminded me. Having determined not to drink anything that night, I sipped my second highball slowly.

"You have mislaid your discriminator," I told her brusquely. "The fable form has immemorially identified the behavior of animals and birds with that of people, to emphasize the foibles and follies of the human race. But talking animals in cartoons are now tending to denigrate man by assuming attitudes of superiority. For example, you find two giraffes staring at a human being, and one of them is saying, 'There ain't any such animal.' Or a cartoon will show half a dozen persons on all fours with their heads buried in the sand, and one ostrich is saying to another, 'My God, look who's fallen for *that* old myth.'"

DIDN'T anything funny at all, in the old-fashioned sense, happen to you while you were in Europe last year?" Mrs. Groper wanted to know. "I think you're just in a depressed mood. You've had too little to drink. I'll get you another highball," and she did.

"Well, there were the Hugginses," I said when she came back with the drink.

"Now, *that's* funny." She laughed merrily.

"Not frightfully," I said, "and yet it was frightful, too — what happened to them on the ship coming home, I mean."

"Did they fall overboard?" she asked.

"No, but they went off the deep end," I said. "Here's what happened. Mrs. Huggins had bought a new dress in Paris, at the most expensive shop — I'll call it Violetta's. While her husband was out on deck one day, staring at the sea and trying to remember how many people had gone down on the *Titanic*, not how many had been saved, she removed the label from the dress and sewed in the label of what you women call a reasonable shop, a small shop in New York. But it preyed on her mind, and so she later ripped out the label and put the Violetta one back in."

"That's not so funny," my companion said. "We all do things like that. We're all afraid of the customs inspectors."

"Anyway," I said, "my wife and I met the Hugginses for drinks one night after dinner on the ship. They had already had a lot of cocktails and wine, and they were both on the edge of their chairs. She was also on the edge of colitis, and he was threatened with a new ulcer."

"I don't see why, if she had sewed the real label back in," said my companion.

"It was this way," I said. "Huggins told his wife that any customs inspector would be able to tell that the Violetta label had been sewed into the dress by a nervous and amateur hand — that is, a guilty hand."

"So what?" demanded Mrs. Groper. "It belonged there."

"Belonging is a matter of congruity, not of simple fact," I explained. "The human mind, or mental state, being what it now is, the inspector would be sure to say, 'Madam, this is clearly not a Violetta dress. You have sewed the label of an expensive Paris shop into an inexpensive American-made dress that you obviously took to Europe with you.'"

"But why would Mrs. Huggins conspire with herself to pay duty on an imported dress when she didn't have to, if it wasn't really imported, even though it actually was?" Mrs. Groper asked.

"You're oversimplifying," I told her sharply. "The assumption would be that Mrs. Huggins was trying to get away with something. I mean, that she was willing to pay a hundred dollars in duty just to prove to her friends that her husband could afford a Violetta dress for her."

"What finally happened?" asked Mrs. Groper.

"Huggins wanted to throw the dress overboard," I said. "To save money, you see."

"Do I?" she asked.

"Certainly," I said. "If the case got to the courts as the result of Mrs. Huggins' determination

to prove that the Violetta dress was in fact a Violetta dress, Violetta herself might have to be flown to New York to testify. Lawyers' fees, court costs, and so on would run into a pretty figure. Well, anyway, over our drinks that night, Mrs. Huggins burst into tears. My own wife, returning from the ladies' room at that moment, accused me of having hurt her feelings. That made *me* mad. Then suddenly Huggins smote the table with his right fist, breaking his glasses, which he had forgotten were there. His wife reached over impulsively and cut her right index finger on a fragment of broken lens."

"I think you're losing me now," my companion said.

"We're all lost," I said irritably. "When Mrs. Huggins' finger began bleeding, I yelled at her, 'Why in the name of God do you have to cut yourself every time your husband breaks his glasses?' You see, I was mad at her now because she had not denied that I had hurt her feelings. Humor had folded its tents like the Arabs and noisily stolen away from a situation that demanded its presence. England's Lord Boothby recently said that humor is the only solvent of terror and tension. He might have added that it is also good for incipient colitis and ulcer, broken glasses, bleeding index fingers, raised voices, and lowered spirits."

"Goatblather," said Mr. Groper as he passed my chair, jiggling ice cubes in a fresh highball.

YOUR husband has all the charm of a gentleman I shall now tell you about," I said. "The story points up the decline of humor in our time and in our species. Recently two couples, entirely unknown to each other, were leaving a Broadway theater at the end of the play. They were moving slowly and with difficulty up the crowded aisle, when the observant wife of one man whispered in his ear, 'You're unzipped!' He hastily zipped and, in so doing, caught in the zipper the fringe of the other woman's stole. The embarrassing predicament soon became uncomfortably obvious to all four. They were huddled together as they reached the curb, where the husband of the woman with the trapped stole said grimly, 'Let us not make a social occasion of this. We shall all get in the same cab and drive to whichever apartment is the nearer.' And they did just that, in gloomy silence."

"But," said Mrs. Groper, "they could have taken separate cabs, and the stole could have been returned next day."

"The husband of the stole," I explained, "made it clear that he did not want to exchange names with the other couple. When they got to the

nearer apartment, the two gentlemen retired to another room, where they finally managed to extricate the stole. Then the two couples separated without so much as a good night."

"But if they had had a nightcap together, they all would have laughed about it," said Mrs. Groper. "You just can't be dignified in a situation like that. You need another drink." And she left to get me one.

"Keep it clean, Mac," said the peripatetic Groper, passing my chair again.

"Don't you ever sit down, for God's sake?" I yelled after him. His wife brought me the fresh drink, and I added a moral to the tale: "When dignity does not give, humor cannot live."

At this point my wife joined Mrs. Groper and me and said, "Why are you shouting?" I started to explain, realized that it couldn't be done, and sulked instead.

"Did Mr. Huggins finally throw the dress overboard?" Mrs. Groper asked my wife.

"Oh, that," my wife said. "Of course not. They were lucky. The customs inspector didn't even look at the dress."

The party was growing noisy now, and we could hardly hear one another. Someone had put a record on the phonograph, and several couples were dancing.

"If that's all there is to it," said Mrs. Groper, "it isn't really frightful unless Mrs. Huggins got blood poisoning and died."

"Oh, my God, I didn't know that!" my wife cried.

"We all have to go sometime," I yelled.

"I was ready to go an hour ago," my wife said, "but you were taking something apart, as usual."

"A woman always assumes that a man is taking something apart when he's trying to put it together," I said.

"We *must* go," my wife insisted.

"Not until I save Mrs. Huggins' life," I said. "It's the least I can do." But Alice Groper was no longer interested in the plight of the Hugginses.

"Your husband has been officiating at the burial of humor," she said.

"Oh, he has, has he?" said my wife. "Then there's something you should read aloud to him, to refresh his memory on the vital statistics of humor. I think our hostess has a copy of it. I'll see." She went away and came back with a pamphlet, which she handed to Mrs. Groper, saying, "He wrote this in 1953. It's about the death-

less tradition of humor in the United States of America." She pointed to a certain paragraph, and Mrs. Groper read it aloud. "'Humor came over in the *Mayflower*. It weathered hard winters, Indian attacks, witch hunts and Puritanism. Later it flourished in the free American soil, it was carried westward in covered wagons, it was borne upon our battlefields as bright and inspiring as regimental colors. It has been seasick, wagon-weary, and shot full of holes, but it has always managed to keep on going.'"

"Now you're making sense," said Mr. Groper, holding out his hand. I thought for a moment of biting it, but shook it instead. "How's about a little old toast to humor?" he asked. The music had stopped and the others in the room gathered around us.

"You do the honors," Mrs. Groper said to me. I stood up, without too much difficulty, and held my glass high.

"Here's to the Queen," I said. "The Queen of the graces." As we were drinking to the hardy survivor of centuries of American life, our hostess, a lady of great charm but small regard for syntax, cried, "Do not for the God's sake break the glasses! Too many glasses are broken already without toasting Queens, so it is enough, and not funny." Everybody thought it *was* funny, though, and everybody began laughing. My wife and I were leaving the jolly house, good humor all intact, the sound of merriment in our ears, when Groper came up and extended that damned right hand of his. I took it. "I'm sorry I mentioned your goatblather," he said. I wanted to throw him over my shoulder, but I am thirty years too old for that gesture in conclusion. "It is nannyblobberers like you that are full of goatblather," I told him.

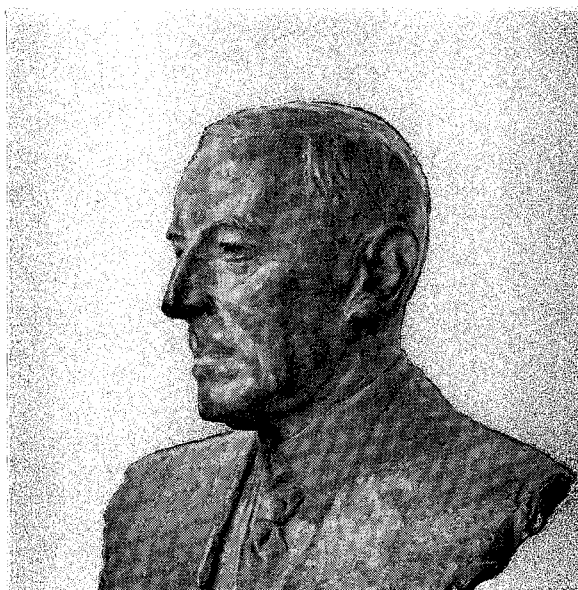
"Come on!" my wife said, pulling me toward our car as if I were six years old, which, like all American adult males, I sometimes am.

When we were back in our living room she said, "Grief-stricken as you are by the death of humor, maybe a nightcap would put you in a better mood." I nodded, having never rejected a nightcap since 1915.

"I am, *au fond*, a mellow foxy grandpa-type philosopher," I told her. "While we finish the nightcap, I shall count your lucky blessings, name them one by one."

"Then," she said, "we'll only need a short drink." And she made us both a short one.

Memories of Woodrow Wilson



by Admiral Cary T. Grayson, M.D.

At the beginning of Woodrow Wilson's Administration, ADMIRAL CARY T. GRAYSON, M.D., was appointed naval aide and private physician to the President, and their official relationship grew rapidly into a close friendship. In Paris during the Peace Conference and at home during the President's long illness, Wilson confided to Admiral Grayson many of his views and his opinions of public men in America and abroad. The ATLANTIC is pleased to draw the following excerpt from the Admiral's unpublished account of Wilson's last years.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S reception in Europe was without parallel in history. In Paris the throngs along the sidewalks cheered and wept, hailing him as the savior of France. Though he arrived in London on Boxing Day, when the streets are generally deserted, there were greater crowds in the streets, it was said, than had ever collected before, calling out in chorus, "We Want Wilson."

It would be impossible to say where the President received the most magnificent ovation. Certainly nothing could surpass that of London, but all of us who saw the reception in Rome carry an unforgettable memory of the spontaneous crowds and enthusiasm in the ancient city. At Milan in the great Cathedral Square the crowds were massive, and there was a reverence everywhere that touched the President deeply. Candles were burned before his picture, his signature was kissed and pressed to men's hearts. Seeing this, the President, by nature a philosopher, grew very solemn. He said: "There is bound to be a reaction to this sort of thing. I am now at the apex of my glory in the hearts of these people, but they are thinking of me only as one who has come to save Italy, and I have got to pool the interests of Italy with the interests of all the

world, and when I do that I am afraid they are going to be disappointed and turn about and hiss me."

This was prophetic. It was not long before the reaction which he had foreseen set in. And it manifested itself first in Italy, because Italy desired possession of Fiume and full control of the Adriatic Sea. Such demands were incompatible with President Wilson's conception of full justice to small nations and a seaport for Jugo-Slavia. The relapse in Italy and elsewhere was not Woodrow Wilson's failure, but the failure of nations and their leaders to look as far ahead as he, to comprehend the real meaning of his mission and his doctrine. While he was pleading for world harmony, others were too often thinking of national ambition.

But at the time of his arrival in Europe the populace had recognized in him the champion of the people. They were warworn and weary of the old processes which, since the beginning of historic time, had led to conflict, slaughter, plunder, devastation, and misery. They were tired of the old diplomacies which always culminated in war. They saw in Mr. Wilson a deliverer from the old order and the originator of a new and better plan. His words had reached vaster multitudes in all parts of the

Bust by Jo Davidson. Photograph courtesy of Princeton University.

world than the words of any other man. They were straightforward words, and therefore understandable by plain people — words which voiced the aspiration of the multitude. His personal magnetism seemed to overcome the handicap of foreign language as far as his Continental hearers were concerned. People everywhere seemed to understand him. It was a very striking tribute to the power of his personality.

It was humanly impossible to prevent the reaction which followed within a year. Astute politicians distorted his language and interpreted to the people a meaning different, often diametrically opposed to what it really meant. This was going on in America, in France, in Italy. The poison worked into the minds of the people, and for a while it seemed as if Mr. Wilson would never live to see himself vindicated. But he did. Long before he died, while politicians were reviling him and weak-kneed supporters were apologizing for his mistakes, there was a popular swing back to him. Plain people everywhere, those who had no interest in the political game, saw that this man had caught a vision of a future of peace and happiness and had plainly pointed the way to it. They saw that the world in rejecting him had rejected its own restoration to order and stabilized peace.

He was a statesman, a war President, a leader in international councils, but he was always a teacher. A great teacher is an interpreter, and Woodrow Wilson was the interpreter of the deepest-lying political aspiration of collective peoples — a desire to be unmolested by the wiles of scheming diplomats and the ravages of conquest. Now death has set its sacred seal upon his mission, and we know beyond question that his principles were right.

As from the tomb at Mount Vernon people get fresh impulse for their faith in individual liberty, so from the tomb in the Cathedral of Mount Saint Alban people will always gather new inspiration from Woodrow Wilson's controlling ideas of the equality of nations, small and great, and of international peace founded not on strength of arms, but on justice. "Justice" was to him no empty word, as "liberty" was to Washington no empty word. Mr. Wilson knew that complete world justice could not be won by a word or a single act, but he believed with all his mighty intellect and all his fighting soul that the hour had come to make a beginning and to make it with as little compromise as possible.

BETWEEN him and many with whom he conferred there was a conflict between the ideas of a peace of justice and a peace of vengeance. Most of the French officials were unable to understand Mr.

Wilson's calmness. They did not realize that he as much as any of them hated Germany and all her ways but that he was holding himself in hand because he knew that peace terms drawn up in furious rage would defeat their own ends, that to destroy Germany economically would make just reparations impossible. Besides, he continued to hold to his distinction between the German war authorities and the German people. The German people had done evil, but it was done under wrong leadership. He felt that to keep cool was the first essential to the making of a peace of justice.

French officials continually urged him to visit the devastated regions, and he kept postponing, saying to his friends, "They want me to see red, and I can't afford to see red. To whip myself into a passion of rage would be to unfit myself for the present task. I know well enough the wrong that Germany has done, and Germany must be punished, but in justice, not in frenzy."

We had made brief trips to the American headquarters at Chaumont and to Château-Thierry and Rheims, but the French wanted the President to make a much more extensive tour of the ruined area. It was not until Sunday morning, March 23, that we took a somewhat extensive tour to the scenes of battle, revisiting Château-Thierry and Rheims and visiting for the first time Soissons, the Chemin des Dames, Coucy-le-Château, Chauny, Noyon, Montdidier, and the neighboring regions. The party consisted of the President, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Benham (Mrs. Wilson's secretary), and myself. We were followed by the necessary secret-service guard but were not accompanied by any military aides.

The President was intensely interested in each spot that we visited, and the informality of our visit enabled me to get some of the human reactions toward him. At the little town of St. Maxence the President's car stopped to take oil and gas and was surrounded by French people, old men and old women as well as French soldiers and many little children. They acclaimed the President as the savior of the world and appealed to him to stand by the common people of France to bring about a peace which would be a peace for the people. This same sentiment had been expressed by a French officer at Soissons who told me that the soldiers wanted the President to know that they were back of him in his plans for peace and did not want him to allow France to get the kind of peace that Clemenceau and the French commission were desirous of having made. They declared that a Clemenceau peace would favor the capitalists but that they had such faith in the President of the United States that they knew he would give them a peace that would be just to all.

The President's last visit to the stricken areas was to Belgium, a long-contemplated journey which had to be frequently postponed because of the duties which confined him to Paris.

Among other places, we saw the Ypres Canal, by which the Belgians flooded the lowlands when the Germans made effort to break through to the sea; Ypres, where the Canadian troops were practically annihilated and where the Germans first used poison gas — all of it wasteland which had been fought over repeatedly, a morass of mud with half-picked skeletons of horses, wrecked trucks and ambulances, and little clusters of graves marked with crosses.

The next day our party motored to the town hall at Louvain, where the President was received by the burgomaster. In the manuscript room of the ruined university a degree was conferred upon him by Cardinal Mercier. In response the President paid a noble tribute to education and condemned in scathing terms the ruthlessness of the Germans which had led them to this wanton act of destruction, saying that the Germans had misused their own education, that education could be prostituted and had been when the Germans made their assault on the ancient University of Louvain.

But this evidence of German atrocity did not swerve the President from his view that the peace terms, however stern, must be made on a basis of justice rather than on a basis of vengeance. He held firmly to the idea that revenge would be only temporary and would sooner or later lead to reprisals and other wars, and that uncompromising justice would lay the foundations for a permanent peace. His idea of justice involved the idea of holding Germany to strict accountability for what it had done, to punish it but not to destroy it economically and nationally.

This fundamental idea of the sort of peace that would be lasting and constructive for the future sometimes brought him into sharp conflict with his conferees, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and Senor Orlando — able statesmen but none of them possessing the prophetic qualities of Mr. Wilson, who looked beyond the immediate results of the Peace Conference to the far-off future of Europe and the world.

I MYSELF was a witness of a scene in the conference room which was as dramatic as anything ever played upon a stage. In the intensity of the debates feeling sometimes ran high, and men would say things on the impulse of the moment which they would not have uttered in calmer circumstances.

One morning the three premiers grew so pas-

sionate in their opposition to Mr. Wilson's calmer, forward-looking policy that they accused him of being pro-German. I happened to enter the room just as they were about to recess for lunch. Mr. Wilson told me a little of what had occurred, but for the most part was quite silent at the lunch table. After lunch he asked me to ride with him in the Bois. He was very silent, but I could see that he was thinking deeply and that his emotions were profoundly stirred. When we returned to the house and just before we got out of the motor, he said to me: "I want you to come into the room with me. Those men this morning accused me of being pro-German. They have gone a step too far and I don't know what may happen." With that he walked down the hallway, very straight, his jaw set, his eyes fixed. I could see that his fighting blood was circulating, and there was electricity in the air.

In a moment or two the others came in and all were seated, and for a few seconds there was intense silence. Contrary to his usual custom in the Council of Four, he rose from his chair and began to speak standing. I wish I had a stenographic report of what he said, for it was certainly one of the greatest speeches of his whole career. In substance, it was to the effect that he had never liked Germany, that he had never been in Germany, that he had never cared for the German methods of education, that no man in the room was less German-minded than he, and that he resented deeply the accusations which they had brought against him at the morning session. Turning to M. Clemenceau, with his eyes ablaze, he said: "And yet you this morning told me that I should be wearing the Kaiser's helmet. And why? Because I have protested against laying a taxation upon Germany which will make life so unattractive to the little children and the children yet unborn that existence would be a running sore and dreams of vengeance an obsession. I am not thinking only of Germany. I am thinking about the future of the world. I am thinking of the inevitable results of a so-called peace founded merely upon revenge. Such ideas belong to the old order. We are facing a new world with new conditions. We are trying to stabilize a world that has been thrown into chaos.

"One reason why France has had the sympathy of most of the world in this terrible war is that individuals and nations have remembered with indignation the terms which Germany imposed upon France after the Franco-Prussian War, the insolence and the inhumanity of it all. This is why most of the nations have become allies of France — because she had been wronged. I want to save France from being put in the place of Germany in the future. If we do wrong around this peace

table the sympathy of the world will someday turn to Germany as it has turned to France in this war. I want to save the whole world from repetitions of such disasters as the world has experienced during the last four years. I know that you men are going the wrong way about it, and I know that I am right, because I know human nature and the processes of war. I am for a severe punishment for Germany but a just one."

While he was speaking, M. Clemenceau made a motion to rise from his chair. Mr. Wilson whirled around toward him and said: "You sit down. I did not interrupt you when you were speaking this morning." M. Clemenceau sank back in his chair.

Then Mr. Wilson continued. He said that he was speaking as an advocate of the little children, that he wanted them to be saved from what their fathers and their elder brothers had been through, that he wanted to stem and stop the floods of blood with which Europe had been drenched, that the supreme purpose of this war had been to make it a means of ending war. He said: "Therefore, I cannot consent to be a party to the kind of adjustment that you men counsel because it is no adjustment. It is merely laying fire for the future. It is not only the innocent children of Germany that I am thinking of. I am thinking of the children of France, of England, of Italy, of Belgium, of my own United States, of the whole world. I see their little faces turn toward us in unconscious pleading that we shall save them from annihilation. I am not asking for a soft peace but for a righteous peace."

Again M. Clemenceau rose from his chair and slowly approached Mr. Wilson, this time with moisture in his eyes. Taking the President's hand in both of his, he said: "Mr. President, I want to say that you are not only a great man but you are a good one, and I am with you." There was tense silence. In his chair, Mr. Lloyd George sat nodding approval, and Senor Orlando was standing over by the window softly sobbing.

CONSTITUTIONALLY, Mr. Wilson had not been strong either as a youth, a young man, or a man in early middle age. An attack of measles had gone hard with him at Davidson College, preventing him from completing his freshman year there, forcing him to return to his father's home in Wilmington, North Carolina, where he spent a year in recuperation and in preparation to enter Princeton. The aftereffects of this malady prevented him, to his extreme regret, from taking violent exercise, though he was so deeply interested in college athletics that he became the manager of

the baseball team. Again, poor health prevented him from graduating in law from the University of Virginia. At Bryn Mawr and Wesleyan he had to take good care of himself in order to discharge his professorial duties. As professor and president of Princeton he was frequently under the care of physicians for a stubborn stomach ailment, and three times he broke down. In the first attack he suffered from neuritis, of which he was not entirely cured until he became President of the United States. In the second attack he was operated upon for hemorrhoids and developed phlebitis. In the third and most serious attack there was a retinal hemorrhage in his left eye which partially destroyed the sight of that organ. In spite of all this, his iron will and perfect equanimity enabled him to do an increasing amount of work each year, but he had not cultivated habits of regular exercise and periodical recreation.

When he entered the White House and I became acquainted with the physical man, I was confident that if I could get his cooperation in carrying out daily the simple laws of health he would, barring accident, carry through to the end, though one of the most eminent physicians of the country, Dr. Weir Mitchell, prophesied that the new President could not possibly outlive his first term. Careful examination and all the medical tests revealed that there was no organic disease, but much sedentary life had been bad for a constitution not naturally vigorous, and he was below par. It was a clear case for preventive medicine.

With his confidence and cooperation, four outstanding elements of treatment and of his own personality kept him going under conditions that would soon have exhausted the powers of a younger and stronger man. These four things were system, exercise, a sense of humor, and food suited to his idiosyncrasies. The last I was able to ascertain after some experimentation. He was the most obedient patient a physician ever had. He grew steadily stronger. He worked as few Presidents have worked and bore burdens such as few men have been called upon to shoulder. The remarkable thing is not that he broke down finally but that, with his constitution and his burdens, he kept well by obedience to the simple laws of health. At the conclusion of the armistice he was stronger than he had ever been in his life, notwithstanding all he had gone through.

Nevertheless, I dreaded the added strain of his personal attendance upon the Peace Conference. I foresaw that he would be in almost daily contest with antagonists. I knew that he would see sights which would drain his emotions, and I feared that in a new environment it would be impossible for him to maintain the systematic habits of life which had sustained him at home even during the

struggle of war. There was something else which I did not foresee, an attack of influenza in Paris, which proved to be one of the contributory causes of his final breakdown. But I could not argue with his conscience. All I could do was to accompany him and take the best medical care of him possible.

When he took his seat at the peace table he was sixty-two years old. Had he considered his health, had he put prudence and caution first, he would not have embarked for Europe on December 4, 1918. Then and there he deliberately neglected his health. Then and there for the first time he deliberately refused to obey his physician and the laws of health which he so well understood. Duty was for him superior to his health.

My worst fears were realized. There were the hurry and flurry of official engagements. He met most of the important people in Europe. He addressed crowds such as no man had ever faced before in Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium. He was in continual struggle with the representatives of the Allied and associated nations, he standing single and alone among them for a principle which seemed to them too far off to grasp. He was forced to break in upon his regular regimen, to forgo exercise, to work at all hours day and night and even on Sundays. His emotions were torn by sights of pain and sorrow everywhere, in the devastated regions and in the hospitals.

His tender heart bled for each afflicted soldier in the hospital wards. Soon after his arrival in France, he and Mrs. Wilson visited the hospital at Neuilly. For most of the soldiers the President had a word of good fellowship, but it was noticed that in shaking hands with one soldier he said nothing. This soldier, who had been blinded, asked the nurse why the President had held his hand so long, gripped it so hard, and said nothing. We who were with him and watching him knew, for we had seen his face working for self-control, a film cover his eyes, a clutch in his throat. We observed the same significant silence in another ward when the President asked a splendid specimen of manhood on crutches and at attention how it was that so many of the men were bereft of a leg. The soldier answered: "Those who were shot higher up are not here, sir." The President's lip quivered as he passed silently down the line.

That afternoon he and Mrs. Wilson visited all the wards of one of the French hospitals. In one ward a blinded French soldier stood erect and sang the *Marseillaise*. To the end of his life, the President referred, always with emotion, to that.

At the American cemetery at Suresnes, on a hillside looking toward Paris, the President on Memorial Day, 1919, delivered one of his great addresses, a memorial to the dead, an admonition to the living to be faithful to those things for which

their comrades had died. After the ceremonies he went down among the lines of graves, each marked with its cross, and deposited a wreath in behalf of the Boy Scouts of America. As he rose to his feet, a French lady approached him and said, "Mr. President, may I be permitted to add these flowers to those which you have just deposited here as a tribute to the American dead, who, in sacrificing their lives, saved the lives of thousands of Frenchmen? My two boys were killed in battle." And then she broke down and cried.

Such incidents, and there were hundreds of them, took their toll from a man who was always under pressure and who beneath a reserved exterior carried the heart of a child, tender, susceptible to the griefs and burdens of others.

I used to beg him to slacken a little the pressure under which he worked, but he would answer: "Give me time. We are running a race with Bolshevism, and the world is on fire. Let us wind up this work here and then we will go home and find time for a little rest and play and take up our health routine again."

IN THE early spring of 1919 came that ill-omened attack of influenza, the insidious effects of which he was not in good condition to resist. Then followed asthma, which broke the sleep that had always been his sheet anchor. In the pressure of public business or private grief he had always been able to sleep, but now asthmatic coughing woke him at intervals all through the night. He was less obedient than he had been to his physician's advice. He insisted on holding conferences while he was still confined to his sickbed. When he was able to get up he began to drive himself as hard as before — morning, afternoon, and evening conferences.

Though below par in the spring, he worked with all his strength. The conference, which had lasted seven months instead of the few weeks which he had originally thought would be necessary, closed on June 28, 1919, in the Hall of Mirrors in the Palace of Versailles, where old William II of Prussia had been crowned Emperor of Germany nearly thirty years before. The Germans were reaping a sour harvest from the seeds they had sown in the Franco-Prussian War.

In place of the imperial splendor of the earlier scene, as shown in the historical painting of it, the ceremony on June 28 was without spectacular features. In the presence of an immense audience (the French government had issued twice as many tickets as there was seating capacity), the meeting was opened with a brief address by M. Clemenceau. President Wilson had suggested that the

German delegates sign first, because if left to sign last they might change their minds, refuse to sign, and make the whole procedure ridiculous. Then the representatives of the Allied and associated powers signed in the French alphabetical order of the nations which they represented. This placed the United States (États Unis) at the head of the list, and, of course, President Wilson was the first of the American delegation to set his signature to the epochal document. He used a pen which he had purchased for Mrs. Wilson several years before and with which he had signed a majority of state papers.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, President Wilson and Premiers Clemenceau and Lloyd George walked into the square in front of the palace, and the throngs, crying "Vive Wilson!", pressed so closely about him that, notwithstanding the troops, the President's own guard had to close around him to protect him from the enthusiasm of the multitude, many wishing to shake his hand, all wishing to see him.

Before the President left Paris, Clemenceau and Lloyd George had been urging him to return to Europe after a while, to which the President replied: "That is practically out of the question. Lincoln one time told the story about a little girl who had some blocks with letters on them. She was learning her ABC's with the use of those blocks, and one night before going to bed, she was playing with them. When she got into bed she started to say her prayers, but she was so sleepy that all she could say was, 'Oh, Lord, I am too sleepy to say my prayers. Here are the blocks and the letters; you spell it out!'" The President applied the story by saying: "I have worked over here and laid down all the principles, rules, and regulations that I could think of. Someone else now will have to take the blocks and spell it out."

WE HAD a pleasant, uneventful voyage home. The President had to do much work aboard the ship, but he had more time for exercise in walking the decks and for watching motion pictures in the evenings. I was pleased by the improvement that I saw in him and got his consent to prolong the journey two days. He was an excellent sailor, always enjoyed the salt air, and never rested anywhere better than at sea.

We arrived in New York Bay July eighth on a sunny afternoon and were met by a squadron of the Atlantic Fleet and, later, by a huge, nondescript flotilla of hundreds of vessels, some bearing the city officials and committees of reception and others loaded to the water line with volunteer welcomers.

After landing in Hoboken, we crossed the river by ferry and drove direct to Carnegie Hall, through a city colorful with flags and confetti and through the greatest crowds that up to that time had ever greeted an individual in the history of America.

The President's address in Carnegie Hall was his first gun in the battle for the ratification of the treaty. The next was in the United States Senate, where he presented the documents to the body whose ratification was necessary to make our country a participator in the treaty and in the covenant.

As he was ushered into the Senate Chamber, he looked completely well again. His step was elastic, his color good, his eyes bright, his figure erect. His attitude was that of a man who had called his associates in government to reason with them, but if they would not reason, was ready to fight them to the end. His exposition of the meaning of the covenant was lucid and noble:

"The united power of free nations must put a stop to aggression and the world must be given peace. . . . Shall we or any other free people hesitate to accept this great duty? Dare we reject it and break the heart of the world? . . . The stage is set, the destiny disclosed. It has come about by no plan of our conceiving, but by the hand of God, who led us into this way. We cannot turn back. We can only go forward, with lifted eyes and freshened spirit, to follow the vision. It was of this that we dreamed at our birth. America shall in truth show the way. The light streams upon the path ahead, and nowhere else."

These were some of the key sentences of this great address. They remind us again of the faith that was in Woodrow Wilson, the faith that God had selected this epoch for the liberation of mankind from the tyranny of old usages and those outworn methods of international dealing by which misery is sown in the wind and reaped in the whirlwind.

But America was not allowed to "show the way."

This is a personal sketch of Mr. Wilson, not a challenge to controversy. I shall not inquire into or speculate on the motives which prompted some senators to obstruct his plans; nor shall I comment on the post-war psychology by which the majority of the people, who on Mr. Wilson's return from Europe undoubtedly favored ratification, became in a few months violently opposed to ratification.

There were conferences between the President and individual senators and a notable conference lasting several hours in the East Room between him and the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Senate. Gradually, however, a spirit of opposition in the Senate increased in strength, and there was a demand for reservations to which the President

would not concede, because he believed such reservations would emasculate the covenant.

His faith in the people was complete, and he felt that if he could get before them the truth about the treaty and the covenant they would rally to his banner. I dreaded the extensive journey necessary for this more than I dreaded the plague. I had already seen that the wear and tear on him of continual controversy over the treaty were undoing the good that had been done by his ocean voyage and that his vitality was being slowly sapped.

I succeeded in persuading him to cancel plans formed for the journey in early August, but later on the conviction grew upon him that he must go. Opposition to the treaty was increasing in the Senate, and he must rally the moral opinion of the country and do it immediately, so he felt. I played my last card and lost. Going into the study one morning, I found the President seated at his desk writing. He looked up and said: "I know what you have come for. I do not want to do anything foolhardy, but the League of Nations is now in its crisis, and if it fails I hate to think what will happen to the world. You must remember that I, as Commander in Chief, was responsible for sending our soldiers to Europe. In the crucial test in the trenches they did not turn back, and I cannot turn back now. I cannot put my personal safety, my health in the balance against my duty. I must go." With his pen in hand, he rose and walked to the window looking out toward the Washington Monument, stood silent for a few seconds, and as he turned around and looked at me I saw moisture in his eyes. I paused a moment; then, turning, left the room. There was lead where my heart ought to be, but I knew the debate was closed, that there was nothing I could do except to go with him and take such care of him as I could.

IT WAS on September third that he started on the mission against which I had so earnestly protested for the sake of his health. For him the journey was a prolonged agony of physical pain, for Mrs. Wilson and me, an unceasing agony of anxiety.

During the trip he worked under the most unfavorable conditions. He made speeches daily to record-breaking crowds and shook hands with hundreds of spectators. He was again deprived of exercise and, in addition, subjected to sudden changes of climate and altitude. The steel cars of the special train held the heat like ovens. There was no question that he needed rest, but he was unable to get enough because of the fast schedule that had to be maintained. The terrific strain which he had been under for more than a year

was telling, and his exertions on the Western trip were sapping up his vitality very fast. With it all, he was under enormous emotional strain because he felt that he was fighting the fight of future generations. Again and again as we rode through the crowded streets of Western cities he would look intently at the lines of school children on the pavements and say: "I am the attorney for these children."

From the time we reached Montana, the President suffered from asthmatic attacks and severe headaches which seriously interfered with his rest. Frequently I was summoned during the night to give him necessary aid and to assist him in breathing. It was necessary for him to sleep a good part of the time sitting up, propped up with pillows in a chair, but he was so considerate that frequently when an attack would recur, instead of sending for me, he would get up, prop himself up in a chair, and remain there.

The full justification of my fears was realized after he addressed audiences during stops in Denver and Pueblo, Colorado, on September 25. All day the President had such a splitting headache that, as he expressed it, he could hardly see. Leaving the Pueblo auditorium, he went directly back to the train. He was very tired and suffering when he entered the car. I was concerned as to the best method of restoring him so that he could continue the trip, as there were now only five scheduled addresses remaining. I asked the President whether in his opinion it would be of benefit if he could get out and stretch his legs by taking a walk. He agreed, and we stopped the special train some twenty miles outside of Pueblo, and the President, Mrs. Wilson, and myself went for a walk. We stepped along at as brisk a pace as was possible without tiring the President too much.

An elderly farmer who was driving along the road in a small automobile recognized the President and stopped his car. He asked to have the honor of shaking hands with the President and after doing this presented him with a head of cabbage and some apples, expressing the hope that the cabbage could be used for dinner that night.

We walked for the better part of an hour. En route back to the train, the President saw a soldier in a private's uniform sitting in a chair on the porch of a house some distance back of the road. He was very plainly ill. The President climbed over the fence and went over and shook hands with him. The boy's father, mother, and brothers came out while the President was talking to him and were very much touched with the consideration which the President had shown in stopping to express sympathy for the sick youth.

We then returned to the train, bringing the

apples and the cabbage with us. The trip was resumed for Wichita, Kansas, where the President was scheduled to make an address the following morning. The President was very desirous of retiring after dinner to get some rest, but at the first stop, Rocky Ford, Colorado, a large crowd surged about the car and shouted for the President to come out and shake hands with them. Secretary Tumulty and others on the train were very anxious that the President should spend the entire time on the platform shaking hands with the people. I did my best to persuade the President to remain inside the car until just before the train pulled out. Then the President came out on the platform and grasped the hands of those who were closest to the rear end of the train. As the train moved out, he stood and waved his hand to the people lined up on either side of the tracks and then retired to his room.

Early the next morning I was awakened from my sleep and told that the President was suffering very much. I went at once and found that he was on the verge of a complete breakdown. His own consciousness of his physical exhaustion helped to make him understand the dire necessity of the situation. But even then there was a flash of his own grim resolution, for he rose and shaved himself as usual, though any other man would have omitted that ceremonial altogether. It was with great difficulty that I could persuade him to turn back to Washington and omit the remainder of the itinerary. He insisted that he must go on, saying: "I should feel like a deserter. My opponents will accuse me of having cold feet should I stop now." I replied: "I owe it to the country, to you, and to your family not to permit you to continue." I told him that if he would try to make another speech he would fall before his audience. Mrs. Wilson added her pleas to my urgent medical advice, and at last he turned to me and said sadly, "I suppose you are right," and tears ran down his cheek as he added, "This is the greatest disappointment of my life."

We arrived in Washington on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of September, and he walked erect from the station platform to the White House car which was awaiting him. He wanted to go to church that morning, but I persuaded him not to do so. In the afternoon, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and myself, he took a short automobile ride.

In the following three days he consented to rest and to ride out daily. On the evening of October first he seemed quite bright and cheerful, played billiards a few minutes, and appeared better than at any time since he started on the Western trip. But early the next morning the crash came. He fell stricken with a thrombosis. Mrs. Wilson was

never braver, more composed. She and I got him on the bed, and we knew that the giant had fallen. A clot had formed in an artery in the brain, though there was no rupture.

I summoned in consultation Dr. Sterling Ruffin, Rear Admiral E. R. Stitt, and Dr. F. X. Dercum of Philadelphia. Later I called in Dr. H. A. Fowler, Dr. Hugh H. Young, Dr. George DeSchweinitz, and Dr. Charles Mayo. At intervals the President's friend and classmate, Dr. E. P. Davis, would confer with me about the case.

THE President's collapse brought no weakening of his purpose. Foes demanded a compromise covenant in a form which President Wilson believed would draw its teeth. Perhaps he believed that the fight over reservations was only a maneuver, that to comply with the reservationists would merely give opportunity for fresh objections and further mutilation. But, above all, he believed in the covenant as it had been finally agreed upon in Paris, believed that it conformed in its basic principles to the initiatory ideas which he had conceived as essential to a world consort, and he was unwilling to have it tampered with on partisan grounds.

In a remarkable interview with the newspapermen in the Hotel Crillon in Paris on June 27 he had said, in reply to a question, that he had been surprised that he had been able to keep the covenant so close to his original Fourteen Points, and he had, at that time, openly praised Clemenceau and Lloyd George for the manner in which they had cooperated after they had sifted and weighed the purpose of the plan. He was unwilling to yield at home what he had won abroad. He believed that the objections in the Senate were chiefly political and that the representations to the people that the plan was un-American were disingenuous. He proudly craved for America leadership in the new order of international dealings.

When he was able to receive visitors, some of his own political supporters called on him to advise compromise, arguing that half a loaf was better than no bread, but one and all left the sick-room with renewed admiration for his superb fighting spirit and with fresh resolve to continue the battle on the President's own lines.

He had an important interview with Senator Hitchcock, on the morning of November 17, 1919, who asked him if he had read the Lodge Resolution and whether he had anything to suggest concerning it. The President immediately replied: "I consider it a nullification of the treaty and utterly impossible." He then drew an analogy

between this and South Carolina's threat to nullify the Constitution. Senator Hitchcock then called the President's attention to the changes the Senate had made in Article X, to which the President replied: "That cuts the very heart out of the treaty; I could not stand for those changes for a moment because it would humiliate the United States before all of the Allied countries." Senator Hitchcock said: "What would be the effect of the defeat of the treaty by the Lodge Resolution?" The President's answer was: "The United States would suffer the contempt of the world. We will be playing into Germany's hands. Think of the humiliation we would suffer in having to ask Germany whether she would accept such and such reservation!" The President said: "If the opponents are bent on defeating this treaty, I want the vote of each Republican and Democrat recorded, because they will have to answer to the country in the future for their acts. They must answer to the people. I am a sick man, lying in this bed, but I am going to debate this issue with these gentlemen in their respective states whenever they come up for re-election if I have breath enough in my body to carry on the fight. I shall do this even if I have to give my life to it. And I will get their political scalps when the truth is known to the people. They have got to account to their constituents for their actions in this matter. I have no doubts as to what the verdict of the people will be when they know the facts."

Senator Hitchcock favored certain compromises with the Republicans. The President said: "With the exception of interpretations, which would not alter the substance, I am not willing to make any compromise other than that we have already agreed upon." The President's position was that he would not oppose reservations which were merely interpretations of the treaty but that he was irreconcilably opposed to any alteration of the treaty which would cause a recommitment to counsel with other nations.

The Senator told the President that he had had a conference with Lord Grey, the British ambassador, and with M. Jusserand, the French ambassador. They told the Senator that they considered that Senator Lodge and the Republican Party had killed the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations. They also commented on the fact that this view had been published in both English and French papers and expressed the belief that their countries would reject a treaty amended in accordance with the Lodge Resolution.

The President discussed at length with Senator Hitchcock occurrences connected with the treaty debate in the Senate, the interview lasting one hour and five minutes. Whenever Senator Hitchcock would bring forth some argument why so-

and-so was done, the President would combat him and ask to be advised why it was done and for what purpose. He said repeatedly: "Senator, I think you have acted very wisely and used good judgment in the circumstances, but why did you do so-and-so? I am not criticizing you, but I am asking you for information."

As the interview was drawing to a close, the President said: "If it is not too much trouble, will you please send me a little notice of what is transpiring during the day so that at your next visit we may discuss the situation?" The Senator replied that he would be very glad to comply with his request.

As the Senator arose to leave the room, he said: "Mr. President, I hope I have not weakened you by this long discussion." And the President smilingly replied: "No, Senator, you have strengthened me against the opponents."

After the Senator and I had left the room, the Senator turned to me and said: "The President is looking remarkably well. He has strengthened so much more since I saw him last. He is very combative today as he sits up there in that bed. On certain compromises he is as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar." The Senator also said to me: "I would give anything if the Senate could see the attitude that man took this morning. Think how effective it would be if they could see the picture as you and I saw it!"

Mr. Wilson's confidence in the rightness of his ideas and his faith that the people would see the wisdom of the new order which he advocated made it unbelievable to him that the Senate could dare to reject the measure. All this accorded with his normal habit of looking far ahead. He foresaw that without America's responsible participation in world affairs Europe would collapse and that sooner or later America must be drawn into the whirlpool.

THE first talk he had with me on the subject of the League of Nations since the defeat of the treaty in the Senate took place on the morning of March 25. While seated at his desk in his study in the White House, the President said to me: "I note from the papers that members of the House and of the Senate are speculating as to what steps I will take relative to the defeat of the Peace Treaty. They are wondering whether I will veto a resolution declaring peace with Germany, in case they pass such a resolution, or whether I am going to write a message. My present intention is to do nothing. If they pass a resolution declaring peace with Germany, I will then express my views in a message — which I know will be extremely distasteful to the Senate. I do not doubt that they

may try to impeach me for it. If I were well and on my feet and they pursued such a course, I would gladly accept the challenge, because I could put them in such a light before the country that I believe the people would impeach them. I do not think that in the history of the country the Senate was ever as unpopular with the people as it is now. It would only be necessary for the people to understand the facts in order to impeach them.

"I have done all in my power to get this treaty through as it originally stood. My sole purpose was to see that it was not torn up or emasculated so that it would not stand the test of time. I entered into that treaty under solemn obligations with our Allies. We each promised, after much giving and taking, to stand by what we had formulated, and for me now to go back on that promise by changing or by permitting a change of the substance of the treaty would be to break faith with my colleagues. I would feel were I to violate my promise that I could never give them an honest look in the face again."

His faith in the people made him confident of a Democratic victory in 1920. When others foresaw that post-war reactions and discontents must result in Republican success at the polls, he called them pessimists and kept serene faith in the triumph of what he believed was right. After the overwhelming defeat, he read in the newspaper that Governor Cox had stated that he planned to visit the devastated regions of France. The President smiled a little and grimly said: "Why go so far to see devastation?"

The day after the election, which Republican leaders and newspapers acclaimed as defeat of Wilsonism (Governor Cox, the Democratic candidate, had strongly supported the League of Nations in his campaign but was a secondary figure to the old warrior in the White House), Mr. and Mrs. Wilson rode out as if nothing had happened. Whether acclaimed or rejected, he was the same.

He served out the remainder of his term with his customary strict interpretation of his duty and insisted on playing his last public act as if he were in his normal health. He performed with decorum the concluding duties, ceremonies, and courtesies of the great office which he was laying down after eight years crowded with stupendous events. He insisted that he would ride with Mr. Harding to the Capitol, sign papers, and accompany the President-elect to the inauguration platform in the usual manner.

I visited the Capitol and carefully surveyed the situation. I saw that in order to reach the inaugural platform he would have to climb steep,

long stairways, which was practically impossible for him. Then, when I stated the case to him, he at first protested, but the next morning said that he would comply with my judgment and not attend the ceremonies on the inaugural platform.

He carried out this program with grave courtesy. Mr. Harding, in turn, was attentive and considerate. None who saw the two figures that day could have guessed that the stalwart, active, middle-aged President-elect, who appeared younger than his years, would die before his companion, who in two years had grown to be an old man. Both died in less than three years from that day.

On the drive to the Capitol, Mr. Wilson insisted that the cheering was for the new President and therefore looked straight ahead without bowing any acknowledgments. On arrival at the Capitol he went directly to the President's room to sign bills. Senator Lodge, in his official capacity, advanced and informed him that the Senate awaited his further directions. Mr. Wilson stated that there was nothing more, and said, "Good morning, sir."

Presently a clock boomed twelve. It was a sign that the Administration had changed, that President Warren G. Harding had succeeded to office and that President Wilson was now Mr. Wilson, a private citizen.

There was a general movement to the Senate Chamber, where the Vice President was to be inaugurated, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Secretary Tumulty, and I were left alone with one secret-service man. After descending in the elevator to the ground level, Mr. Wilson limped slowly to his car with the aid of his cane. He and Mrs. Wilson and I drove to the modest home which he had purchased in S Street, a house destined for the next three years to be almost as much a goal for sightseers as the White House itself.

Our route from the Capitol to the new home was through New Jersey Avenue and Massachusetts Avenue. These thoroughfares were as silent and deserted as on an early Sunday morning. It was as if the entire population had flocked to the Capitol. We drove in silence, and I reflected on the contrast between this scene and the noise and glamour of the ride up Pennsylvania Avenue some two hours before and the great cheering throngs along the Paris boulevards and in London and in Rome and in Brussels and in New York on Mr. Wilson's return from abroad, and I wondered if the thought of the contrast was also passing through his mind. But he gave no sign of what he was thinking.



Etching by Edmond Blampied. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

MARK VAN DOREN

With Apples

The last leaves are down, and the iron
Trunks, solitary, say they can stand there
Seven cold months without perceptible
Change. But the green ground changes
Daily, so that Hallaway's old horses,
The brown one, the black one,
Nibble at next to nothing where the hoarfrost
Of hours ago gave way before the yellow and still blowing,
Blowing — some of them purple — leaves.
These move, head down, but listen:
Someone may be coming, even now, in the bright wind,
With apples. I am coming.
Four pockets full, and extras on the hip.
Hi, there, Handsome Jerry!
Don't you know me, Slobbery Mack?

The Fields of November

The fields of November
Fit like a lion's hide:
Old, dreaming lion,
Cold, sleepy ground.

The hollows and the rises,
The boulders, the long swells,
All of them are one there,
Breathing under brown.

But faint breath, and slow beat:
The fields of November
Fit like a warm skin
The dark of the world.

The Child at Winter Sunset

The child at winter sunset,
Holding her breath in adoration of the peacock's tail
That spread its red — ah, higher and higher —
Wept suddenly. "It's going!"

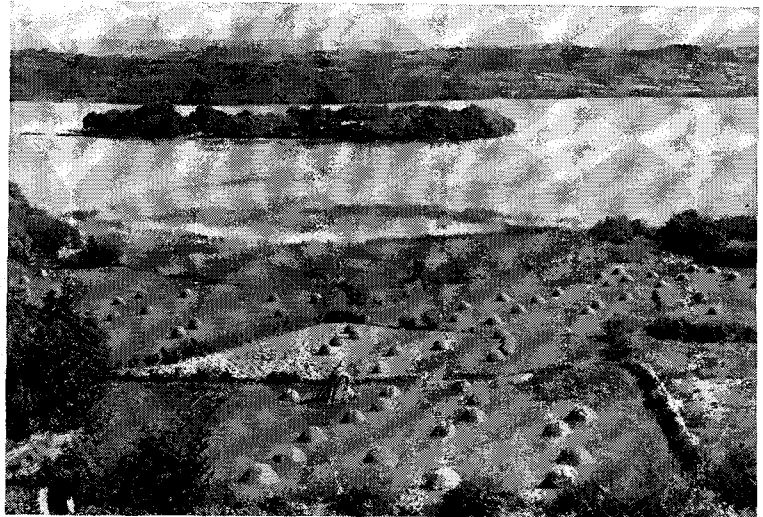
The great fan folded;
Shortened; and at last no longer fought the cold, the dark.
And she on the lawn, comfortless by her father,
Shivered, shivered. "It's gone!"

"Yes, this time. But wait,
Darling. There will be other nights — some of them even better."
"Oh, no. It died." He laughed. But she did not.
It was her first glory.

Laid away now in its terrible
Lead coffin, it was the first brightness she had ever
Mourned. "Oh, no, it's dead." And he her father
Mourned too, for more to come.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN, *unlike many of the leading Irish writers of this century (including George Bernard Shaw and James Joyce), has elected to remain in Ireland. He is a Dubliner who is generally regarded as one of the very best short-story writers of our time and is a sympathetic yet realistic interpreter of contemporary Irish life.*

A Story by
Sean O'Faolain



Photograph courtesy of the Irish Tourist Office.

A Touch of Autumn in the Air

IT WAS, of all people, Daniel Cashen of Roscommon who first made me realize that the fragments of any experience that remain in a man's memory, the bits and scraps of a ruined temple, are preserved from time not at random but by the inmost desires of his personality.

Cashen was neither sensitive nor intelligent. He was a caricature of the self-made, self-educated nineteenth-century businessman. Some seventy years ago he had set up a small woolen factory in County Roscommon which, by hard work from early morning to late at night and by making everybody around him work at the same pace, he developed into a thriving industry which he personally owned. His Swansdown Blankets, for example, were the only kind of blankets my mother ever bought. Though old when I made his acquaintance, he was still a powerful horse of a man, always dressed in well-pressed Irish tweeds, heavy countryman's boots, and a fawn, flat-topped bowler hat set squat above a big, red, square face, heavy handle-bar mustaches, and pale-blue, staring eyes of which one always saw the complete circle of the iris, challenging, concentrated, slightly mad.

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One would not expect such a man to say anything very profound about the workings of the memory, and he did not. All he did was to indulge in a brief burst of reminiscence in a hotel foyer, induced by my casual remark that it was a lovely, sunny day outside but that there was a touch of autumn in the air. The illuminating thing was the bewildered look that came into those pale, staring eyes as he talked. It revealed that he was much more touched and troubled by the Why of memory than by the Fact of memory. He was saying, in effect: Why do I remember that? Why do I not remember the other thing? For the first time in his life something within him had gone out of control.

What he started to talk about was a holiday he spent when just under fifteen in what was at that time called the Queen's County. It had lasted two months, September and October. "Lovely, sunny weather, just like today." What had begun to bother him was not so much that the days had merged and melted together in his memory — after so many years that was only natural — but that here and there, from a few days of no more evident importance than any other days, a few

trivial things stuck up above the tides of forgetfulness. And as he mentioned them I could see that he was fumbling, a little fearfully, toward the notion that there might be some meaning in the pattern of those indestructible bits of the jigsaw of his youth, perhaps even some sort of revelation in their obstinacy after so much else had dropped down the crevices of time.

He did not come directly to the major memory that had set his mind working in this way. He mentioned a few lesser memories first, staring out through the revolving glass doors at the sunny street. There was the afternoon when, by idle chance, he leaned over a small stone bridge near Uncle Bartle's farm and became held for an hour by the mesmerism of the stream flickering through the chickweed. As could happen to a great number of busy men, who normally never think at all about the subjective side of themselves and are overwhelmed by the mystery of it if once they do advert to it, he attached an almost magical import to the discovery that he had never forgotten the bright pleasure of that casual hour.

"No, John! Although it must be near sixty years ago. And I don't believe I ever will forget it. Why is that?"

Of course, he admitted modestly, he had a phenomenal memory, and to prove it he invited me to ask him the telephone numbers of any half-dozen shops in town. But, yet, there was that red hay barn where he and his cousin Kitty Bergin played and tumbled a score of times — it was a blur.

"I can't even remember whether the damn thing was made of timber or corrugated iron!"

Or there was the sunken river, away back on the level leas, a stream rather than a river, where one warm September Sunday after Mass he saw, with distasteful pleasure, the men splashing around naked, roughly ducking a boy who had joined them, laughing at his screams. But, whereas he also still possessed the soft, surrounding fields, the imperceptibly moving clouds, the crunch of a jolting cart far away, the silence so deep that you could have heard an apple falling, he had lost every detail of the walk to and from the river, and every hour before and after it.

A less arrogant man might have accepted the simple explanation that the mind wavers in and out of alertness, is bright at one moment, dim at the next. Those mad, round irises glared at the suggestion that his mind could at any time be dim. He pointed out that he knew the country for miles around, intimately, walking it and cycling it day after day; what clung to him of it all, like burrs, were mere spots — a rusty iron gate falling apart, a crossroads tree with a black patch burned at its base, an uneventful turn off the main road,

a few undistinguished yards of the three miles of wall around the local demesne. He laughed scornfully at my idea that his mind became bright only for those few yards of wall.

"Well, perhaps it became dim then? You were thinking hard about other things up to that point in your walk?"

Here he allowed his real trouble to expose itself. He had not only remembered pointless scraps, but, I found, those scraps had been coming back to him repeatedly during the last few days with a tormenting joy; so that here he was, an old man, fondling nothings as lovingly as if he were fondling a lock of a dead woman's hair. It was plain, at last, that he was thinking of all those fragments of his boyhood as the fish scales of some wonderful fish, never to be seen, sinuous and shining, that had escaped from his net into the ocean.

WHAT had started him off was simple. A few mornings before our meeting, fine and sunny too, he had happened to go into a toy shop where they also sold sweets. He was suddenly transfixed by the smell peculiar to these shops — scented soaps, the paint on the tin toys, the sprayed wooden trucks, the smell of the children's gift books, the sweetness of the sweets. At once he was back in that holiday, with his cousin Kitty Bergin, on the leas behind her father's farmhouse (his Uncle Bartle's), one sunny, mistified October morning, driving in a donkey cart down to where his uncle and his cousin Jack were ditching a small meadow that they had retrieved from the rushes and the bog water.

As Kitty and he slowly jolted along the rutted track, deeper and deeper into this wide, flat river basin of the Barrow, whose hundreds of streams and dikes feed into what, by a gradual addition, becomes a river some twenty miles away, the two men whom they were approaching looked so minute on the level bog, under the vast sky, that Dan got a queer feeling of his own smallness in observing theirs. As he looked back, the white, thatched farmhouse nestling into the earth had never seemed so homely, cosy, and comforting.

Ferns crackled at the hub. When he clutched one, its fronds were warm but wet. It was the season when webs are flung with a wild energy across chasms. He wiped his face several times. He saw dewdrops in a row in mid-air, invisibly supported between frond and frond. A lean swath of mist — or was it low cloud? — floated beneath far hills. Presently they saw behind the two men a pond with a fringe of reeds. Against an outcrop of delicately decayed limestone he saw a bent hawthorn in a cloud of ruby berries. Or

could it have been a rowan tree? The sky was a pale green. The little shaven meadow was as lemon-bright as fallen ash leaves before the dew dries on their drifts, so that it would have been hard to say whether the liquid lemon of the meadow was evaporating into the sky or the sky melting down into the field.

They were on a happy mission. Mulvaney the postman had brought two letters to the farmhouse from two other sons: Owen, who was a pit manager in the mines at Castlecomer, and Christopher (who was, out of respect, never referred to as Christy), then studying for the priesthood in a Dublin seminary. Aunt Molly had sent them off with the letters, a jug of hot tea, and thick rounds of fresh, homemade bread and homemade apple jam smelling of cloves, a great favorite of Uncle Bartle's. They duly reached the two men, relieved the donkey of bridle and bit, and blinkers, so that he could graze in the meadow, spread sacks to sit on, and while Kitty poured the tea into mugs Bartle reverently wiped his clayey hands on the sides of his trousers and took the letters. As he read them aloud in a slow, singsong voice, like a man intoning his prayers, it was clear that those two sons had gone so far outside his own experience of the big world that he stood a little in awe of them both. It was a picture to be remembered: the meadow, the old man, the smoke of the distant farmhouse, patriarchal, sheltered, simple.

When he laid down the letter from the priest-to-be he said: "He's doing well. A steady lad."

When he had read the letter from the mines he said: "He's doing fine. If he escapes the danger he will go far."

While Jack was reading the letters Kitty whispered to Danny, thumbing the moon's faint crescent: "Look! It says D for Danny."

"Or," he murmured to her boldly, "it could be D for Dear?"

Her warning glare toward her father was an admission.

"I see here," Jack commented, while his father sucked at the tea, "that Christopher is after visiting Fanny Emphie. Her name in religion is Sister Fidelia."

Dan had seen this girl at the Curragh Races during the first week of his holidays, a neighbor's daughter who, a few weeks later, entered the convent. He had heard them joking one night about how she and Christopher had at one time been "great" with one another. He remembered a slight, skinny girl with a cocked nose, laughing, moist lips, and shining white teeth.

"Read me out that bit," Bartle ordered. "I didn't note that."

"I got special leave from the President to visit Sister Fidelia, last week, at Saint Joachim's. She

is well and happy but looked pale. She asked after you all. Saint Joachim's has nice grounds but the trams pass outside the wall, and she said that for the first couple of weeks she could hardly sleep at all."

The two men went on drinking their tea. It occurred to Dan that they did not care much for Fanny Emphie. He saw her now in her black robes walking along a graveled path under the high walls of the convent, outside which the trams at night drew their glow in the air overhead. It also occurred to him, for no reason, that Kitty Bergin might one day think of becoming a nun, and he looked at her with a pang of premonitory loss. Why should any of them leave this quiet place?

"Ha!" said old Bartle suddenly, and winked at Danny, and rubbed his dusty hands, and drew out his pipe. This meant that they must all get back to work.

Kitty gathered up the utensils, Danny tackled the donkey, the others went back to their ditching, and she and Danny drove back to where the fern was plentiful for bedding. Taking two sickles, they began to rasp through the stalks. After a while she straightened up, so did he, and they regarded one another, waist-deep in the fern.

"Do you think," she asked him pertly, "would I make a nice nun?"

"You!" he said, startled that the same thought had entered their heads at the same time.

She came across to him, slipped from his pocket the big blue handkerchief in which the bread had been wrapped, cast it in an arc about her fair head, drew it tightly under her chin with her left hand, and then with a deft peck of her right finger and thumb cowed it forward over her forehead and her up-looking blue eyes.

"Sister Fidelia, sir," she curtsied, provokingly.

He grappled with her as awkwardly as any country boy paying the sort of homage he thought was expected of him, and she, laughing, wrestled strongly with him. They swayed in one another's arms, aware of each other's bodies, until she cried, "Here's Daddy," and when he let her go mocked him from a safe distance for his innocence. But as they cut the fern again her sidelong glances made him happy.

They piled the cut fern into the cart, climbed on top of it, and lay face down on it, feeling the wind so cold that they instinctively pressed closer together. They jolted out to the main road, and as they ambled along they talked, and it seemed to him that it was very serious talk; but he forgot every word of it. When they came near the crossroads with its little sweetshop they decided to buy a halfpennyworth of their favorite sweets, those flat, odd-shaped sweets — diamonds, hearts,

hexagons — called conversation lozenges because each sweet bore on its coarse surface a ring-posy in colored ink, such as Mizpah, Truth Tries Troth, Do You Care?, or All for Love. Some bore girls' names, such as Gladys or Alice. His first sweet said, Yours in Heart. He handed it to her with a smile; she at once popped it into her mouth, laughing at his folly. As they ambled along so, slowly, chatting and chewing, the donkey's hoofs whispering through the fallen beech leaves, they heard high above the bare arches of the trees the faint honking of the wild geese called down from the North by the October moon.

IT WAS to those two or three hours of that October morning many years ago that he was whirled back as he stood transfixed by the smells of the sweets-and-toys shop. Forgetting what he had come there to buy, he asked them if they sold conversation lozenges. They had never heard of them. As he turned to go he saw a nun leafing through the children's gift books. He went near her and, pretending to look at a book, peered under her cowl. To his surprise she was a very old nun. On the pavement he glanced up at the sky and was startled to see there the faint crescent moon. He was startled because he remembered that he had seen it earlier in the morning, and had quite forgotten the fact.

He at once distrusted the message of his memory. Perhaps it was not that the smells had reminded him of little Kitty Bergin eating Yours in Heart, or pretending to be a nun, or wrestling with him in the fern. Perhaps what had called him back was the indifference of those two men to the fate of the young nun. Or was there some special meaning for him in those arrowing geese? Or in the cosy, sheltered little farmhouse? Maybe the important thing that day had been the old man humbly reading the letters. Why had the two men looked so small under the open sky of the bogland? "D," she had said, "for Danny. . . ."

As he stared at me there in the hotel foyer my heart softened toward him. The pain in his eyes was the pain of a man who has begun to lose one of the great pleasures of life in the discovery that we can never truly remember anything at all, that we are for a great part of our lives at the mercy of uncharted currents of the heart. It would have been futile to try to comfort him by saying that those currents may be charted elsewhere; that even when those revolving glass doors in front of us flashed in the October sun the whole movement of the universe since time began was involved in that coincidence of light. Daniel Cashen of Roscommon would get small comfort

out of thinking of himself as a little blob of phosphorescence running along the curl of a wave at night.

And, then, by chance, I did say something that comforted him, because as he shook hands with me and said he must be off, I said, without thinking: "I hope the Blankets are doing well?"

"Aha!" he cried triumphantly. "Better than ever!" And tapped his flat-topped hat more firmly on his head and whirled the doors before him out into the sunny street as imperiously as any man accustomed to ordering everything that comes his way.

Through the doors I watched him halt on the pavement. He looked to the right, and then toward his left, and then, slowly, up around the sky until he found what he was looking for. After a few moments he shivered up his shoulders around his neck, put his two hands into his pockets, and moved very slowly away, out of sight.

Poor man, I thought when he was gone; rash, blunt, undeviating man — yet, in his own crude way, more true to life than his famous French contemporary who recaptured lost time only by dilating, inventing, suppressing, merging such of its realities as he could recall, and inventing whatever he could not. Cashen was playing archaeology with his boyhood, trying to deduce a whole self out of a few dusty shards. It was, of course, far too late. My guess was that of the few scraps that he now held in his hands the clue lay not so much in the offer of love and the images of retirement, the girl's courtship, the white farmhouse snuggling down cosily into the earth under the vast dome of the sky, and the old man left behind by his sons, as in the challenging sight of his own littleness on that aqueous plain whose streams barely trickled to the open sea. He said he hadn't thought of it for sixty years. Perhaps not. But he was thinking of it now, when the adventure was pretty well over. As it was.

A week later a friend rang me up and said, "Did you hear who's died?" I knew at once, but I asked the question. The voice over the telephone said, "Daniel Cashen."

He left nearly a hundred and fifty thousand pounds — a lot of money in our country — and, since he never married, he divided it all up among his relatives by birth, most of them comparatively poor people and most of them living in what used to be called, in his boyhood, the Queen's County.

Oh, yes. . . . He may have been what we would nowadays call a kind of schizophrenic; but I like to think, at least I hope, that at the end he put the two halves of his broken globe together and made of them a complete round — all at the flick of a memory, a faint touch of autumn in the air.

TRIPTYCH

MORNING DIALOGUE

THE YOUNG MAN

That way the moonflower and the sunflower this
and the garden path that winds between
how can I know what they may mean
in the confusions of my delight?

Old mother oak

whose ferrule is on my forehead
whose mast is on my tongue
tell me, for I am young,
what language I should speak?

THE OAK

Speak with the language of the leaf
when what you mean is brief
and with the language of the bough
when what you mean is more than now
but also learn while you are young
speech is not only of the tongue.

THE YOUNG MAN

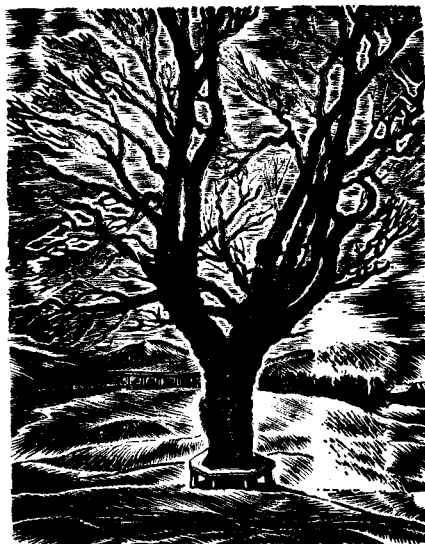
This calyx of cerulean blue
now magnified by one vast drop of dew
becomes tremendous in the sun
and every one
of these small dots of cinnamon
seems like a world about to run
into the fiery histories of space
how can I face
these miracles and have no speech?

THE OAK

I reach

from earth to sky, from one to other,
have no sister and no brother
from the dark underworld
crammed with all riches and all death
seek out my way to leaf and breath.

BY CONRAD AIKEN



THE YOUNG MAN

What love is this
that can dispense with words
or all but such as bud and fade and fall
heedless of the song of birds
once more to the earth that buries?

THE OAK

North wind begins the autumn flurries
the solitary leaf descends
and something ends.
You too must die and so must I
yet each with differing speech can say —

THE YOUNG MAN

— what can we say?

THE OAK

No, I've forgotten. But something simple.
That night is night and day is day.
Or that the languages of sap and blood
are only wood and word
and therefore good.

Woodcut by Gustav Wolf. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

THREE VOICES AT THE MERIDIAN

THE CAT

Noon, and its excellent sun, and you, old tree,
and here squat I, heraldic and sejant in sequined shadow,
and the same question asks us as before
which is the older? cat or tree? you or me?
These houses, with their hands before their eyes,
the shuttered houses, they are younger surely?
And the pale nuns who pace demurely
under the purple Judas bloom?
But which is the older, you or me?

And you, old tomb!
freezing in the shadow, sweating in the sun!
tell us again which is the oldest of us three?
I walk and talk I walk and sleep
my own concerns and seasons keep
and, twilight come,
put on that evil that is second nature
to every living creature.

THE TREE

Nothing is older nothing is evil
thus to speak is to invite that devil
by man called conscience or else consciousness
in his unenviable and self-created doom
invented out of time and out of mind
that he might call himself mankind
and who knows why.

Better the acorn
dropped for the dark-eyed squirrel to carry and bury
better the bitter berry
for the quail's green crop

better the drop
of wild honey or innocent rain
than this all-man-invented pain.

THE MAN

Latecomer that I am, old cat, old tree, old tomb,
yet grant me room. Ungainly I
the body awkward and unshod and shoddy
what mind indeed would choose such body
dropped from the bloody womb
and in filth come
the spirit shy?

Yet I
count time and make it rhyme
and know the reasons
for your seasons.

SNAPPED STRING, BROKEN TREE

Never gainsay death
you who visibly die
who shrink from the wind
or the shadow of a wing
and know in the beat of the heart
the shape of things to come
yourself the bare oak
when the north wind whistles
yourself the snapped string
when the music stops.

Stay yourself with icicles
lie down in the new grave
and shroud yourself with rose leaves
or warm yourself with an ignis ossium
to dance the rites of spring
you are still the bare oak
motionless in snow
still the snapped string
when the music stops.

And who would ever wish
to gainsay goodfellow death
whose embrace is Judas blossom
whose eye is apple blossom
whose footfall is the sure silence
between tick and tock
who would wish to gainsay
night after day
end after beginning?

The shadow of the oak
becomes a map in the mind
and moves in the mind
on the winds of the mind
and every movement of it
becomes a new word
and every word becomes a new leaf
yourself the bare oak
listening to spring
yourself the tuned string
touched to sing.

POVERTY AND POPULATION

by FRANK W. NOTESTEIN

The alarming rates at which the populations in the underdeveloped countries have been increasing in the past decade have caused world-wide concern. For an appraisal of the situation we turn to FRANK W. NOTESTEIN, who for many years was director of the Office of Population Research at Princeton University. Mr. Notestein is now President of the Population Council, an organization seeking to foster understanding of the problems of population by supporting research and training in the medical and demographic fields.



MANKIND has the technical ability to reduce the toll of sickness and poverty throughout the world to an extent never dreamed of even a few decades ago. Yet we teeter on the brink of self-destruction by allowing population growth to outstrip economic advance.

Both in the modernized countries and in the underdeveloped areas themselves there is much discussion, debate, and controversy over the population problem, but little action has been taken. Part of the controversy arises from honest and probably inevitable differences in moral judgments. But a larger part arises from misunderstandings both here and in the areas involved.

The problem is most intense in those parts of the world where average incomes are barely above the minimum of subsistence, illiteracy is prevalent, the traditional agrarian economy is largely intact, and scant use is made of modern technology in either industry or agriculture. The area, encompassing over a billion people, includes all of non-Soviet Asia except Japan, the South Sea Islands, all of Africa north of the Union, and virtually all of Latin America except Argentina.

Throughout most of these regions the tempo of population growth is mounting rapidly because death rates are falling while the birth rates remain at very high levels. On the average, the population may be growing by as much as 2 per cent per year, which, if continued, would double the pres-

ent size of population in thirty-five years. In Mexico and several other Latin American countries, in the Philippines, Taiwan, and possibly Egypt, the population is growing at the rate of more than 3 per cent per year, which means that it would be double its present size in twenty-three years.

Populations that grow rapidly must also expand their economic production rapidly. When populations grow at the rate of 2 or 3 per cent per year, only that part of the country's expanded economic production which runs above 2 or 3 per cent can be used for the improvement of living conditions. Such gains are difficult to obtain. True, in the United States during the past century, our economic production probably rose by 3 or 4 per cent per year. However, we had a vast, empty, and rich country, much foreign capital, and a relatively well-educated population.

The underdeveloped countries, by contrast, are frequently densely settled, often more than seven times as densely settled as we are now. Because available new land is scarce, the expansion of economic production is particularly dependent on technological innovations requiring capital. But foreign capital is scarce, and incomes are so low that savings are small.

No one knows exactly how much new capital is necessary to produce a given expansion of income, but it is safe to assume that populations growing at

between 2 and 3 per cent per year must save and invest between 5 and 15 per cent of their annual incomes just to keep even. Any improvement in economic conditions must come from savings above these figures. Our own savings have been substantially higher, but it is easy to accumulate savings in a prosperous economy. The implications are entirely different for the poor economy, whose population frequently spends over 60 per cent of its income on food alone and remains seriously undernourished.

Higher levels of savings can be and have been forced in Russia and possibly in China. Grain has been sold on the world market to purchase industrial materials during a domestic famine. But such action does not represent an acceptable solution to the problem. There are many brutal ways of checking population growth, but we must find those that are acceptable in humanitarian terms, those that we would advocate if our own lives and those of our children were involved.

There is a further difficulty connected with population growth. Because of their very high birth rates, the populations of the underdeveloped countries are heavily concentrated in the ages below the working years of life. Most underdeveloped countries have more than 40 per cent of their total population under age fifteen. By contrast, the developed countries seldom have as much as 30 per cent. This burden of youth dependency is a heavy one. But in spite of the small proportions in the working ages, there is a great deal of underemployment. This ineffective use of the labor force only documents the economic difficulty inherent in the shortage of land and capital. Such shortages are, as we have seen, greatly intensified by population growth.

The conclusion is inescapable that rapid population growth lifts the rate of economic growth required to improve living conditions and at the same time, by expanding consumer needs, restricts the accumulation of capital that is essential for the technological innovations needed to attain such economic growth.

The cause of the rapidly mounting rates of population growth is clear. It is the spectacular reduction of the death rate made possible by the medical discoveries of the past three decades. The use of sulfa drugs, antibiotics, and insecticides such as DDT has permitted the control of infectious diseases on a scale and with a speed hitherto impossible. Death rates in many of the underdeveloped countries are declining three to five times as fast as they did in nineteenth-century Europe. Ceylon, for example, cut its death rate in half in ten years. Ceylon, Taiwan, Singapore, and a number of Latin American countries have death rates that are much the same as those of the mod-

ernized West — approximately 10 per 1000 population per year. The low rates come partly from rapidly mounting life expectancies. But they come also from the rapid growth yielded by high birth rates, which tends to concentrate the populations in the young ages, where the risks of death are rather low.

In most of the regions with which we are dealing, death rates are much higher than 10. Even so, progress has been made. No one knows the exact pre-war death rates of India and China, but they were probably a little above 30 during the good years and much higher during years of major epidemic. Now they are probably in the low 20s. Moreover, there is no reason why they should not continue to fall rapidly in response to the expanding public health programs of both countries. In still other areas, notably those of Central Africa, less progress has been made, but there, too, death rates will drop as soon as modern public health programs can be introduced.

It is important to note that this control of disease has been achieved by methods that depend little on the cooperation of individual members of the population. Crews spray homes and vaccinate and inoculate assembled villagers. Even treatment of the individual by sulfa drugs and antibiotics is brief, convenient, and inexpensive. In short, populations that in any case are rather willing to cooperate with efforts to improve their health have little cooperating to do. Health is almost brought to them. The new methods of controlling disease have another result. We have now learned how to keep death rates amazingly low even under conditions of appalling poverty.

Meanwhile, nearly all underdeveloped countries have more than 40 births a year for each 1000 population. A few report lower figures, but in such cases the registration of births can be shown to be incomplete. Birth rates above 45 are not at all unusual, particularly in Latin America and the Middle East. With modern death rates, the implication of such birth rates for growth is clear.

Against this background, let us review briefly some of the misunderstandings that are prevalent here and abroad.

One is that if the birth rates are reduced, populations will decline. But if efforts in the field of public health are at all adequate, the birth rates of the underdeveloped areas could fall to less than half of their present level and there would still be moderately rapid population growth. In the absence of barbarities such as compulsory mass sterilization, as much as a 50-per-cent reduction of the birth rate seems outside the bounds of possibil-

ity in the foreseeable future. Given public order, the maximum reasonable objective is that of reducing birth rates sufficiently to hold the growth of population well below the expansion of the economy.

Extremists occasionally say that the West is interested in reducing the birth rates of underdeveloped countries as a substitute for economic development. The view is well publicized by Communist propaganda. Nothing could be further from the truth. Increased production must underlie any solution to the problems of poverty. The real danger is that they cannot be solved even with economic development unless there is some check on population growth. The hope of those seeking to reduce birth rates is not to find a substitute for economic development but a means of increasing the speed with which economic development can provide better living conditions for the population. The danger is that it will only provide more people living in much the same state of poverty.

We have every reason to suppose that it is virtually impossible to change the reproductive behavior of the traditional peasant society by a further intensification of its poverty. In a time when popular aspirations for health and prosperity are rising throughout the world, policies of repression are much more likely to bring revolution, disorganization, and mounting death rates than to stimulate the spread of the small-family ideal.

There is also the completely opposite view, which holds that only economic development is required. The advocates of this position point to the fact that birth rates have fallen in the context of urban-industrial development and popular education in the Western world. We should, they say, forget about population growth entirely and concentrate on urban-industrial development, public education, health, and improving the status of women.

This view receives support from some individuals who are opposed to various methods of birth control on moral grounds and seem to think they can escape from the difficulty of accepting contraception by advocating urban-industrial development. But there is compelling evidence that whenever the forces of modernization have developed the incentive for birth restriction, the restriction itself has been accomplished mainly by the spread of contraceptive practice. Notwithstanding claims to the contrary, reductions in fertility have been achieved overwhelmingly through voluntary means, by not marrying, or by preventing conception, or by interfering with the survival of the fetus. People opposed to birth control would be in a more tenable position if they opposed economic development and education on the grounds that

such innovations were likely to stimulate the spread of contraception.

The thesis that birth rates will decline in the presence of economic development says nothing about the speed with which a downward trend of fertility may be expected to get underway or about the number of times the population would double before birth rates and death rates came into fairly close balance. In Japan, where there has been rapid modernization since the 1860s, the population has increased threefold and the rate of growth is still substantial, in spite of the fact that it now has the lowest fertility in the world. The multiplication encountered during the transition from high to low birth and death rates was even larger in the West. There are grounds for doubting that the automatic processes of social change will bring a sufficiently rapid adjustment. Today, the fertility of married women is much the same in the major cities of India as in the rural villages, and the same lack of contrast probably prevails in many other countries.

FINALLY, there is the group, to which the writer belongs, that is convinced of the importance of taking energetic measures to spread the practice of birth control. The group is large and growing very rapidly in several of the underdeveloped countries. This was amply demonstrated last winter in New Delhi at the International Conference on Planned Parenthood, which was opened by Prime Minister Nehru and participated in by many leaders of academic, medical, and public life, drawn from a wide variety of underdeveloped countries as well as from the West.

There is mounting interest in stimulating the decline of the birth rate by spreading contraceptive practice, but in view of the dimensions of the problem only the smallest start has been made. There are grave difficulties and wide divergencies of opinion as to the proper course to take. Much of the disagreement comes from the fact that no effort to promote restrictive practices in the peasant villages has yet proved very successful. Too few attempts have been made to test inexpensive but sophisticated programs.

Admittedly, it is difficult to use existing contraceptive methods under the conditions of the usual peasant home, which lacks privacy, sanitary facilities, and suitable storage places. Neither is the situation favorable for the practice of periodic abstinence. Frequent confinements and a heavy incidence of infection, anemia, and malnutrition interfere with the establishment of predictably regular menstrual cycles. Moreover, the level of education is so low that many women find it im-

possible to keep track of their calendars. Ingenuity has been used to assist them. In one experiment, a string of green and red glass beads was supplied to each woman with instructions that she should move one bead along each day, abstaining on the "red days." A few were used appropriately, but in more cases there were accidental mix-ups or the beads served either as jewelry or as playthings for the baby. One patient is reported to have said that the beads were very good but that her husband steadfastly refused to eat them.

Such difficulties have led some people to conclude that success is impossible until we have developed a contraceptive method that is effective, convenient, cheap, and safe even under conditions of gross misuse. It is this need that has stimulated the interest in research for a contraceptive tablet to be taken by mouth.

Unquestionably, there is great need for research to find better methods of fertility control and to enhance all aspects of our knowledge of human reproduction. Until recently, pathetically little was being done. Now hopes are high that within something like five years we shall have several greatly improved methods.

Many people seem to think that the problem would be solved as soon as we could match, on the side of fertility, the scientific advances with which we control mortality. Unfortunately, this conclusion overlooks the fundamental differences between mortality and fertility. No one wants to die. But many people want large families. To still more, the idea of not accepting happily the number of children that "God sends" has never occurred and, when proposed, is likely to be abhorrent. Throughout the ages of inevitably high mortality, the selective processes of survival have placed a high value on those societies that inculcated the desire for many births. The rewards and penalties of family and community life in matters of security and prestige are heavily oriented in favor of the parents of many children, particularly of many sons. These ideas have been deeply imbedded for centuries in the most fundamental institutions and beliefs and are difficult to change.

Technological efficiency in fertility control will be an invaluable assistance to couples who are hesitant, frightened, and weakly motivated toward restricting the number of their births. But new and efficient methods will have their major impact only as the older ideals concerning appropriate reproduction are replaced by a widespread and deeply felt awareness of the advantages of fewer births. In sharp contrast to the problem of reducing births, the basic problem in the control of fertility is that of moving men's minds. In free

societies, the choices governing procreation must ultimately remain those of individual couples.

There is a wide range of positive action open to us. In the first place, we need to foster a better understanding of the relations of population growth to health, education, and prosperity among the articulate and politically active elements of the regions concerned. Often, as in India, Pakistan, Egypt, and Ceylon, this understanding is already present at the highest levels of government. But a more broadly based understanding is needed to provide political support for programs of the required scope. In all too many areas there is little interest or understanding, even at the highest levels.

It is unlikely that we in the West can do much to promote this understanding directly. Our opinions are viewed with too much suspicion to have a maximum effect. One of the most useful things we can do is to train students from underdeveloped areas to study their own problems by modern scientific methods. The findings of their own specialists, lucidly interpreted to the public, will carry much more weight than anything we can say.

In this field of scientific training, a good beginning has been made by the United Nations, governmental exchange programs, and the work of private foundations. Two regional centers for demographic training and research have been started under the auspices of the United Nations, one in India and one in Chile. In addition, fellowship programs are bringing students to the West for training. At Princeton, for example, students have come for advanced training in population research from eighteen different countries. These students have already done much to broaden the understanding of the issues in their own countries. The research of the United Nations has also been valuable in helping governments determine the facts for themselves.

Widespread knowledge of population problems only helps gain public support for needed action. Changes in individual behavior come for private reasons, such as the realization by married couples that, under modern conditions of health, their family life will be enriched if there are fewer births. We must learn how to impart this understanding efficiently, but the work itself is so peculiarly sensitive that it had better be undertaken by indigenous agencies. At least at the present stage, our role might well be limited to supplying requested assistance in technical training, consultation, and experimental work. These tasks are far from small, and the needed work is scarcely begun.

TO A YOUNG WRITER



BY WALLACE STEGNER

Professor of English and director of the Creative Writing Center at Stanford, WALLACE STEGNER is widely known for his novels and short stories and for his encouragement to young authors. He has twice been a recipient of a Guggenheim fellowship, and three of his stories have been awarded O. Henry prizes.

YOUR note asks advice on some purely practical matters, and to most of your questions the answers are dead-easy. No, you don't need any agent yet; later you probably will. Yes, you might try lifting sections out of your book and trying them on magazines; it can do no harm, and it might get you an audience or make you some money or both. No, there is no reason why you shouldn't apply for one of the available fellowships — Guggenheim or Saxton or, since you are uncommitted, one of those offered by publishers. By the same token, you are eligible to submit your book to any prize contest and to apply for admission to any of the literary and artistic colonies, such as Yaddo, the MacDowell Colony, or the Huntington Hartford Foundation. Even a brief residence in one of these would give you a place to live and write and would remove at least for a few weeks or months the insecurity that has nearly unnerved you. Of course I will write letters to any of these places in your behalf, of course I will give you letters to publishers, and if we happen to be in New York at the same time I will be happy to take you up to an office or two or three and introduce you.

But when I have said this, I am left feeling that most of what you really hoped to hear has been left unsaid. I suspect that much of the reason for your writing me was a need for reassurance: your confidence had suddenly got goose flesh and damp

palms; you came up out of your book and looked around you and were hit by sudden panic. You would like to be told that you are good and that all this difficulty and struggle and frustration will give way gradually or suddenly, preferably suddenly, to security, fame, confidence, the conviction of having worked well and faithfully to a good end and become someone important to the world. If I am wrong in writing to this unspoken plea, forgive me; it is the sort of thing I felt myself at your age, and still feel, and will never get over feeling.

It is no trouble to tell you that you indeed are good, much too good to remain unpublished. Because publishers are mainly literate and intelligent, most of them are sure to see the quality in your novel, and one of them is sure to publish it. But that is as far as I can honestly go in reassurance, for I suspect he will publish it with little expectation of its making much money, either for him or for you.

Naturally I am not saying anything as foolish as that literary worth and popularity are incompatible. They are proved compatible quite frequently, but almost always when the writer in question possesses some form of the common touch — humor, sentiment, violence, sensationalism, sex, a capacity for alarm — and raises it to the level of art. Shakespeare and Rabelais and Mark Twain didn't exhaust the possibilities of

lifting a whole mass of common preoccupations into beauty and significance. But it is your misfortune (and also your specific virtue) to have an uncommon touch. Your virtues are not the virtues of the mass of the population, or even of the reading population. Restraint, repose, compassion, humor that isn't ribald and feeling that isn't sentimental — these are caviar to the general, whatever you and I might wish.

You write better than hundreds of people with established literary reputations. You understand your characters and their implications, and you take the trouble to make sure that they have implications. Without cheating or bellowing or tearing a passion to tatters, you can bring a reader to that alert participation that is the truest proof of fiction's effectiveness. You think ten times where a lot of writers throb once.

And there is very little demand for the cool, perfect things you can do. You have gone threadbare for ten years to discover that your talents are almost sure to go unappreciated.

It is one thing to go threadbare for five or ten years in show business or to spend eight or ten years on a medical or legal education. A man can do it cheerfully, for the jackpots are there in those professions and may be expected by the talented in the course of time. And I suspect that you have had somewhere before you the marsh light of a jackpot, too: after all, every publishing season produces that happy sound of someone's apron being filled with solid, countable money. Your own seven years in college and two and a half years of apprenticeship on this first novel should entitle you to at least the milder sorts of expectation.

Since I participated in it, I know something about your education, and I know that it took. A literary education does not necessarily turn out even a good reader, much less a good writer. But with you it did both. You are a sharpened instrument, ready and willing to be put to work.

FOR one thing, you never took writing to mean self-expression, which means self-indulgence. You understood from the beginning that writing is done with words and sentences, and you spent hundreds of hours educating your ear, writing and rewriting and rewriting until you began to handle words in combination as naturally as one changes tones with the tongue and lips in whistling. I speak respectfully of this part of your education because every year I see students who will not submit to it — who have only themselves to say and who are bent upon saying it without concessions to the English language. In acknowledging that the

English language is a difficult instrument, and that a person who sets out to use it expertly has no alternative but to learn it, you did something else: you forced yourself away from that obsession with self that is the strength of a very few writers and the weakness of so many. You have labored to put yourself in charge of your material; you have not fallen for the romantic fallacy that it is virtue to be driven by it. By submitting to language you submitted to other disciplines, you learned distance and detachment, you learned how to avoid muddying a story with yourself.

That much the study of writing in college has given you. It might have given you worse things as well, but didn't. It might have made you a coterie writer, might have imprinted on you some borrowed style or some arrogance of literary snobbery, might have made you forever a leaner and a dependent. How many times have I backpedaled from some young man furious to destroy with words the father he thinks he hates; how many times have I turned cold to avoid becoming a surrogate father or even mother. How much compulsive writing have I read, inwardly flinching for the helpless enslavement it revealed. How often the writing of young writers is a way of asserting a personality that isn't yet there, that is only being ravenously hunted for.

None of that in yours. In yours, sanity and light and compassion, not self-love and self-pity. You know who you are, and you are good. Never doubt it — though you could not be blamed if you wistfully wondered. To date, from all your writing, you have made perhaps five hundred dollars for two short stories and a travel article. To finance school and to write your novel you have lived meagerly with little encouragement and have risked the disapproval of your family, who have understandably said, "Here is this girl nearly thirty years old now, unmarried, without a job or a profession, still mooning away at her writing as if life were forever. Here goes her life through her fingers while she sits in cold rooms and grows stoop-shouldered over a typewriter." So now, with your book finally in hand, you want desperately to have some harvest: a few good reviews, some critical attention, encouragement, royalties enough to let you live and go on writing.

You are entitled to them all, but you may get few or none of them. Some good reviews you undoubtedly will get, but also many routine plus-minus ones that will destroy you with their impudence, and a few flip ones by bright young men who will patronize you in five hundred words or spend their space telling how trying was the heat on the New Haven as they read this book on the commuters' special. Your initial royalty statement, at an optimistic guess, will indicate that

your publisher by hard work built up an advance sale of 2700 copies. Your next one, six months later, will probably carry the news that 432 of those copies came back and that altogether you fell just a little short of earning the thousand-dollar advance that you spent eight or nine months ago.

All this you are aware of as possibility, because you have the habit of not deceiving yourself and because you have seen it happen to friends. Learn to look upon it as probability.

HAVING brought yourself to that glum anticipation, ponder your choices. To go on writing as you have been doing — slowly, carefully, with long pauses for thinking and revising — you need some sort of subsidy: fellowship, advance, grant, job, marriage, something. In the nature of things, most of your alternatives will be both temporary and modest. Of the possible jobs, teaching probably offers most, because its hours are more flexible and because it entails a three-month summer vacation. You have the training, the degrees, some teaching experience, but for you I would not advise teaching. For one thing, you are so conscientious that you would let it absorb your whole energy. For another, I am sure you can write only if you have full time for it. Your distillation process is slow, drop by drop, and you can't make it produce enough in a few broken weeks of summer. So you will undoubtedly try the fellowships and the colonies, and perhaps for a year or two get by that way.

After that, who knows? You might sell enough to squeak by; you might get a job caring for people's cats while they travel; you might work for a year or two at a time and save enough to take every third year for writing; you might marry. You might even marry and keep on writing, though it often happens otherwise. By the same token, you might find that marriage and children are so adequate a satisfaction of the urges that are driving you to write that you don't need to write, or you may find all the satisfactions of marriage and a family and come back to fiction when your children are grown. You and I both know those who have, and we both know some of the special difficulties they meet. However you do it, I imagine you will always be pinched — for money, for time, for a place to work. But I think you will do it. And believe me, it is not a new problem. You are in good company.

Barring marriage, which is an alternative career and not a solution of this one, you may say to yourself that you can't stand such a narrow gray life, that you will modify your temperament and

your taste, and work into your books some of the sensationalism, violence, shock, sentiment, sex, or Great Issues that you think may make them attractive to a large audience. I doubt that you could do it if you wanted to, and I am certain that you shouldn't try, for you cannot write with a whole heart things that are contrary to your nature. The fine things in your first novel are there because you wrote them with a whole heart, from an intense conviction. Trying to write like those who manage a large popular success, you may succeed, because you have brains and skill; but however proper success may be for others, in you, and on these terms, it will not be legitimate, for you will have stopped being the writer that you respected.

You are as whole an instrument as a broom. The brush is no good without the handle, and the whole thing is good only for sweeping. You are scheduled — doomed — to be a serious writer regarding life seriously and reporting it to a small audience. Other kinds of writers are both possible and necessary, but this is the kind you are, and it is a good kind. Not many of your countrymen will read you or know your name, not because they are Americans, or moderns, or especially stupid, but because they are human. Your kind of writer has never spoken to a large audience except over a long stretch of time, and I would not advise you to pin too much hope even on posterity. Your touch is the uncommon touch; you will speak only to the thoughtful reader. And more times than once you will ask yourself whether such readers really exist at all and why you should go on projecting your words into silence like an old crazy actor playing the part of himself to an empty theater.

The readers do exist. Jacques Barzun confidently guesses that there are at least thirty thousand of them in the United States, though they may have to be found vertically through many years rather than horizontally in any one publishing season, and though the hope of your reaching them all is about like the possibility of your tracking down all the surviving elk in America. But any of them you find you will treasure. This audience, by and large, will listen to what you say and not demand that you say what everyone else is saying or what some fashionable school or clique says you should say. They are there, scattered through the apparently empty theater, listening and making very little noise. Be grateful for them. But however grateful you are, never, never, never write to please them.

The moment you start consciously writing for an audience you begin wondering if you are saying what the audience wants or expects. The peculiar virtue of this audience is that it leaves up to you

what should be said. You have heard Frank O'Connor speak of the difference between the private and the public arts. Unless it is being dramatized or read aloud over the radio, fiction is one of the private ones. The audience has nothing to do with its making or with the slant it takes. You don't discover what should go into your novel by taking a poll or having a trial run in Boston or Philadelphia. You discover it by thinking and feeling your way into a situation or having it feel its way into you. From inside a web of relationships, from the very heart of a temperament, your imagination creates outward and forward.

You write to satisfy yourself and the inevitabilities of the situation you have started in motion. You write under a compulsion, it is true, but it is the compulsion of your situation, not of a private hatred or envy or fear; and you write to satisfy yourself, but you write always in the remote awareness of a listener — O'Connor's man in the armchair. He responds to what you respond to and understands what you understand. Above all, he listens. Being outside of you, he closes a circuit, he is an ear to your mouth. Unless at least one like him reads you, you have written uselessly: your book is as hypothetical as the sound of the tree that falls in the earless forest.

Nevertheless, I repeat, except for vaguely imagining him and hoping he is there, ignore him, do not write what you think he would like. Write what you like. When your book is published you will have a letter from at least one of him, perhaps from as many as twenty or thirty of him. With luck, as other books come on his numbers will grow. But to you he will always be a solitary reader, an ear, not an audience. Literature speaks to temperament, Conrad says. Your books will find the temperaments they can speak to.

And I would not blame you if you still asked, Why bother to make contact with kindred spirits you never see and may never hear from, who perhaps do not even exist except in your hopes? Why spend ten years in an apprenticeship to fiction only to discover that this society so little values what you do that it won't pay you a living wage for it?

Well, what goes on in your novel — the affectionate revelation of a relationship, the unraveling of the threads of love and interest binding a family together, the tranquil and not so tranquil emotions surrounding the death of a beloved and distinguished grandfather — this is closer to what happens in church than to what happens in the theater. Fiction always moves toward one or another of its poles, toward drama at one end or

philosophy at the other. This book of yours is less entertainment than philosophical meditation presented in terms of personalities in action. It is serious, even sad; its colors and lights are autumnal. You have not loved Chekhov for nothing — maybe you imagined him as your reader in the armchair. He would listen while you told him the apparently simple thing you want to say: how love lasts, but changes, how life is full of heats and frustrations, causes and triumphs, and death is cool and quiet. It does not sound like much, summarized, and yet it embodies everything you believe about yourself and about human life and at least some aspects of the people you have most loved. In your novel, anguish and resignation are almost in balance. Your people live on the page and in the memory because they have been loved and therefore have been richly imagined.

Your book is dramatized belief; and because in everyday life we make few contacts as intimate as this with another temperament and another mind, these scenes have an effect of cool shock — first almost embarrassment, then acknowledgment. Yes, I want to say. Yes, this is how it would be.

I like the sense of intimate knowing that your novel gives me. After all, what are any of us after but the conviction of belonging? What does more to stay us and keep our backbones stiff while the world reels than the sense that we are linked with someone who listens and understands and so in some way completes us? I have said somewhere else that the aesthetic experience is a conjugal act, like love. I profoundly believe it.

The worst thing that could happen to the ferocious seekers after identity is that they should find it and it only. There are many who do their best to escape it. Of our incorrigible and profound revulsion against identity, I suppose that physical love is the simplest, most immediate, and for many the only expression. Some have their comfort in feeling that they belong to the world of nature, big brother to the animals and cousin to the trees; some commit themselves to the kingdom of God. There is much in all of them, but for you, I imagine, not enough in any. For you it will have to be the kingdom of man, it will have to be art. You have nothing to gain and nothing to give except as you distill and purify ephemeral experience into quiet, searching, touching little stories like the one you have just finished, and so give your uncommon readers a chance to join you in the solidarity of pain and love and the vision of human possibility.

But isn't it enough? For lack of the full heart's desire, won't it serve?

THE ROLE OF THE MUSICAL CONDUCTOR

BY
ERICH
LEINSDORF

Born in Vienna in 1912, ERICH LEINSDORF studied piano, cello, and composition at the State Academy of Music and at the age of twenty-two became assistant to Dr. Bruno Walter and later to Toscanini at the Salzburg Festival. After three seasons of opera and concerts in Europe, he came to the United States as assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Since then he has made an international career of conducting opera and symphony orchestras and is now music consultant on the staff of the Metropolitan Opera.

EIGHTY years ago in Leipzig, when a new composition of Johannes Brahms was announced for a first performance in the Gewandhaus Concerts, it was surely secondary who the conductor or the soloist would be. Today, when the same compositions are played in the same subscription cycles for the same audiences every other season, the works themselves are no longer the main focus of interest. The personality of the conductor has become the factor of prime importance.

What then are some of the tasks of the serious conductor in his present, highly esteemed role?

Before starting rehearsals of an opera or a symphony, I spend many lonely hours with the orchestra parts, marking them carefully as to phrasing and length of notes. This may seem odd, considering that the printed musical text should be explicit in those matters, yet the farther back we go into past centuries and decades, the less specific do the scores seem. It is here that interpretation begins. Almost any phrase in a classical composition is open to several ways of execution. If I want to have it played in the manner which I deem right, I must be sure that the parts of the orchestra players are marked clearly and unequivocally. The type of bowing on the violin which should be used for a detached passage is often a subject of varying ideas. The length of certain notes, whether they should be held through their full value or somewhat shortened, is frequently a disputable item. Many fine musicians differ on how to execute a shake — when to start with the principal note and when with the auxiliary note. The question of grace notes is endless in its possibilities for disagreement.

Of course, every serious musician believes he knows all the answers. After one knows all the answers, there is left only the good taste of the individual, which decides in favor of one or the other manner of performance. You can be sure that the contemporaries of Bach and of Mozart had no qualms about the bowing, the length of notes, or the shakes. The style was a matter of course and not at all a subject for debate or for important differences of opinion.

Our contemporary musicians simply cannot be trained to be perfectly at home in three centuries spanning many different styles and countries. The technical demands today are so high that only the exceptionally endowed musician will be able

to acquire a deeper understanding of different periods and their stylistic demands. Here is one of the important, though little understood, functions of the conductor: to educate the players toward a better understanding and a deeper penetration of our repertory.

MOST symphony conductors who travel to various orchestras carry with them their own full orchestrations — a set of parts representing their ideas in minute detail.

In opera, the orchestra is only one factor. Singers must be prepared. The chorus must memorize and study its part. The pianist who plays for the ballet must be informed of the tempi which the conductor has decided upon for the ballet numbers. In the kaleidoscopic machinery of opera, the dancers are the most difficult to satisfy. Think what an enormous difference a slightly faster speed of the music can make to a complicated pirouette or to a monstrously high jump into the air! Aware of most conductors' gross inability to feel with their feet, the Paris Opera has a special ballet conductor who takes the place of the evening's regular maestro as soon as the *danse divertissement* is about to start.

In opera, there is little awareness of exactly what the conductor does. I have found to my amazement that many music critics consider the conductor responsible only for the orchestra. This is totally wrong, though I regret to say that some conductors do leave the preparation of the singers in other hands and start coordinating them with the instruments only in the final orchestra rehearsals. This can never lead to a truly integrated performance. The singers are coached by assistant conductors, especially in new works or with singers new to their roles. All memorizing is aided and accompanied by auxiliaries and assistant conductors, and yet the principal conductor (at least the one who takes his leadership seriously) should never relinquish control over the preparation of the singers. The main criterion of a first-rate operatic performance is mutual understanding between the leading singers of the cast and the conductor.

In the symphonic field, there is a parallel relationship between the soloist who performs a concerto and the conductor. Too often, the general practice is for the soloist to arrive at the very last moment, if possible the morning of the day of the first performance. He comes to the last regular orchestra rehearsal, and the conductor tries valiantly to guess exactly what the soloist will do in matters of tempo and phrasing. A concerto is like a duet of two fully equal partners, the solo instru-

ment and the orchestra. The concertos of Beethoven, Brahms, and Bartók — and many others — were written to be performed in a spirit of unanimity between the soloist and the conductor, and such unanimity cannot be accomplished in one quick rehearsal on the morning of the concert. The adjustment which mature musicians, who have their own opinions and interpretive ideas, must make cannot be achieved in a few hours.

In this quest for unanimity, a good many explosions occur in the world of music, and while some of them lead journalists to write flamboyantly of vanity and malice, of intrigue and cabal, the basic cause is often artistic incompatibility. I can recall several cases of such incompatibility, some of which I witnessed and in some of which I was one of the incompatibles myself. How do such crises arise? There are different approaches to all musical masterpieces, no matter how often we may be told that there is only one right way. As an artist gets older and more set in his ways, he is not only reluctant but often unable to change. To be quite frank, I myself was better at accompanying soloists fifteen or twenty years ago than I am today. The reasons are simple enough. As we develop our own ideas more strongly, it becomes a rather loathsome task to conduct a passage or movement in a tempo which is different from the one which we consider the right one. There are soloists, virtuosi, and singers whom I genuinely admire when I am a listener but with whom I am in sufficient musical disagreement to make collaboration a chore rather than a pleasure.

As I have come to understand some of the difficulties of adjusting interpretations to someone else's concepts, so have I also understood why, during his last twenty years, Toscanini preferred to cast opera performances with singers who were not of top caliber. There have been exceptions, of course — Lotte Lehmann, Jan Peerce, and Licia Albanese, to mention but a few — and I should not wish to imply that only pliable mediocrities have appeared with Toscanini. Toscanini preferred singers whom he had taught their roles. When he performed Verdi's *Falstaff* in Salzburg, he asked for Mariano Stabile as Falstaff. In 1921, he had taught that role daily to Stabile during a period of seven months.

There is nothing more irritating than public performances at which the soloists and the conductor disagree. In my student days, when I went three or four times each week to the opera and to symphony concerts in Vienna, I was terribly upset when I witnessed a performance at which a leading baritone would drag away at each tempo and the conductor would try to force him into what he thought was the proper harness.

There was a time in nineteenth-century Italy

when rehearsals were held at the home of the prima donna. Of course, it was she who would have the final word in any dispute over what tempo was to be taken for the *Miserere* in Verdi's *Trovatore*. The public has always patronized popular operas to hear its favorite singers. The singers know this, and because they know it they try to dictate the conditions under which they will perform. In the United States, however, they run up against many sensitive organizational elements, including the managers. A short while ago an incident of this kind happened at the Metropolitan between a baritone and a conductor over some liberties which the vocalist took against the wishes of the conductor. Mr. Bing suggested to the baritone one of the better airlines to Italy.

IN MUSIC, the leader — and that is precisely what the conductor is — finds himself in control of very highly skilled people whose excellence in their special fields must always be respected. Yet rehearsals involve so much criticizing and suggesting, prodding and coaxing by the conductor that they can easily become wrangles. It is here that sensitivity, tact, and authority come into play.

In the summer of 1958, I worked with two different orchestras, one in Holland and one in Italy, on very taxing assignments. I found at once that neither of these orchestras was quite prepared for the highest level of excellence. In Holland, I had to ask for administrative help to overcome practices which were against the interests of our work. The orchestra was accustomed to having two sets of wind players alternate, so that nobody would be overworked. But with the number of rehearsals at hand, I considered it impossible to prepare a highly complex opera by Stravinsky as it should be prepared, and I had to insist that this old custom be abandoned.

In Italy, I had to alter some cherished easy-going ways for the sake of top results on records. I had to get people who were absolutely unsettled by a prolonged heat wave to give more than their best, and it was not easy. I am quite sure that many a disgruntled player later sat at home and, over his Dutch gin or his Chianti, told his family, "That conductor, what a bastard, but we did some excellent work."

How different all this is from the baton-wielding, lion-maned individual as he appears to popular fantasy. Even some of our music patrons are not fully aware of the tremendous preparatory work which is part of a conductor's activities. I have often been asked by some well-meaning greenroom visitor if I had arrived just prior to the concert!

To give just a rule-of-thumb ratio, it is comfortable to have for rehearsal six times the playing time of the music to be performed. As our standard program length in the United States is about eighty minutes, four hundred and eighty minutes, or eight hours, is a comfortable period for preparation. This is divided into either three three-hour rehearsals or four two-and-a-half-hour rehearsals, including rest periods. How much time the program needs depends on the selections, quality of orchestra, and the conductor. A program of novelties or fairly unknown music must be rehearsed more than the standard concert repertory.

I have found that great orchestras, such as the Philadelphia and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, play the well-known classical symphonies better if the rehearsal merely establishes the particular wishes of the conductor. These extraordinary orchestras have not only played together for a long time, they also know intimately a great deal of the repertory, and when a conductor who visits with them brings his own orchestra material, he need do no more than point up a few of his special wishes and he will be greatly rewarded. They are unanimous in attack, release, intonation, and phrasing. They do not have to be educated. One can and should treat them as very high-class instruments. But when a conductor works with a lesser band where several musicians change every season, where not even a concerted attack can be taken for granted, where the concertmaster fights with the first oboe player about the exact pitch of the "A" by which they tune, then the conductor must be prepared to embark upon the task of teaching the basic facts of music to those fellows who are pretending to be an orchestra.

FIFTY years ago, a conductor's year was spent in one city, at the opera house, or with the symphony orchestra, or both. Very few conductors traveled extensively to perform as guests abroad. They changed their posts for better ones when opportunities arose, but such moves would be from one permanent position to another. In time, a conductor and his orchestra became a solid entity, at one in style and manner, presenting musical fare of the utmost integration and often of profoundly satisfying quality. I regret that this era seems to be over.

We now live in an era of musical democratization, of wider distribution, of traditional repertory, of quick affection and faster disaffection. This has had its impact upon the conductor in symphony and opera and upon his mode of functioning.

When I look at the musical scene in several European countries, I am struck by the changes

that have taken place. Very few orchestras have conductors as music directors. Most radio stations in Europe, the main carriers of fine music, have musicians of the administrative type, but not conductors, as their music directors. The long line of conductors who were directors of the Vienna Opera — Mahler, Weingartner, Strauss, Schalk, Krauss, Walter — is being continued nominally, yet the last two directors, both of them successful international conductors, have been absent from their post much of the season. The Viennese tell of the recently appointed director of the Vienna Opera who started his tenure sitting for several months near a phone far away from the scene of his position. When he appeared for the first time in the flesh, the doorman at the stage door refused to admit him because he didn't know the man.

In my recent work in Europe, I was in contact with two organizations, neither of which has had a music director for a number of years. Conditions were very close to musical anarchy. Even the famous Concertgebouw Orchestra had as its chief conductor an outstanding man who was at the same time musical director and chief conductor of an orchestra seven thousand miles away, in Los Angeles. Two of the leading English orchestras have no music directors, and so it goes almost everywhere. The problem was summed up by the managing director of the Israel Philharmonic, who said to me: "No conductor whom we would want as our music director would be willing or able to spend the bulk of the season here; those who are willing and able to spend that time here are not good enough to be our permanent director."

The modern conductor — that is, the successful one — with his commitments in many distant places cannot possibly be expected to discharge the duties of a musical director properly. If he were fool enough to give up his wanderings, he would quickly lose stature. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago enjoy the unique distinction of having permanent directors of international stature who take charge of their musical activities almost 100 per cent, but I defy anyone to mention a fifth city, either in the United States or in Europe, which has a first-rate conductor present and active for more than 50 per cent of the regular concerts.

THE preparation of a conductor must be encyclopedic — not only in music but in related fields. He should be well versed in literature and pictorial arts. He does not have to play all the instruments, but must have a thorough knowledge of what each instrument can do. Orchestra musicians are quick to spot chinks in the conductor's

armor, and while they may not always have the proper reverence for the stature of a conductor, they are accurate judges of musical competence and knowledge. If a conductor asks for a certain effect or a specific mode of execution and if by some misfortune he is told by the player that what he asks for is impossible, he has received the equivalent of a no-confidence vote from the entire orchestra.

A flowery conductor once admonished a player to "give to a phrase more moral strength." What can a player do with such a suggestion? Most of the time the passage is meaningless for him until he plays with the orchestra in a rehearsal. If, however, important passages in the player's part are blocked out beforehand by the conductor and if, in running through the work, the conductor will specifically ask him to play with more articulation, to avoid breathing in this spot and to lengthen an end note there, the part in question may well emerge with that "moral strength."

What and how much to say in preparing a work — that depends. An ideal orchestra rehearsal includes little or no talk by the conductor. Parts well marked in advance, plus a clear conducting technique, should suffice — except, of course, for correction of inevitable errors.

There are several funny stories about the discovery of mistakes in orchestra parts by alert conductors. This is always a credit to a new man and gets him off to a good start with the players. An ambitious maestro once decided to impress a new orchestra with his fine ear, and he spent some time sprinkling a few well-chosen wrong notes in various orchestral parts of the symphony he would be rehearsing first. When he reached the place where he had changed an "F" to an "F sharp" in the first horn player's part, he stopped and called out, "First horn, play 'F' please." To which the horn player replied, "I did play an 'F,' but some damned fool marked an 'F sharp' in the part."

No amount of skillful rehearsing will alter the basic quality of an orchestra or an operatic cast. No coaching or coaxing will make a mediocre tenor sing like a first-rate tenor, and no amount of prodding will change a third-rate band of players into the Philadelphia Orchestra. Once the conductor has agreed to appear with an orchestra or with an opera company, he is thereafter entirely dependent on his own tricks, on his own art, on his magnetic power. They will produce the results which will finally make the performance, and by these results he will be judged.

Toscanini, and many another accomplished and renowned conductor, took no chances. The Maestro never accepted invitations or engagements from less than topnotch organizations. If and when he made a mistake and let himself in

for a session with a mediocre group, one of two things happened: either he walked out or he insisted that the weak spots in the orchestra be strengthened. The only time the Maestro conducted in Holland, he was asked not to the Concertgebouw but to another orchestra. For reasons unknown to posterity, he accepted. When he found that the orchestra was no better than poor second-rate, he began to ask for superior musicians in "that chair" and at "that desk" and "this desk." By concert time, a large percentage of the important chairs were filled by superior players who were not members of the orchestra. Which merely proves that Toscanini knew that he could not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The conductor's real function, what he does in actual performance — that is far more difficult to describe. Up to the moment of performance, he studies his program, coordinates preparation, suggests improvement, corrects, cajoles, threatens, flatters, compliments, criticizes; he speaks, shouts, writes; he marks parts, changes seating arrangements, poses for publicity pictures, grants interviews (or breaks his neck seeking to be interviewed); he does a score of things, and yet none of them adequately ensures the caliber of the performance the public will hear.

There are conductors with clear beats and those whose beats can hardly be understood. Among both types, there are great masters. So it is not the beat. There are all sorts of physical specimens among the great masters of conducting: old, middle-aged, and young; tall, average, and short; fat, medium, and thin; with and without mustache; with crops of beautiful hair, long or short; without hair; some using long, some short batons, some using their hands; some of these hands are short and stubby-fingered; some are long with well-manicured nails. No matter how it is turned, there is no evidence to prove conclusively that certain ingredients make the conductor while others make only the time beater. The truth is that the personality of a conductor decides how the performance goes; and in this term "personality" lies practically the whole mystery of life itself.

In the United States, the theory of incompatibility between opera and symphony conducting will not die. Notwithstanding the eloquent proofs of the careers of Toscanini, Walter, Furtwängler, and many others, the idea persists that a conductor is primarily either a concert man or an opera man.

It is true that the schedules of opera and symphony are difficult, if not impossible, to combine.

This is owing, however, to limitations of time and place and has nothing to do with conducting talent or ability. The hazards of the theater are always greater than those of the concert platform. More people are involved in an opera performance, and as the singers and the chorus perform from memory, the possibilities of error and resulting imbalance or rockiness are greater. In a symphony concert, the orchestra plays from parts; conductors work from memory only if they are sure. Opera further has the risk of longer intervals between repeat performances, while concert programs are usually repeated in close dates and then discarded.

In opera, changing principals from performance to performance is necessary and generally accepted today; no planned changes are ever made in repeat performances of concert programs. Musicians are not sick or indisposed as frequently as are opera singers.

The symphony conductor who directs a program for the fourth time in a row can confidently expect the fourth reading to be a further improvement on the previous three. In the opera, the fourth performance may have four times the hazards which beset the first. Thirty days may have passed since the previous performance of the work; two leads have changed hands, and although they were rehearsed with the company at the piano, they had no orchestra rehearsal. The singer of one of the subsidiary roles has fallen ill and had to be replaced by an understudy of great sureness but lacking in a first-rate voice. The conductor, who is aware of all this, knows that he must be on guard to expect unforeseen twists and turns — that anything may happen.

The good conductor always listens to the musical response that follows his beat. In opera, he must listen in two different directions, in the pit and on stage; and at some moments when there is separate backstage music, his third ear must be pressed into service as well. As for the technical part of beating time and moving the hands, I am reminded of the classic answer which Richard Strauss gave to a young hopeful who wanted lessons in conducting from the master, who was famous for producing the most hair-raising performance without getting his collar moist: "There is really not much to that business of conducting. This" — and he drew with his right hand the outline of a four-beat bar — "is four; and this" — gesture — "is three; if you know how and when to use these, you know how to conduct."

PRAISE WE GREAT MEN

BY EDITH SITWELL

For Benjamin Britten

Praise we the Gods of Sound —
From all the hearths and homes of men, from hives
Of honey-making lives;
Praise with our music those
Who bring the morning light
To the hearts of men, those households of high
heaven! Praise

We the great Gods of Sound
Who stole the honey red, the frozen fire —
Oh, beyond all delight and all desire —
From gilded hives upon Mount Parnassus
(Hives gilded by the light), who brought to us
That fire compressed into such holy forms
As those of the gold wanderers in heaven! Praise

Those who can raise
Gold spirits of mankind from the rough ape-dust,
and can show
The planetary system in the atom, and great suns
Hid in a speck of dust. Praise we the just
Who have not come to judge, but come to bless
Immortal things in our poor earthly dress
And ripen lives and rule our hearts and rhythms,
Immortal hungers in the veins and heart.

Praise be to those who sing
Green hymns of the great waters to the dry
And tearless deserts in the souls of men, until
Under the fertilization of their singing breath
Even the grayness and the dust of Death
Seem the gray pollen of the long September
heat. Oh, praise

With lion music such as that heard in the air
When the roaring golden lion that roams the
heavens
Devours the dark, and multitudes and magnitudes
respond
To that lion music . . . and on wings
Of music let us rise
Like velvet honey-flies
To praise the Gods of Sound with those
bee murmurings

The sound of violins
And the clear sound of flutes
As round as honeyed fruits
And like the water Phoenix ever rising
For wanderers in the lonely desert sand.

Praise we these earthly Gods —
Praise with the trumpet's purple sound,
Praise with the trumpet flower
And with that flower the long five-petaled hand
That sweeps the strings. Praise with that angel
of High God, the voice!
Oh, let us still rejoice
And praise we these great men from the first hour
Of the spirit's birth until our earthly setting

Into the night of Death.
Praise with our last breath
These earthly Gods who bring
All sounds, all faiths, delights and splendors lost
Beneath the winter's frost
Back to the hearts, the hearths, and homes of men.

Fires on the hearth, fires in the skies, fires
in the human heart —
Praise we Great Men!



NEWTON F. TOLMAN

NEWTON F. TOLMAN is a New Hampshire resident who writes whenever he can spare time from the laborious duties involved in rescuing visiting hunters once the season gets into full swing.

HUNTING HUNTERS

SPORTSMEN from other states sometimes complain that New Hampshire deer behave in a singularly baffling manner. Whether or not this is true, there can be no doubt about the unpredictable and elusive nature of the deer laws. Actually the wonder is that any New Hampshire laws make sense. This little state is far down the list in population yet has one of the largest legislative bodies in the world: four hundred representatives and a twenty-four-member Senate, with a corps of attendant officers such as councilmen, doorkeepers, and many others. We also have a governor.

Yankees are great for everybody's having a hand in government, and our system ensures it. Just about all of us get "sent to Concord" at some time during our lives, Concord being the capital and the home of the penitentiary and mental hospital. Several high officials have made the trip in two capacities, and one or two in all three.

By no means do all our citizens hunt deer, but every single one of them has an idea for a new hunting law. At each session of the legislature, it takes a parliamentary wrangle to sift out all the

deer bills and clear the decks for such minor items as education and budget.

At present we have an east-west line through the state, with one deer season above the line, another below it. There is some danger we may split in two, like Uruguay and Paraguay, over this line issue. But as all New Hampshire roads run only north and south — another of our unsolved mysteries — interdependence still holds us together.

Most people outside New England assume that the annual parade of cars carrying deer down the highways means that the cargoes were bagged in Vermont, New Hampshire, or Maine, whose publicity experts plug the idea. My own conclusion is that all these deer come from Canada, where they are bought in a large supermarket catering to hunters. Most of the animals are of Japanese origin, quick-frozen and exported to Quebec via the Panama Canal. This carrying of deer on car fenders has caused the mental breakdown of several cartoonists, unable to think of a new twist for the fall magazines. They have run through just about everything, from equipping the deer with tail fins to having the cartoonist lashed to the car with the editor driving.

It so happens that fewer deer have been killed recently in our neighborhood than in past years, but there is a definite increase in deer hunters. There are also more partridge hunters and fishermen and campers, and nobody knows where it will all end. We had to abandon one of our oldest bird covers last fall because of all the empty shells; our feet kept slipping out from under us.

Tracking, as we used to do it hour after hour, is no longer feasible. Today even in our wildest woods you cannot follow a deer more than a few minutes before several other hunters will cut in ahead. About half of them have no idea how to tell which way a deer is traveling, and they will

likely as not be backtracking toward you. (I often find myself whistling or singing quite loudly while tracking.)

One day we saw a deer which had been tracked by so many hunters all going in different directions that after a while the deer itself didn't know which way it was going. Finally the bewildered animal just gave up and sat down.

ONLY about fifty years ago here in New Hampshire deer hunting was no problem at all. A contributing factor may have been that there were no deer. They had been killed off by our forefathers, who objected to having all the vegetables nibbled out of their kitchen gardens and having their apple trees chewed up every summer. With the advent of cheap canned goods this no longer mattered, and the ruminants known as Virginia white-tailed deer were reintroduced, with stringent protective laws.

Something similar happened in Vermont, but it is noticed by the curious that these two states — like as two peas except in the eyes of their inhabitants — always enact deer laws as divergent as possible. Over across the river, for example, they have a “buck law.” Nobody can legally shoot a doe. We hear that this has resulted in runty stock. In fact, rabbit hunters have been shooting a good many deer lately, mistaking them for hares. One Vermonter told us he didn't even bother to cut up his deer this year, just put the whole thing in the kettle and made a stew out of it.

My wife and I seldom find time to hunt deer these days, but we hunt deer hunters more than ever. Years ago it was rare for a man to get lost in these parts; now it is a rare day when one doesn't. Personally I find hunting hunters the more rewarding sport. No bag limit, and a greater variety of quarry. Deer, by comparison to hunters, are quite easy to outguess. Also it is against the law to hunt deer after dark, but you can keep right on tracking hunters all night.

Recently we have been finding the lost hunters in our area to be in rather poor condition. They lack proper equipment, in spite of all that is written on that subject every year. Some were visibly undernourished.

Greenhorns would do well to emulate a veteran hunter of my boyhood days, Uncle Sim. Once when he first took up hunting just after he was married, Uncle Sim managed to get lost. The neighbors did not find him until near midnight, somewhere over in the White Swamp. After that his wife never let him go out without the following equipment, in addition to his snow-

shoes, rifle, ammunition belt, and about five yards of bright cloth sewed on coat, pants, and hat: compass (navigating type), whistle, pocket-knife, sheath knife, waterproof match case, newspaper for kindling, belt camp ax, sandwiches for two meals, week's emergency rations, thermos of hot tea, flask of spirits, fifty-foot rope, flashlight, kerosene lantern, extra gloves, socks, first-aid kit, map of the county, and a package of toilet paper.

Such were the main items as I remember them. When his wife finished getting him loaded up for the day's hunt, he was not likely to travel far enough to get lost again. And there was the extra safety factor of the noise he made rattling and jangling through the brush.

Strange as it may seem, every season finds more and more hunters coming up here — eager to follow week-old deer tracks into strange territory — equipped with nothing more than a rifle and some shells. They start off in zero weather, whistling happily, never leaving word in what general area they plan to hunt. Often their light shoes and clothing are about right for gathering blueberries in August.

Last season, after bringing in two exhausted specimens on two successive nights, we put up notices asking those wishing to be rescued on weekends to phone in advance for reservations. Even Red-Ears, our little no-good white setter, had a rescue to his credit. One very black, cold night a young ex-air-force man came crawling up to our house and rapped feebly on the front door. He was minus all survival equipment, as usual, and his flying boots were full of snow. When we got him thawed out enough to talk, he explained that for three or four hours he had been desperately working his way toward the sound of a dog's barking. This was Red-Ears, whom we had never been able to cure of shrill and frequent yelping at nothing in particular.

Late in November, my wife and I were bird shooting with a friend in a cover we had guaranteed to be virgin territory. It was in an uninhabited valley on a road that showed no sign of travel since Franklin Pierce was President. Janet and I took the dog through the cover, while Jim was posted on the road. At the end, when we reconvened, Jim said, “Maybe *you* think there's nobody in this country, but two characters just overtook me here the like of which you wouldn't believe!”

On the way out in the jeep we saw what he meant. Trudging ahead were two figures, one large and stout, the other small and wiry, dressed all in Lincoln green. Their green hats sported feathers, giving them a jaunty air. Slung over their shoulders were quivers full of fine, knife-tipped shafts for the stout longbows they were carrying.

I was just bethinking to ask these merry men the way to Nottingham when we remembered our newest law, which provided a week of deer hunting for archers before the December 1 start of the gunpowder free-for-all.

Later we were to find that the arrangement would improve the deer hunting considerably. All the deer, on being chased around for a week by the archers, are well distributed and have caught their second wind by the time the riflemen take over.

In some parts of the country they now have special seasons for muzzle loaders as well as for bow and arrow. One of the Western states has just opened a third season for slingshots, and some agitation has been started toward still another for boomerangs.

With ever-increasing armed hordes scrambling through the thickets, it is inevitable that a few will snipe at each other — though usually by mistake. Almost all nonhunters work themselves into a perfect frenzy over this every year. Letters and editorials demand that something be done.

All the noise is wasted effort. So long as deer abound there can be no way to get rid of hunters. And so long as deer lovers abound there can be no way to get rid of deer. Deer lovers should be grateful that the hunters shoot not them but each other, thus at least eliminating some of the hunters. Then too, every time a hunter shoots a hunter, another deer is spared.

It has become the smart thing for the all-year-round set — who now outnumber our “old natives” — to make a great fuss over the deer season. They don’t dare go for a walk, they don’t dare let the dog out. They might as well be inside the stockade at the height of the Mohawk massacres. All conversation revolves around the question of why licenses are issued without some sort of examination and their opinion that all deer

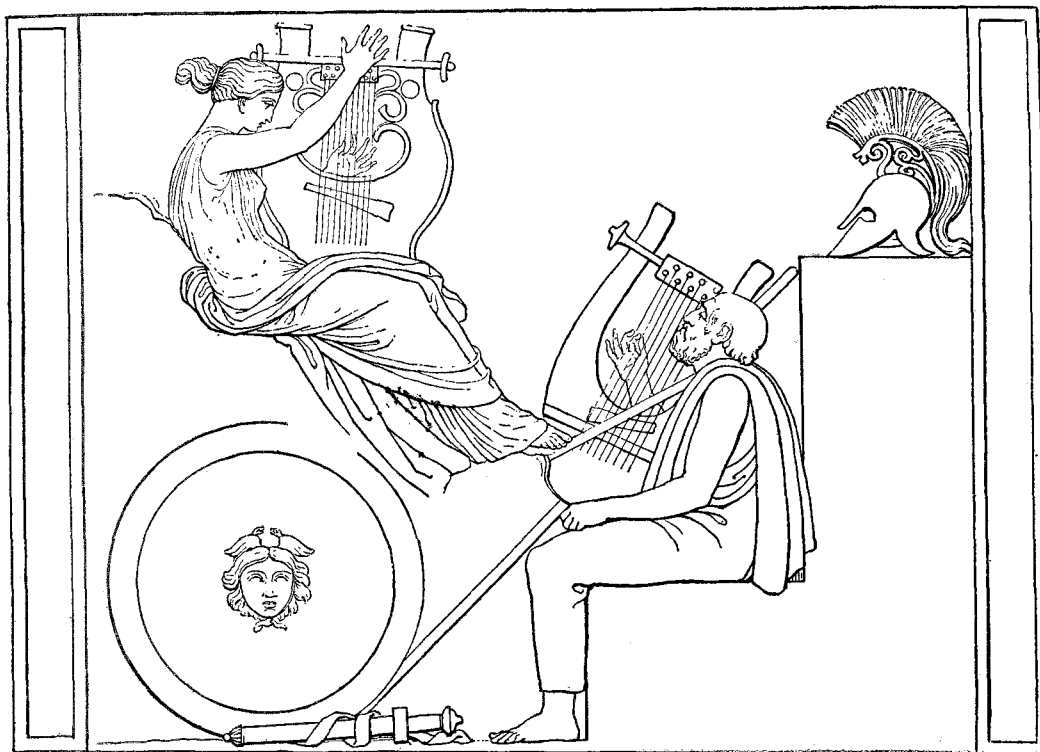
hunters are 1) factory workers from Massachusetts who never shot a gun before, or 2) ex-service boys whose military duty has hardened them to a point of utter abandon with firearms.

The nonhunters tell each other the same old stories at every party: the hunter who tracked a sheep all day, the hunter who shot the hog, the hunter who shot his mother-in-law, the hunter who was hauled into court and asked how he could have mistaken a horse for a deer and replied, “I didn’t mistake it for a deer — I thought it was a cow.”

Vainly deer hunters may plead, “We too are lovers of nature,” but they never get away with it (“Anybody who would shoot a deer just *couldn’t* feel for wild animals the way I do”), and let’s not have any remarks about the deer lovers’ fur coats and doeskin gloves.

Living as we do in a large blank space on the map inhabited most of the time by only the deer and ourselves, we get a good look at the hunters pouring into our woods every fall. Even the ones who do not pour out again without some help from us are usually people we enjoy meeting, except for the two who built a fire on our boathouse floor and chopped a hole in the roof. And, unpopular conception though it be, we have long known deer hunters are no more obnoxious than any other dedicated group. They are also just as intelligent as golfers, stamp collectors, or Democrats, in the main.

Furthermore, it all makes for a sort of holiday feeling with these people out roaming around, up on the mountain and down in the swamps and all over the place. Most of them are having a whale of a good time and getting nothing. Bang, bang, boom, boom, echoing through the hills — those early, cold, dark winter weeks would indeed be empty and lonesome without a deer season.



John Flaxman

HOMER INVOKING THE MUSE

HOMER'S WINKS AND NODS

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Poet, novelist, and classical scholar, ROBERT GRAVES resides in Majorca but makes his intellectual home in antiquity. The following essay is drawn from his introduction to a new translation of the ILIAD, which will be published by Doubleday later this month.

THE Homeridae — "Sons of Homer" — a family guild of Ionian bards based on Chios, enlarged their ancestor's first short draft of the *Iliad* to twenty-four books and became collectively known as "Homer." They earned their livelihood by providing good popular entertainment for such festivals as the all-Ionian at Mount Mycale in Lydia, the all-Athenian at Athens, and the four-yearly homage to their patron, Apollo, at Delos; also, it seems, by going on circuit to various small royal courts where Greek was spoken from Asia Minor to Sicily, and perhaps even visiting Spain and western Morocco.

If modern scholars overlook the entertainment motive, dominant in the *Iliad*, and treat Homer as a Virgil, Dante, or Milton rather than as a Shakespeare or Cervantes, they are doing him a great disservice. The *Iliad*, *Don Quixote*, and Shakespeare's later plays are life — tragedy salted with humor; the *Aeneid*, the *Inferno*, and *Paradise Lost* are literary works of almost superhuman elo-

quence, written for fame, not profit, and seldom read except as a solemn intellectual task. The *Iliad* and its later companion piece, the *Odyssey*, deserve to be rescued from the classroom curse which has lain heavily on them throughout the past twenty-six centuries and become entertainment once more. How this curse fell on them can be simply explained.

Other professional storytellers must have been active in Homer's day, but since not a line of their original work nor any tradition of it has survived, we are justified in assuming that, like their ancient Irish, Welsh, and Gaelic counterparts, they used prose, reserving verse for incidental passages of religious or dramatic importance only, when they took up their lyres and sang what are still called lyrics. It is probable, however, that court poems had been recited in the glorious Mycenaean civilization of Greece, destroyed by the Dorian invasion not long after the fall of Troy, but that, on the destruction of the Greek royal courts at Mycenae,

Pylus, Thebes, and elsewhere, prose versions of the tales, adorned with numerous poetic tags, passed into the hands of popular storytellers.

When a renaissance of civilization among the Ionic settlers on the coast of Asia Minor finally closed the Dark Ages, which had lasted from about 1050 B.C. to about 750 B.C., Homer put one of these traditional tales back into verse. What is more, he used the new alphabetic script, borrowed from the Phoenicians, to record it in writing. Verse made *The Anger of Achilles* so easily learned by heart, and also exercised so compulsive a charm on Homer's audience, relaxing with wine at their elbows in some royal courtyard, that it became a valuable legacy to his storytelling sons. Their additions are nearly all composed in the spirit of their father, though certain stylistic differences tempt experts to date the various books, or parts of books, from internal evidence.

The *Iliad* presupposes an earlier story cycle about the events leading up to *The Anger of Achilles*. These were the birth of Helen from Leda's famous swan egg; the wedding of Peleus and Thetis; the Apple of Discord, thrown by the Goddess of Strife, which provoked the Trojan War by leading to the Judgment of Paris and his elopement with Helen; the unsuccessful Greek embassy sent to Troy demanding the surrender of Helen and her treasures — we gather from Herodotus that King Priam refused, on the ground that his aunt, Hesione, carried off by Heracles from an earlier sack of Troy, was still a captive in Greece — the recruitment of heroes for the punitive expedition, their landing at Troy, and the first nine years of desultory warfare. The cycle was versified by Stasinus of Cyprus (whom tradition makes Homer's son-in-law) in the nine books of his *Cypria*, composed soon after the *Iliad*. But the *Iliad* assumes popular knowledge of these legends, as also of *The Seven Against Thebes*, *The Labors of Heracles*, and other cycles unconnected with the Trojan War.

Later poets continued the Trojan story, using the same Homeric hexameters; the traditional corpus of prose tales meanwhile remained in being. Though an authorized edition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, published by leading Homeric bards under the patronage of Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens (mid-sixth century B.C.), had given the Homeridae immense prestige, their version of a dramatic event was often rejected by later mythographers in favor of a more popular and usually more archaic one. Pisistratus, whose chief adviser, Solon, traveled widely through the Middle East, saw the advantage of giving his official welcome to a reconstituted Mycenaean epic which recorded a strong Greek confederacy and could be treated as a holy scripture of the Oriental sort.

Since Homer claimed to have been inspired by the Muse, since he glorified Nestor, Pisistratus' ancestor, and since the Homeridae ranked as honorary Athenians — Homer reputedly having been born at Smyrna, a colony of Athens — these revised texts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* would serve Pisistratus' purpose well enough.

The authors of the original Mycenaean court epics had been endowed temple priests who set themselves to exalt their gods and praise their rulers and did not need to think in terms of popular entertainment. Homer, on the other hand, instead of praising his rulers satirized Agamemnon, High King of Greece and Commander in Chief of the Allied Forces before Troy, as a weak, truculent, greedy, lying, murderous, boastful, irresolute busybody who almost always did the wrong thing.

Now, the original High King of the Achaeans was a living god, his palace a temple, his court-yards holy ground. He corresponded on equal terms with the High King of the Hittites, a fellow god. But by Homer's time this religious high kingship had perished, all the great cities had fallen, and the semibarbarous princelings who camped on their ruins were ennobled by no spark of divinity. It is clearly these Iron Age princes, descendants of the Dorian invaders who drove his own ancestors overseas, whom Homer satirizes in Mycenaean disguise as Agamemnon, Nestor, Achilles, and Odysseus and of whom Hesiod, a late contemporary of Homer's, was thinking when he wrote, in lugubrious vein, that the divine race of men had been destroyed in ancient Thebes and Troy.

The Homeridae, being sacrosanct servants of Apollo, could risk satire so long as they remained serene and unsmiling throughout their performances, pointed no finger, cocked no eye, tipped no wink. Homer's wit is at its most merciless in Book Two, when Agamemnon calls a popular assembly and tests his troops' morale by offering to abandon the siege of Troy. Members of the privy council have been warned to shout protests and demand a vigorous assault, but Agamemnon so overacts his defeatist part that he convinces even himself, and the war-weary soldiers at once rush cheering down to the ships. A fiasco! The goddess Athene is obliged to intervene. Homer makes Agamemnon superbly ridiculous again in Book Four, when the armistice has been broken and he addresses his wounded brother, Menelaus, taking him by the hand:

Alas, my poor brother! I fear that the oath which pledged you to single combat in no-man's-land has proved your ruin: the Trojans have broken the armi-

stice and transfixed you with an arrow. . . . I am more than ever assured that Troy's doom is sealed, also that of King Priam the Spearman and his subjects. Zeus, Son of Cronus, indignant at this outrage, will shake his shield threateningly at them from the Olympian throne; thus the armistice will not have been concluded in vain. Nevertheless, I should be most unhappy, brother, if you succumbed to your wound.

Agamemnon does not send for a surgeon at this point but continues self-pityingly and once more in a defeatist strain:

Your death, by removing the cause of war, might set my men clamouring for home — how ashamed I should be to find myself back on the thirsty plains of Argos, having allowed Priam's people to make good their old boast of keeping Helen. Your bones would rot in Trojan soil, and the proud Trojans capering on your tomb would scoff: "I pray the gods that ill-tempered Agamemnon will have no greater success in his other ventures than in this! He has sailed away empty-handed, and noble Menelaus lies here beneath our feet, his mission unaccomplished." Rather let the earth swallow me alive than that they should say such things!

Menelaus has, however, only been scratched. Battle is resumed, and Agamemnon stalks from contingent to contingent of his army, encouraging the commanders, but merely succeeds in setting their backs up by his ill-chosen phrases. Idomeneus is barely civil, Diomedes preserves a resentful silence, Odysseus and Sthenelus are downright rude to their High King.

In Book Nine, Agamemnon's flood of tears and thunderous groans, after a severe defeat due to his own stupidity, introduce further comic scenes. He wakes Nestor with the odd excuse that he must no doubt be suffering from insomnia. Nestor, courteous though sarcastic, revenges himself by waking everyone else of importance. But for what? He has no idea. Nor has Agamemnon. They solemnly call a council and decide to send out a small patrol. Diomedes leads this, and when asked to choose a partner, picks Odysseus as the bravest present; yet he remembers Odysseus' cowardly desertion of him in battle, and Odysseus knows that unless he redeems his good name a spear will be driven between his shoulders. He offers Diomedes a half apology.

Homer is utterly cynical about the Olympian gods. Zeus rules them by fear and cunning, not love, and must keep on constant guard against a palace revolution. In most mythmaking societies, what is alleged to happen in the courts of Heaven reflects what happens in the royal palace below, but Homer lets his gods behave far worse than the one royal family to whom he introduces us, namely, the Trojan. Priam, in Book Twenty-four,

may rage at his surviving nine sons as malingerers and playboys who have dared outlive their forty-one heroic brothers, but his curses are doubtless intended to avert Nemesis and so protect them. On all other occasions the domestic atmosphere in the Trojan palace is irreproachable, despite the presence of Helen, prime cause of the family's continued sufferings.

Zeus, on the other hand, hurls horrible threats at his wife, Hera, and the rest of the Olympian family, too well aware of their jealousies, grudges, deceptions, lies, outrages, and adulteries. Hera is a termagant, so cruel and sly that she manages to convert marital chastity and an avoidance of direct lies, which are her only virtues, into defects. She would like to eat the Trojans raw, and all because, long ago, Paris rejected the bribe she offered for a verdict in her favor and instead gave Aphrodite the prize of beauty. We are left wishing that Hera would commit adultery with some river god or Titan, be taken in the act, and thus compel Zeus to chain her down forever in the pit of Hell.

Zeus's spoiled daughter, Athene, shares Hera's grudge against Paris — she also entered for the beauty prize — and Homer does not ask us to approve of her mean behavior when the lovable Hector at last faces Achilles, a far stronger champion than himself, and she robs Hector of his advantage. Athene shines in comparison only with the foolish and brutal Ares. Of the three Olympians who come out of the tale fairly well, Apollo the Archer was the Homeridae's patron, Hephaestus the Smith ruled Lemnos, one of the Ionian Islands, and Hermes the Helper had invented the lyre and protected travelers. Then there is Poseidon, whom Homer clearly despises for not standing up to Zeus and for being so touchy about his reputation as a master mason, but he abstains from ridiculing him because the Pan-Ionian Festival falls under his patronage.

Homer's audiences burned sacrifices to the gods and celebrated annual festivals, yet they felt, it seems, no more and no less religiously sincere than most cradle Catholics and cradle Protestants do today.

Libations and sacrifices, the Ionians agreed, might be useful means of placating angry gods — a splash of wine and the thighbones of the victims on which one feasted cost little — and in the interests of law and order one should never swear false oaths nor break the sacred bonds of hospitality. But they appear to have lacked any spiritual sense, except such few of them as had been admitted to the Eleusinian, Samothracian, Orphic, or other soul-stirring Mysteries. That Demeter and Persephone and Iacchus, the main figures in these Mysteries, are kept out of Homer's

divine harlequinade suggests that he and his sons after him were adepts — hence their poor view of official religion.

PERHAPS it was the very cynicism of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* that made them acceptable holy writ in Pisistratus' day, when the Greeks were already practicing free philosophic speculation. Homer soon became the basis of all classical Greek culture and, when Rome conquered Greece, of all Roman culture too. Nobody could be thought educated who had not studied him under a grammarian, and many bright youths knew both his epics by heart. The grammarians (professors of language and literature) discussed Homeric texts with as much zest and minuteness as the third-century rabbis devoted to commentaries on the Pentateuch. Homer was quoted in season and out; an apt reference, however irrelevant to the context, might win a doubtful case at law — where again the rabbinical parallel is tempting. Pisistratus, who claimed prime historical importance for the *Iliad*, managed to interpolate a line in the catalogue of ships by which Great Ajax the Salaminian was credited with beaching his small flotilla at Troy next to the larger Athenian one. This he offered as evidence in a court action against Megara. Athens was laying claim to the island of Salamis and managed to fool the Spartan judges.

The *Iliad*, though popular throughout Greater Greece in the sixth century, as vase paintings and other works of art prove, earned little reverence until jurists and grammarians treated it as a bible: for instance, Xenophanes of Colophon (about 500 B.C.) complained of Homer's "imputing to the gods all that among men is shameful and blameworthy." But Thucydides, writing about 420 B.C., already discusses Homer as a reputable theologian, if sometimes inclined to figurative language; and it is odd to find the later grammarians of Rhodes, Athens, and Alexandria commenting ponderously on passages which were no less satirical, in their tragic way, than Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*.

When I did Book Twenty-three at school, the ancient classroom curse forbade me to catch any of the concealed comedy in the account of Patroclus' funeral games, which distinguishes them from Anchises' tedious funeral games in Virgil's *Aeneid*. Thus, Nestor, too old to compete in the chariot race, gives his son, Antilochus, advice before he drives the Pylian team, confessing that the horses are slow and hinting that the race can be won by gamesmanship alone. Antilochus dutifully spurts to overtake Menelaus in a bad part of the track, which, as they both know, will soon become a

bottleneck, and declines to slacken his pace. Menelaus, rather than be involved in a crash, lets Antilochus drive ahead and cannot afterwards retrieve the lost ground.

When Menelaus complains of a deliberate foul, Antilochus voluntarily forfeits his prize, though he has recently saved Menelaus' life in battle. Achilles, as president of the games, thereupon awards Nestor a consolation prize. Nestor, in a gracious speech of acceptance, tells a long story of how, when young, he won all the events at King Oedipus' funeral games — or all except the chariot race, in which Actor's sons scandalously jockeyed him. Homer leaves his audience to grasp that Achilles sympathizes with Antilochus and that Nestor means, "Yes, we cannot blame my son for boldly putting Menelaus to a test of nerves. It was a different matter at Thebes, long ago, when a rival chariot deliberately crossed my lane and headed me off. Yet my rivals were the Moliones, who, though putative sons of Actor, claimed Poseidon, God of Charioteers, as their real father; so, of course, I could make no protest."

In the subsequent foot race, Antilochus, the fastest runner of his age group — the early twenties — is outdistanced by Odysseus, a man old enough to be his father, but makes a polite comment on the athletic pre-eminence of veterans. In fact, Antilochus purposely lost, to rehabilitate himself as a true sportsman, and this becomes clearer when Achilles shows gratitude by doubling the value of his third prize. Agamemnon then sees an opportunity of winning a prize himself; he enters for the javelin throw, confident that Meriones, his sole opponent, will have the politeness to scratch. Achilles does not even give Meriones the chance but sarcastically announces that Agamemnon, the best warrior in the world, may as well take both first and second prize: a contest would be sheer waste of time!

Nestor, Homer's favorite butt after Agamemnon, can never refrain from boasting of his youthful prowess and, though rated the sagest councilor among the Greeks — as Polydamas is among the Trojans — consistently gives bad advice, which Agamemnon always adopts; whereas Polydamas consistently gives good advice, which Hector always rejects. Thus, the Greeks would never have suffered such a heavy defeat on the plain if Nestor, instead of encouraging Agamemnon to act upon the false dream sent by Zeus, had done as Priam later did — tested its truth by demanding a sure augury.

When a Trojan arrow wounds Machaon and Nestor agrees to drive him out of danger, Homer's humor is at its driest. Once back at the Greek camp, they settle down to a refreshing beverage of onion juice, honey, and barley water in a great

golden tureen, to which the slave girls add wine flavored with cheese, and Nestor embarks on a long story of his own youthful adventures at Pylus. He makes no attempt to remove the arrow still protruding from Machaon's shoulder, though after fifty years of warfare he can hardly have avoided picking up a little simple surgery; nor does he send for Patroclus, a competent surgeon who, we know, was not busy at the time; nor does he even return to the battlefield and encourage his hard-pressed troops. He is still droning on when the Trojans swarm over the rampart. Then he hurriedly excuses himself: "Pray continue drinking, and one of my slave girls will wash the blood from your shoulder." Nestor later dishonestly explains his absence from the field as due to a wound, and the *Iliad* ends with no further mention of Machaon, who, for all Nestor cared, may have succumbed.

Homer treats Achilles with irony rather than humor. Though we are enlisted at the start as this ill-used hero's partisans, Achilles is soon discovered to be the real villain of the piece, who heartlessly watches the massacre of his comrades, just to spite Agamemnon. We believed his assurance to the assembly that whenever he sacks cities and adds their treasures to the common stock, Agamemnon awards him only a trifle and takes the lion's share himself; later, we find Achilles' hut chock-full of loot — he has been selling captured prisoners as a side line and pocketing the proceeds. We also believed his assurance to the assembly that he was sincerely enamored of Briseis, but when Agamemnon at last repents and offers to surrender her, untouched, together with an enormous compensation for his insults, Achilles tells the envoys that he does not really want the girl, she means nothing to him, and that he despises treasure.

HOMER the satirist is walking on a razor's edge and must constantly affirm his adherence both to the ruling aristocracy, however stupid, cruel, or hysterical, and his belief in auguries and other supernatural signs. The most sensible and telling speech at Agamemnon's assembly, in Book Three, is made by the antimonarchical commoner, Thersites, whom Odysseus thereupon flogs. To dissociate himself from Thersites' sentiments, Homer presents him as bowlegged, bald, humpbacked, horrible-looking, and a general nuisance, but the speech and Odysseus' brutal action stay on record. And Homer's real feelings on the subject of auguries are put into Achilles' mouth — he thinks birds are simply birds, and fly about on their own lawful business without divine instruction — for

Achilles is angry and despairing and can therefore be pardoned.

An inveterate hatred of war appears throughout the *Iliad*, and Homer smuggles into Book Twenty-three a bitter comment on the monstrous slavery it entails by awarding the winner of the wrestling match a copper caldron worth twelve oxen and the loser a captive Trojan noblewoman, valued as highly as four because she is skilled at the loom.

We never get a clear battle picture in the *Iliad*. To earn his slices of fat roast mutton and his cup of honey-sweet wine at court, Homer often had to strain his imagination in describing novel varieties of manslaughter, which he credited to the ancestors of his hosts. Even Agamemnon, from whom the aristocracy of Lesbos claimed descent, was allowed his day of glory (Book Eleven), though he made as much fuss about a slight wound "as though he had been overtaken by the pangs of childbirth." These passages are perfunctory in the main, and, except for the pleasant similes that embellish them, can be skipped without offense to Homer. He is so careless, too, about the names of Trojans killed — Greek sword fodder — that Erymas, Acamas, and Chromius get dispatched twice and Chromius lives to tell the tale. Books Sixteen and Seventeen are a sad muddle as regards time and weather continuity: first sunset, then bright sun and no cloud, then a rainbow, then a thunderstorm, then a long spell of fighting, then night falls. Hence the Latin tag, "our good Homer himself occasionally nods." Yet some of the major discrepancies are inherent in the prose tradition; thus, the Apple of Discord was flung at the marriage of Peleus and Thetis just before the Trojan War, which Achilles nevertheless joined, mysteriously grown to sudden manhood.

Two main reasons prevented Homer from making his battles realistic. One was that the feats or fates of common soldiers did not interest his patrons, who cared to hear only of duels between noblemen. The second reason was that, while light-chariot races were still in vogue, the heavy-chariot fighting described in the story cycle had gone out altogether by Homer's day. So, though chariot combats occur frequently in the *Iliad*, the relation of chariotry to infantry remains obscure.

Homer feels most at ease when his heroes forget their chariots and fight shield to shield in an unbroken line, so close that their spears almost get entangled. This unbroken line is a post-Mycenaean development of Greek infantry tactics and implies a changed social organization. The chariot-riding Mycenaean prince — unless he happened to be a Pandarus or Teucrus and fancied himself as a bowman — used a long thrusting lance, a towerlike figure-of-eight body shield, and

a heavy bronze broadsword. Thus prepared, he challenged enemy nobles to single combat, and his crowd of leather-jerkined pikemen, standing in the background, moved forward only if he fell wounded. (Little Ajax and Amphius wore linen corselets not from sheer foolhardiness but because they carried body shields.) The free citizens of Homer's day, however, fought in a close line like the Roman legionaries, and their weapons were a couple of throwing spears, an iron stabbing sword, and a small, round targe with a pointed boss. Archers, slingers, and cavalry supported them. Homer omits cavalry, but, though Ajax fights in true Mycenaean style and so at times do Hector and Achilles, he feels obliged to modernize most of the fighting in order to hold his audience.

The Mycenaeans buried their noble dead without burning their corpses or their funeral offerings; Homer makes both Greeks and Trojans practice the modern total cremation. The forging of Achilles' bronze shield is described in a way that shows Homer's total ignorance of Mycenaean metallurgy: Hephaestus goes to work as though he were a blacksmith. And simple woodmen wield iron axes, though no iron but the rare and immensely valuable meteoric sort, containing a high proportion of nickel, was known at Mycenae; ore smelting came in later.

Troy itself is no fiction, nor is the burning of the city (which archaeologists call "Troy VIIA") by an expeditionary force of Greeks in the thirteenth century B.C. — 1230, not 1287, is the date now favored. But, though the occasion of the war was perhaps a Trojan raid on the Peloponnese, the cause would rather have been a decision reached by the Aeacids and their allies to reopen the trade route through the Hellespont from which the Trojans had lately debarred them. Achilles was a leading Aeacid, and the Cretan followers of Prince Scamander are named by Strabo as among the founders of Troy, which would explain their descendants' participation in the war under Idomeneus.

A tradition quoted by Hesiod makes Helen's numerous suitors sacrifice a horse at Sparta, stand on its bloody joints, and swear that they will defend the chosen husband against anyone who resents his good fortune. Thus, Hesiod says, Helen's rejected suitors organized the expedition against Troy when Menelaus was wronged by Paris. Yet it has been convincingly shown by Professor T. B. L. Webster, in his admirably up-to-date *From Mycenae to Homer*, that Helen's abduction formed no part of the original Trojan legend; Homer borrowed the tale from some source dependent on the early Ugaritic epic, *Keret*. In the opening lines, Prince Keret mourns that "his lawful wife surely went away; his rightful spouse,

whom he had won with a bride gift, indeed did depart." Thereupon the god El tells him to besiege Udm and demand the King's daughter, Huray — apparently this same lawful wife. Keret does so, and in the end the King of Udm surrenders her, after an attempt to buy him off. In the *Iliad*, Paris likewise offers to restore with interest the treasures which he has carried off if he may keep Helen, but this does not satisfy Menelaus.

Professor Webster's discovery of an external source for the Helen-Paris relationship strengthens the contention I made in my *Greek Myths*:

This is to suggest that the *mnēstēres tēs Helenēs*, "suitors of Helen," were really *mnēstēres tou hellēspontou*, "those who were mindful of the Hellespont," and that the solemn oath which these kings took on the bloody joints of the horse sacred to Poseidon, the chief patron of the expedition, was to support the rights of any member of the confederacy to navigate the Hellespont, despite the Trojans and their Asiatic allies. After all, the Hellespont bore the name of their own goddess Helle.

In the first nine years of war, the Greeks seem to have blockaded but not besieged Troy, limiting themselves to punitive raids on the Trojan allies all along the Asian coast and doubtless sailing home every autumn. The unbroken ten-year siege is a dramatic fiction often contradicted by internal evidence; thus, Sarpedon the Lycian still has an infant son at home, though he came to Troy with the first allied contingent. And, in Book Eleven, Othryoneus from Cabeus has just heard of the Greek landing. The mythographer Hyginus records an earlier legend, that King Priam's allies arrived in the tenth year. Also, excavation proves that Troy VIIA could house no more than two or three thousand men, as opposed to the many thousands mentioned in the *Iliad* as having spent the entire war there.

Now we come to the question of how Homer understood divine intervention in human battle. It is one thing to ascribe natural catastrophes such as earthquakes, pestilence, deaths in childbirth, men or houses struck by lightning to respectively Poseidon, Apollo, Artemis, and Zeus, or to regard birds as messengers of the gods. It is quite another when these gods adopt human guise, as when Apollo pretends to be Hector's brother, Helenus, and gives him tactical advice or when Hermes disguises himself as Achilles' squire and guides Priam safely into the Greek camp. This is a graphic way of saying that the human being was inspired, though keeping his familiar appearance; the divine Kings of Mycenae and the Middle East were constantly represented by epic writers and on

monuments as being so favored by their deities. When, however, a god stands at the side of a chosen champion other than a divine King and helps him to victory — as Athene did for Diomedes and Ajax or as Apollo did for Paris when he killed Achilles (a deed, by the way, only prophesied, not performed, in the *Iliad*) — this seems more like divine possession than divine inspiration. Though by Homer's time such a possession had evidently ceased to be a common phenomenon, he has preserved occasional details which make it recognizable.

The personalities of the Olympians were established by ancient Greek myth, so that, if a hero were possessed, it would be at once apparent which deity was riding him. Ares, the War God, a great, tough, swaggering warrior, relied on main force, heavy spear thrusts, and crushing sword swings; perhaps heroes mentioned in the *Iliad* as "Ares' favourites" or "descendants of Ares" were susceptible to his possession. Diomedes, in Book Five, fears to face Hector because Ares is with him; but on another occasion, Diomedes has been himself possessed by the goddess Athene, and Hector prudently avoids an encounter.

Among the ancient Greeks, as among the pagan West Africans and loa-worshipping Haitians, a man could be possessed by a goddess or a woman by a god. The Pythoness at Delphi or the Sybil at Cumae, who were possessed, not merely inspired, by the god Apollo, assumed his voice and demeanor. Athene, the Amazonian goddess, evidently had a more deadly battle technique than Ares, because whenever two warriors met, one inspired by Athene, one by Ares, Athene always won; two combats between these deities — or their chosen incarnations — are given in the *Iliad*. Hector remarks that fighters have their off days or their days of triumph, according as Heaven wills. Thus Aeneas, possessed by Aphrodite, is easily defeated by Athene's incarnation, Diomedes, by suffering the hand wound which Homer attributes to Aphrodite; but Aeneas makes good his escape. Later, the strong god Apollo possesses him and he lops down his opponents like pines. But the Greek gods never became bisexual, as their West African counterparts did.

The most interesting case of possession in the *Iliad* is that of Paris, Aphrodite's favorite. When he fights Menelaus, then aided by Athene, he just manages to extricate himself with Aphrodite's

adroit help and to escape to Troy. Afterwards, Hector visits him at his house and calls him back to fight, saying sarcastically: "I cannot regard your grudge against Troy as a very decent one; it is for you alone that our people are dying to defend these walls." Paris, still under Aphrodite's influence, gives a characteristic answer: "Sharp words, but not unreasonably so. Allow me to explain that I bear no particular grudge against Troy, but feeling a little sad, I wanted to enjoy a good cry on the chair in this bedroom. My wife has just suggested that I should fight again, and I am taking her advice; because one never knows who will win the next round, does one?" That same day, Paris saves the situation, not by some tremendous lunge with a spear or cast with a boulder but by an unsporting arrow shot, from behind cover, that pins Diomedes' foot to the ground and disables him for the rest of the battle. Paris' laugh is the merry laugh of Aphrodite, and Diomedes' answer carries all the venom proper to Athene.

Homer clearly disbelieves the legends of gods' taking part in human affairs but is always ready to extemporize divine machinery. Since a "tomb of Sarpedon" was shown in Lycia, whereas the Trojan cycle made Sarpedon fall in battle, Homer obligingly arranges an aerial transfer of the corpse back to Lycia, at Zeus's orders. It is reasonable to suppose that he has also altered the ancient account of how Paris killed Achilles. Aphrodite, rather than Apollo, will have guided the arrow that pierced the famous heel, since, according to most mythographers, Achilles fell not at the Scaean Gate but in Apollo's temple, where Deiphobus had lured him after posting Paris behind a pillar. Apollo would hardly have so defiled his own shrine. Aphrodite seems to have been a far more important character in the original story cycle than in the *Iliad*. The Homeric *Returns of the Heroes*, clearly based on Mycenaean tradition, makes every Greek leader of note either return home to find his wife unfaithful or be shipwrecked. Before Poseidon, fairly late in religious history, converted his thunderbolt into a trident and exchanged sweet waters for salt, Aphrodite ruled the sea as well as human passions, and her alternate forms of revenge for the destruction of Troy yield far better sense than Poseidon's idle spite, to which, though he championed the Greek cause at Troy, these disasters are implausibly ascribed.

STAFFING FREEDOM

An Appeal by

Senator Joseph S. Clark

Pennsylvania's senior senator and former mayor of Philadelphia, JOSEPH S. CLARK donated his Bok Award funds, received in 1956, to the American Academy of Political and Social Science for a study of national personnel needs.

What kind of country do we Americans want?
What kind of universe do we wish to live in?

Survival in freedom with a reasonable chance for happiness would be the answer for most of us. I think of a creative country in which there is respect for the brotherhood of man.

It is only when we start discussing policies, programs, and procedures that we get into trouble. My concern is with people, not methods. How can we find, train, and hold in the right jobs people needed to create what Walter Lippmann calls the "good society"?

Today we have no national personnel policy or plan. We do not try to steer our best young people into the careers where their brains are needed. We leave the choice to chance and the market place. We hope that a sense of dedication will prove more compelling than the dollar reward.

Not only are we short of teachers; too many of those we have are not really good enough. We have plenty of politicians, but many of them are hardly worth the powder to blow them away.

Does it really make sense to siphon our ability into color television, the manufacture and sale of soft drinks, cigarettes, whisky, and cosmetics, and the advertising of these commodities? Hasn't the time come to start thinking about how to put American capabilities into jobs where they can best advance American national interests?

In 1942, Military Occupation Specialty (MOS) determined where one served "the cause of freedom." The planners in the Pentagon decided the necessary qualifications of each G.I. and each officer required to man our armed services. That was a hot war, and this one is cold. Compulsion would not work today; but persuasion might.

They plan well in Russia. There someone decides where little Ivan is going to work. If, at the age of eleven, he seems unresponsive, he goes back to the collective farm. If he shows promise, his education is continued at state expense through technical school and the university. Education and incentives for different occupations are adjusted to meet the personnel needs required by the current Five or Seven Year Plan.

In Continental Europe and Great Britain, educational and occupational planning is far ahead of our chaotic American hit or miss.

Would we lose our sacred freedoms if we tried by persuasion to get what others achieve by compulsion? I think not. Is it so difficult to inventory our personnel requirements? Ewan Clague, the United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics, tells us that the job is already well begun. He has published a handbook estimating the prospects in six hundred different occupations.

Surely wise men and women can set tentative priorities among these occupations. A White House conference on national personnel requirements would do more than start people thinking; it could determine empirically how many well-trained people we are likely to need in the next thirty years to achieve our national goals.

The next question is, How can we use both the carrot and the stick to get these young people trained and on their way to where they are needed? How can we get more and better teachers, scientists, priests, politicians, rabbis, ministers, musicians, poets, and social workers? To get them we will have to settle for fewer brewers, night-club proprietors, and lobbyists.

Perhaps our national sense of values needs a little adjusting. Perhaps the wrong people are making too much money and the right people not enough. How about the Status Seekers? Can we make it as chic to be a graduate nurse working in a hospital as an interior decorator specializing in drapes?

This realization of shortage should generate a lot of talk, which sometimes in America is a prelude to action. Those old rallying points—the home, the church, and the school—might conceivably resound with fresh words and determination about a boy's future. Such talk could spread to newspaper editors, commentators, comic strip artists, and cartoonists. After a time the talk might result in a national purpose to staff freedom with our best and ablest brains instead of leaving matters to chance. The tools are at hand to do the job once the decision is made. All we need is the will to act. And the "good society" which could result might both confound Communism and lift Western civilization to new heights.

FROM PLATO TO MAX PLANCK

The Philosophical Problems of Atomic Physics

Professor WERNER HEISENBERG, who was born in Duisburg in 1901, was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1932 for his work on the quantum theory. A member of the faculty of the University of Göttingen since 1945, he is director there of the Max Planck Research Institute. His recent formulation of what is called the "unified field theorem" has caused a great stir in academic and scientific circles.

SURROUNDED as we are by hundreds of projects aimed at putting the discoveries of atomic physics to fruitful economic use, all too easily we forget that we are simultaneously struggling with questions which men have been asking themselves for a long, long time. The present-day preoccupations of the human spirit are, in fact, closely related to intellectual efforts first undertaken by men thousands of years ago. These links with the past are doubtless more interesting to the historian than to the physicist, but even the physicist can gain valuable insights into his own current problems by considering certain of the fundamental patterns that the history of the atom reveals.

Modern physics, and particularly the quantum theory — the discovery of Max Planck, the centennial of whose birth was celebrated last year — has raised a series of very general questions, dealing not only with the narrow problems of physics as such but also with the nature of matter and with the method of the exact sciences. These questions have forced physicists to wrestle once more with philosophical problems which seemed already to have found a definitive answer within the framework of classical physics.

Two questions, in particular, have been reopened by Planck's discoveries. The first concerns the nature of matter, or, to put it more precisely, the old question that troubled the Greek philosophers: How can the manifold diversity of material

phenomena be reduced to simple principles and thus rendered intelligible? The other has to do with the epistemological question which has cropped up with particular insistence since Kant's time: the question of the extent to which it is possible to objectify scientific or any sensory experiences — the extent, in other words, to which one can go from observed phenomena to an objective conclusion independent of the observer.

Let us consider the first of these questions. When the Greek philosophers came to examine the unity of observable phenomena, they encountered the problem of the smallest units of matter. Two opposing points of view emerged from this period of human thought which were to have a profound influence on the subsequent evolution of philosophy. They have been given the names of materialism and idealism.

The atomic theory propounded by Leucippus and Democritus regarded the smallest particles of matter as existing in the most literal sense. These tiniest particles were thought to be indivisible and unchangeable; they were eternal, ultimate units, and as such they were called atoms, and could neither provide nor require further explanation. The only properties that fitted them were geometric. They were thought by the philosophers to possess form, to be separate from each other in empty space, and by virtue of their different spatial positions and movements to be capable of bringing

about the manifold variety of phenomena. But they did not have color, smell, or taste, nor did they have a temperature or any other physical properties. The qualities of the things we apprehend in life were indirectly governed by the different rearrangements and movements of the atoms. Just as tragedy or comedy can be written with the same letters of the alphabet, so, according to Democritus' theory, can very different happenings in the world be produced by the same atoms. Atoms were therefore the true, objectively real kernels of matter, and thus of phenomena. They were what existed in the truest sense, whereas the diverse multiplicity of phenomena was merely an indirect and subsidiary product of them. This view of things was therefore given the name of materialism.

In Plato's philosophy, on the other hand, the smallest particles of matter were, in a certain sense, mere geometrical forms. Plato equated the smallest particles of the elements with regular geometric bodies. Like Empedocles he accepted the four traditional elements — earth, water, air, fire — and thus he could imagine the smallest particle of earth as being a cube, the smallest particle of water as being an icosahedron (twenty-sided solid); in the same way, the elemental particle of fire was thought to be a tetrahedron, and of air, an octahedron. In each case the shape was characteristic of the element's properties.

For Plato, in contrast to Democritus, the smallest particles were not unchangeable or indestructible; they could be reduced to triangles, and out of triangles built up again. The triangles themselves would no longer be matter, for they would have no spatial extension. Thus, at the end of this series of material concepts we encounter something which is no longer material but simply a mathematical form — or, if you prefer, an intellectual construction. The ultimate root concept capable of rendering the world intelligible was for Plato the mathematical pattern, the picture, the idea. This view of things was therefore called idealism.

THE old controversy between materialism and idealism has, oddly enough, been revived recently in a quite specific way by modern atomic physics, and especially by the quantum theory. The exact sciences — physics and chemistry — of modern times were, until the discovery of the Planck quantum, materialistically oriented. In nineteenth-century chemistry, the atoms and their composite particles were thought to be the only real things, the real substratum of all matter. Atoms appeared incapable of furnishing or of demanding further explanation.

Planck, however, discovered in the phenomena of radiation a feature of discontinuity, which seemed surprisingly linked to the existence of the atom but which could not be explained in terms of it. This aspect of discontinuity revealed by the quantum gave birth to the suspicion that not only this discontinuity but the very existence of the atom might stem from some fundamental law of nature. There might be a mathematical structure in nature the formulation of which would provide that unified understanding of the structure of matter which the Greek philosophers had looked for. The existence of the atom, far from being a final, irreducible fact, might, as Plato had thought, be traced back to the operation of mathematically conceivable laws of nature — to the effect of mathematical symmetries.

Planck's law of radiation also differed in a quite characteristic way from the previously formulated laws of nature. Planck's action quantum, which appears as the characteristic constant in his law of radiation, does not designate a property of things but a property of nature. It sets up a scale of measurement and shows that where the encountered effects are very big, as they are for all the phenomena of daily life, the phenomena of nature behave differently from the way they do where they are of atomic size — the realm of the Planck constant. Whereas the laws of Newtonian mechanics were equally valid for all realms of magnitude — the orbit of the moon around the earth obeying the same laws as the fall of an apple or the deviation of an alpha particle passing by the nucleus of an atom — Planck's radiation law for the first time postulated the existence of different scales in nature and suggested that events in the different realms of magnitude need not be similar at all.

Only a few years after Planck's discovery, the significance of a second similar constant was understood. Einstein's special theory of relativity made it clear to physicists that the speed of light was not, as the science of electrodynamics had supposed, a property of a special stuff known as ether, which ensured its propagation, but that it was a property of space and time — a universal property of nature having nothing to do with individual objects or things in nature.

The speed of light can thus be considered a constant of nature. Our perceptual concepts of space and time can only be applied to phenomena whose speeds are small compared to that of light. Conversely, the well-known paradoxes of the theory of relativity are due to the fact that phenomena with speeds approaching that of light cannot properly be understood with our usual notions of space and time. One example is the paradox of the watch: for an observer moving at

high speed, time seems to pass more slowly than for one who is at rest.

Once the mathematical structure of the special theory of relativity had been established, there was a searching analysis of the natural phenomena affected by it. Our deep-rooted, inherited notions placed many an obstacle in the way of our understanding, but the objections were quickly overruled.

It proved far harder to understand the physical implications raised by the existence of the Planck quantum. In a work of Einstein's which appeared in 1918, it was made clear that the theoretical quantum laws must to a certain extent be dealt with statistically. The first attempt to establish the theoretical quantum laws on the basis of statistical findings was undertaken in 1924 by Bohr, Kramers, and Slater. Their interpretation turned out to be not completely correct, and the proper relationships were later accurately formulated by Born. But the theory propounded by Bohr, Kramers, and Slater contained the decisive notion that the laws of nature define not the occurrence but the probability of the occurrence of an event and that the concept of probability must be introduced into the study of wave fields in such a way as to permit the formulation of mathematical force-field equations.

At this point a decisive step was taken, away from classical physics and back to a form of concept which had once played an important role in Aristotle's philosophy. One can interpret the probability waves of the Bohr-Kramers-Slater theory as a quantitative rehabilitation of the concept of *dynamis*, of potentiality, or of the later Latin concept of *potentia* in the Aristotelian philosophy. A decisive role is played in this philosophy by the idea that events are not necessarily determined but that the possibility of or tendency toward an occurrence constitutes a kind of reality — an intermediate layer of reality situated halfway between the bulky reality of matter and the spiritual reality of the idea or picture. This idea has won a new place for itself in modern quantum physics, and the possibility concept has been used in terms of quantitative probability for the mathematical formulation of natural laws.

THE introduction of probability into physics corresponded quite accurately to the situation which had meanwhile been reached in laboratory experiments on atomic phenomena. When a physicist seeks to determine the strength of a radioactive radiation by calculating the number of times this radiation affects a counter during a given time interval, he takes the probability of

this radiation for granted. (Although the time of decay of any individual atom is uncertain, the physicist is confident that among a large collection of such atoms a certain number are sure to decay during each second.) The exact time intervals between impulses do not interest the physicist — he merely says that they are “statistically” dispersed; what interests him is the average frequency of the impulse. It has been established through numerous investigations that this statistical interpretation gives an accurate picture of the experimental situation.

Where it afforded quantitative evidence, as with the wave lengths of spectrum lines or with the binding energy of molecules, quantum mechanics provided a precise confirmation through experiments, and no one could cast further doubt on the validity of the theory. More troublesome, however, was the question of harmonizing this statistical method of explanation with the large body of experience amassed through classical physics. All experiments rest on the assumption that there is a meaningful connection between the act of observation and the basic physical event. When, for example, we measure the spectrum line of a certain frequency with a refraction grid, we automatically assume that the atom of radiating matter must have emitted light of this same frequency. Or, when a photographic plate shows dark patches, we assume that it has here been hit by rays or particles of matter. Physics uses the meaningful determination of events for the collection of experimental evidence, and thus obviously falls into a contradiction when dealing with atoms or the quantum theory, where the precise determination of such events appears to be called into question.

The inner contradiction which here appears is avoided in modern physics by asserting that the determinacy of events extends only so far as the events can be described with the concepts of classical physics. The application of these concepts, on the other hand, is limited by the relations of indeterminacy, which provide quantitative data over and beyond the limits imposed on the use of classical concepts. The physicist knows when he should consider events as determined and when not; he can thus use for observation and its physical interpretation a method which is free of internal contradictions. The questions remain: Why should it still be necessary to go on using the notions of classical physics? Why can we not rewrite the entire description of physical events in a new quantum-theory system of concepts?

It should be noted here, as von Weizsacker has emphasized, that the concepts of classical physics play a role in the interpretation of the quantum theory similar to that played by the *a priori* forms

of intuition in Kant's philosophy. Just as Kant establishes the concepts of time and space and causality as being *a priori*, since they provide the grounds for experience and thus cannot be regarded as derivative of it, so the notions of classical physics provide an *a priori* foundation for the investigations of quantum physics, since we can carry out experiments in the atomic field only with the aid of concepts from classical physics.

While Kant could still assume that our *a priori* intuitions of time and space must forever furnish the unchangeable basis for physics, we now know that this is in no wise the case. Our forms of intuition, though they are *a priori*, are not suited to the apprehension of events whose speed approaches that of light, events which can only be captured with the most subtle technical instruments. There are large areas of experience which cannot be even approximately described with the concepts of classical physics.

In these areas of atomic physics, a great deal of the earlier intuitive physics has gone by the board — not only the applicability of its concepts and laws but the entire notion of reality which underlay the exact sciences until our present-day atomic physics. By "notion of reality" I mean the idea that there are objective occurrences which somehow take place in time and space quite independently of whether or not they are observed. Observations in atomic physics can no longer be objectified in this simple manner; they can no longer be related to an objective, describable interval in time and space.

Here again we are brought up sharply before the rock-bottom truth that in science we are not dealing with nature itself but with the science of nature — that is, with a nature which has been thought through and described by man. This is not to introduce an element of subjectivity into science, for it is in no way asserted that events in the world of nature depend on our observation of them; it is simply to say that science stands between man and nature and that we cannot renounce the application of concepts that have been intuitively given to or are inborn in man.

This aspect of the quantum theory has made it difficult to adhere absolutely to the program of materialistic philosophy and to designate the smallest particles of matter as being "truly real." For if the quantum theory is correct, these elemental particles are not real in the same sense as the things in our daily lives — for example, trees or stones — are real; they appear as abstractions derived from observed material which in a literal sense is real. Now, if it is impossible to ascribe existence in the strictest sense to these elemental particles, it is difficult to regard matter as truly real. This explains why, in recent years, reserva-

tions have been expressed in the camp of dialectical materialism about the now generally accepted implications of the quantum theory.

We cannot escape the conclusions that our earlier notions of reality are no longer applicable in the field of the atom and that we are dealing with weighty abstractions when we set out to define the atom as what is truly real. Modern physics, in the final analysis, has already discredited the concept of the truly real, so that it is at the very starting point that the materialistic philosophy must be modified.

THE development of atomic physics in the last two decades has led it even further away from the basic assumptions of the materialistic philosophy of the ancients. Experiments have shown that the elemental particles, which we assume to be the smallest units of nature, are not eternal and immutable, as Democritus supposed, but can be transmuted into one another. Now, there must be some reason for our considering these subatomic particles as being the smallest particles of matter. It could, nonetheless, be true that the elemental particles are made up of still smaller ones, themselves eternal and unchangeable. How can the physicist exclude the possibility that these still smaller units have so far eluded our powers of observation?

The answer which present-day physics gives to this question brings out clearly the nonintuitive character of modern atomic physics. If someone wants to decide experimentally whether an elemental particle is simple or compound, he clearly must set out to shatter it with the most powerful means available. The huge atomic accelerators which are today being used, or being built, in various parts of the world serve precisely this purpose. With such machines one can accelerate elemental particles — usually protons — to extremely high velocities, have them intercepted by other tiny particles of matter, and then make a detailed study of what happens in the subsequent collisions. Although a great deal of experimental material on the details of such collisions still must be collected before we can have a truly clear picture of this area of physics, we are already in a position to describe roughly what takes place. What has been discovered is that a shattering of the elemental particles can certainly take place. Sometimes a great many particles are produced by such collisions, but the surprising and supreme paradox is this: the particles resulting from these collisions are not smaller than the shattered particles they spring from. They are themselves elemental particles all over again.

The paradox is explained by the theory of relativity, according to which energy can be converted into mass. The elemental particles, which are given a huge kinetic energy with the aid of accelerators, can with the use of this energy, which is convertible into matter, produce new elemental particles. The elemental particles are therefore the ultimate units of matter — precisely those units into which matter decomposes under the impact of external forces.

This state of affairs can be summed up thus: All elemental particles are made of the same stuff — namely, energy. They are the various forms which energy must assume in order to become matter. Here once again we encounter that old pair of concepts — content and form or matter and form — which has come down to us from Aristotle's philosophy. Energy is not only the force which keeps everything in motion; it is also, like fire in Heraclitus' philosophy, the basic stuff of which the world is made. Matter exists because energy assumes the form of the elemental particle. We now know that there are no less than twenty-five different kinds of subatomic particles, and we have good grounds for supposing that all these forms are patterned on fundamental mathematical constructions. They are, therefore, the consequence of a fundamental law that can be expressed in mathematical language and from which the subatomic particles can logically be derived in much the same way as the different energy states of the hydrogen atom could be deduced from Schrödinger's differential equation.

This fundamental law, which present-day physics is seeking, must fulfill two conditions, both of them stemming from experimental evidence. The investigations that have been made on elemental particles with the aid of huge accelerators have produced certain rules of selection for the transformations occurring from collisions or in radioactive fall-out. These rules of selection can be formulated mathematically on the basis of collected quantum figures, and they are the immediate expression of properties of symmetry bound up with the fundamental equation of matter. The fundamental law must in one way or another embrace these observed symmetries; it must represent them mathematically.

In the second place, the fundamental equation of matter, assuming that such a simple formulation exists, must contain at least another constant of measurement similar to the one for the velocity of light and to the Planck quantum. Observations of the atomic nucleus and of the atomic particles lead us to believe that this constant can be represented as a universal length, whose magnitude should be around ten centimeters.

The real conceptual core of this fundamental

law, however, must be based on the mathematical symmetries exhibited in it. The most important of these symmetries are already empirically known to us (the Lorenz group, describing the properties of time and space needed by the special theory of relativity; the quantum number, derived from twenty years of observation, that allows us to differentiate between neutrons and protons and which is now generally known as isotopic spin; mirror symmetries of time and space; and so forth).

One proposal for such a fundamental equation of matter which satisfies the above requirements has already been made. This is a most simple and highly symmetrical equation of nonlinear waves for a field operator known as a spinor. Whether or not this is the correct formulation of the fundamental law of nature will be known only after searching mathematical analysis.

One can already say that, irrespective of the exact nature of this evidence, the final answer will more closely approximate the views expressed in Plato's *Timaeus* than those of the ancient materialists. This realization should not be misunderstood as an all-too-facile rejection of the modern materialistic thinking of the nineteenth century, which contributed many important elements of knowledge that were lacking in ancient science. But it is true that the elemental particles of present-day physics are more closely related to the Platonic bodies than they are to the atoms of Democritus.

The elemental particles of modern physics, like the regular bodies of Plato's philosophy, are defined by the requirements of mathematical symmetry. They are not eternal and unchanging, and they can hardly, therefore, strictly be termed real. Rather, they are simple expressions of fundamental mathematical constructions which one comes upon in striving to break down matter ever further, and which provide the content for the underlying laws of nature. In the beginning, therefore, for modern science, was the form, the mathematical pattern, not the material thing. And since the mathematical pattern is, in the final analysis, an intellectual concept, one can say in the words of Faust, "*Am Anfang war der Sinn*" — "In the beginning was the meaning."

The task of present-day atomic physics is to explore this meaning in all its details and with all the complex apparatus at our command. It seems to me fascinating to reflect that today, in the most varied parts of the earth and with the most powerful instruments available, men are seeking to wrest solutions from problems posed by the Greek philosophers more than two thousand years ago; and it is exhilarating to think that we may know the answer in a few years, perhaps — or, at the latest, in a couple of decades.

COMPOSITION AT THE BARRICADES

BY LOUIS ZAHNER

Since 1940, serious changes have occurred in the secondary schools which, as LOUIS ZAHNER says, "have worked against the teaching and learning of effective English." In this and the following articles we have tried to get at the root of the trouble. Mr. Zahner speaks with authority from his long experience as head of the English department at Groton for the past thirty-eight years.

THE present state of English composition is apparently more than a temporary, local decline that can be arrested and restored by a little tinkering with teaching and testing here and there in American schools and colleges. When, in early June, the congregation of Oxford University rescinded a month-old decision and restored Latin as a compulsory subject on entrance examinations, the case was put by one of its members: "The decline of Latin in the schools here, and its virtual disappearance in America, is one cause of a growing incompetence in the writing of our English. I am thinking of politicians, journalists, preachers, essayists — and, I fear I must add, learned persons."

The fact that written English is slipping in England as well as in America suggests that the reasons for the decline may be more deep-seated than we realize, that the condition may be a symptom of profound changes common to English and American culture. It would be interesting to know whether there are non-English-speaking countries in which the writing of the mother tongue is likewise degenerating.

If the remedy lies in education, it is in education in the broadest sense: in whatever goes on, for better or worse, in the entire life of the pupil, of which the classroom is an almost infinitesimal part.

At best, the English teacher must be prepared to take some of the responsibility, most of the initiative, and, when anything goes wrong with language anywhere, all of the blame.

That changes have worked against the teaching and learning of effective English can hardly be doubted. Many of them may still lie hidden. Others are far from established. A few may be reasonably held as certain. In any event, some thought about such changes in the schools and in the society of which they are a part may be a step toward seeing just what the problem is.

The rapid growth in the numbers attending school and college, with the consequent overloading of the teacher, is well known. The question uppermost in the minds of four out of every five high school teachers is this: "How can I teach a class of thirty-five pupils whose I. Q.'s range all the way from eighty to a hundred and forty?"

And the second question is similar to it: "With five classes a day of thirty-five pupils each, how can I assign enough compositions, even short ones, to get anywhere with the teaching of writing?" The teacher might go on: "If my pupils write only one paper a week, I can't honestly read them all. I can only mark the mechanical mistakes, like spelling. That isn't teaching. You must stop to think about what a student writes if you hope to

teach him anything about either thinking or writing. You must get into his mind. Teaching composition isn't dealing with words; it's dealing with people. I've given up. I have had to go to workbooks—the self-correcting kind with a teacher's answer booklet.”

Smaller classes, with students grouped according to ability and ambition, and fewer of them per teacher are, of course, the only remedy. But the realization of that goal is still far in the future. Meanwhile, what we need is some hardheaded thinking and experimentation on how to do a better job of teaching under conditions as they are and as they are likely to remain for some time.

In his struggle to save the written language, today's teacher of English stands almost alone. There was a time when the study of other subjects called naturally for written reports and essays and, at the least, for written answers of some length on examinations.

The essay test—that is, the examination which demands original thinking and writing—is dead. It had a decent funeral, with orations, and its many mourners have now left the churchyard. But the fall of the essay examination as a college entrance test is perhaps the greatest single cause of the decline of the teaching of composition in the schools. The use of objective tests in schools and for college entrance has not only decreased practice in writing. It has given the schools the idea that the colleges do not put much value any more on a sound training in writing. If a student can enter college without ever having written a composition in his school, is composition worth teaching? Under these conditions, who can blame the teachers for wondering whether writing is any longer one of the essential three R's?

The colleges and their examining agencies are in no way culpable. To save the essay test they have tried every known means and experimented with countless new ones. They have met today's more and more complex and exacting demands of testing for college entrance brilliantly and fairly. In their determination not to direct the schools, however, they have underestimated an inevitable power that they never wished to have. The colleges once exerted considerable influence upon written composition through their entrance examinations; they could, if they would, bring to bear such influence quietly but effectively through other means. If, in doing so, they would unobtrusively consider their obligation to be the improvement of the teaching of composition not only to the college-bound but to every student everywhere who has it in him to think and write straightforward prose, an abandoned salient will have been re-established and widened.

In addition to removing the necessity and the

incentive for writing, the objective test has had a less obvious but even more corrosive effect upon writing. Calling for facts and information rather than original thinking, it does not require the student to reach and support generalizations and conclusions of his own. Under its influence, teachers are putting more and more emphasis on memorization of facts and storage of information rather than on understanding. Expressed another way, students do not have much to write about. They can put facts together like glass beads on a string, and if they can do it without making any mistakes, they get the impression that they are writing. Teaching the mechanics and techniques of writing to empty students is an immoral business, a waste of everybody's time.

The only remedy is an increase in the number of enlightened teachers in all subjects, teachers who are bent on educating their pupils, tests or no tests. They will soon discover that the best preparation they can give their students for taking an objective test is to forget the test and to get to work on reading, thinking, and writing. Mere facts and information take care of themselves in the process.

THE schools are beset by another difficulty that cripples the teaching of language. It is a commonplace that year by year, subject by subject, more and more ground has to be covered. Not enough of the old can be jettisoned to make room for the new. Hence, to save time, subject matter must be presented condensed and processed. More and more, teaching is by abstractions and prefabricated generalizations and conclusions, not by cases, particulars, or illustrations. There is no time for inductive teaching.

The result is a learning through mere words almost wholly removed from any firsthand experience, even from any suspicion that words have anything to do with experience. They are just words that, at a pinch, can be defined by other words, generalizations that can be supported by other generalizations, or even by a rewording of the same ones. Here are the seeds of what later flowers into pure jargon and rich gobbledygook.

Holding fast the connections between words and the realities of experience is the essence of all use and understanding of language, its use in thinking and in writing and speaking, its understanding in reading and listening. Fortunately, making these connections is a natural process. It is the way a child learns his native language. His first question is, “What is that?” He sees and touches the object before he asks for and is given the word that names it. Later, the question becomes, “What does that word mean?” That is the

critical point in his whole education in language. If the answer is given by specific examples within his own experience, he is learning language. If it is given as a rewording in equally abstract and remote words, he is learning incantation.

When this natural process asserts itself in the English classroom it can fare badly. Asked to define "terror," a child naturally says something like "Terror is when you are almost hit by an automobile." The teacher corrects him: "It is wrong to say 'Terror is *when*.'" The learner keeps trying until he gets "Terror is a state of fear approaching panic." He wins an A and the damage is done. Similarly, much isolated vocabulary drill hopefully undertaken by the schools in preparation for aptitude tests is excellent training in the use of language as incantation and as an ornate cloak for vacuity.

The remedy for this lies in the lower grades. Teaching in the eleventh and twelfth grades must continue to be carried on in relatively high abstractions. But in the lower grades, little by little, a habit of mind can be established that will not let any generalization slip by without a quick mental checkup by illustration and example, or any abstraction without a down-to-earth operational definition. Taught and practiced in the grades, the process of relating language to actual experience can become the established way the mind works. There have been and are mature men incapable of thinking in any other way. Mr. Justice Holmes and Judge Learned Hand come readily to mind.

This matter of dealing with abstract words and generalizations is only one detail of a large issue — the teaching of language in the schools. It is an open question whether what is taught in the schools really is the English language.

The idea that English grammar and structure are identical with those of Latin is implicit in much of the teaching, and methods once used for teaching Latin live on under a disguise of very fancy modern dress. Contemporary studies of the language are beginning to take hold, but much remains to be done for, and to, the classroom teacher before he can use them effectively.

The study of the intricate ways of language in the interchange of ideas and feelings — what it can state, what it can suggest; how it can clarify, how mislead; the almost limitless variety of meanings and shades of meaning it can convey — this also is beginning to gain a foothold.

But the linguists and the operationalists (to coin a stand-in for "semanticists," which seems to have taken on an emotional tinge) still work apart and even at cross-purposes. What must come if the English language is to be effectively taught in the schools is a revival of the trivium, the union of

grammar, logic, and rhetoric, done into modern English, and with the full enlistment of modern knowledge.

TEACHERS should also take a new look at usage. The old formalist view that nothing is right unless it conforms to classical grammar and the best literary standards mercifully has gone. In its place, however, is established an equally indiscriminating pronouncement, "Anything goes. If enough people use it, it is right." The obvious exception is made of illiterate expressions which, though clear in meaning, damage the user: "I seen him when he wasn't hardly trying."

In addition to making heroic and mildly manic efforts to banish such expressions, teachers and others keep alive the venerable argument about locutions that depart from traditional grammar but are not as yet fully accepted. It is more generally understood that such usage will in time be accepted and called idiom. The slang dictionary of fifty years ago reads today like a list of literary, even diplomatic phrases. But there is always a line where the advancing front encounters rear-guard action. "It's me" is no sooner in occupied territory than the battle rages at the *like* — as salient.

All this ado is harmless except that, in treating current usage as a matter of manners, not of meanings, it diverts attention from the important issue.

The distinction between inventive and preventive usage is never considered. New usage can be inventive, bringing into the language useful and vitalizing expressions — "egghead," for example. Or it can be preventive, destroying the power of the language to make useful distinctions, or even to express what its users want to say. If, within the space of half an hour, someone hears, as (or, if you prefer, *like*) I recently did, that it is a "terrific" day (the sun was shining, the air balmy), that these new birthday cards are really "terrific," obviously "made up by some artist with a terrific sense of humor," and that a new policy is "a terrific deal insurancewise," what can he call a hurricane that scared him to death and blew his garage roof away? And will he be fully understood and considered to be moderately literate if he says "It doesn't cost me much to run my car" instead of "My car is terrific expensewise"? Or does an admissions officer reading on a candidate's report that "he does not take too much interest in athletics" know for sure whether the writer means that the candidate takes scarcely any interest at all or that he takes a great deal but does not let athletics interfere with his studies? One principal might mean the first, another the second. The admissions officer can only wait and see.

A detailed study of usage that does more than record and count and describe is overdue. The key question is not whether a new expression is considered by so many people to be at this or that level of usage but whether it is inventive or preventive.

The teacher of language, especially of writing, is working under another handicap. The gap between speech and proficient writing is widening. The student does not hear much good, let alone distinguished, English. Reading aloud in the home is an archaic pastime. Conversation is a lost art. Radio and television, their language aimed at catching and entertaining the customer, talk to him in his own easy jargon and patois. There are a few programs on which guests, commentators, and even announcers speak literate English. There are still some great preachers. But all these put together are far outnumbered. The language our pupils hear is not the language from which clear, coherent writing is easily developed.

Nor does the student's reading help his writing much. Radio cut into his reading, though not dangerously; he learned to read against a background of music and voices. Television cuts deeper; it does not mix with reading.

More detrimental to the student's reading than the possible falling off in the amount he reads, however, is the emphasis now put by schools and colleges upon the speed of reading. If he is to get through the amount of reading required by his school and college, he must be trained to read faster. He is drilled to read by eye alone. Hearing in the mind the sound of the language being silently read is a fault that must be overcome.

The result is that writing too becomes the business of the eye alone. The mind's ear grows deaf. Unless the pupil's pen is the tongue of a ready speaker, we cannot hope for even moderately effective writing.

The teacher and poet in Robert Frost spoke together when he wrote: "A dramatic necessity goes deep into the nature of the sentence. Sentences are not different enough to hold the attention unless they are dramatic. No ingenuity of varying structure will do. All that can save them is the speaking tone of voice somehow entangled in the words and fastened to the page for the ear of the imagination. That is all that can save poetry from sing-song, all that can save prose from itself."

Methods for the use of the voice in teaching composition could quite easily be developed. They would include the use of the pupil's own voice in the writing and revision of his work. Supplemented by sound films and recordings made especially for the purpose and by facilities for pupils to read aloud to themselves, they might

well help to solve the problem of teaching composition to large classes and reduce the teacher's overwhelming load of students' papers to correct.

Whatever is done to improve the writing of English must be done in the elementary and secondary schools. The freshman year at college is too late. By that time bad habits have become ingrained and prejudices against writing have been established in the mind of the student who writes badly or has never written at all. But there is a more urgent reason: freshman English does not help the boys and girls who do not go on to college. Even without benefit of the college instructor, they should still somehow be taught the power of articulate speech and articulated writing.

All in all, the high school teacher of composition has his work cut out for him. He is half inventor and explorer, pushing into new territory with whatever tools he can devise. He is half repairman, doing what he can to mend the damage done both in the school itself and in the world of which it is a part. At the moment, he does not appear to be holding his own. He may even be resigned to a retreat so gradual that nobody will recognize it as ultimately a defeat, especially if he calls it "Keeping abreast of the times" or "Adjustment to the modern world."

Paul Diederich, of the Research Division of the Educational Testing Service, writes: "Since I am skeptical of the possibility of widespread improvement in writing except at a rate that is truly glacial, I find myself in sympathy with our committees of outstanding school and college teachers who devise our College Board examinations in writing. They expect very little, they get less, and our scores are based on what college-entering students do, not on what we wish they could do."

It may be that we shall have to accept with grace and a show of gratitude downward-spiraling standards dictated by high school students. It may be that we shall have to rest content with examinations that test a smaller remnant of writing with greater accuracy.

It may be getting late. But it is still far too early to give it all up with a shrug. English teachers are a resourceful, resilient, determined breed. Parents want the best for their children and are willing to find out what that best is.

More and more people are hearing the alert and beginning to realize how much is at stake. It is no less than our survival as a civilized people — perhaps even as a people at all.

For, menacing and obdurate, Caliban still crouches in his cave, the eternal archetype of the savage state of man:

"You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse."

TEACHING WRITING THROUGH HISTORY

BY HENRY W. BRAGDON

HENRY W. BRAGDON *was for six years the chief examiner in social studies for the College Entrance Examination Board. He now teaches history at Phillips Exeter Academy and is co-author, with Samuel P. McCutchen, of HISTORY OF A FREE PEOPLE, one of the leading high school texts in American history.*

ENGLISH is not a subject, like physics or geography or Latin. It is a universal skill, and every teacher of academic subjects should be in some degree a teacher of English.

One of the English teacher's strongest allies is the history teacher. There are all sorts of ways in which the history teacher can and should give training in writing. He may assign research papers, book reports, précis of documents, and formal arguments in matters of controversy. And his every test should require written answers.

Yet in hundreds of high schools the classes in history, civics, problems of democracy, and so forth, do very little writing, and in some, none at all. A recent bulletin for teachers from a state board of education lists thirty-one separate "activities" which "the modern teacher of social studies" should promote in her "classroom laboratory." There are "planning activities," "reading activities," and "storing activities." There are "reporting and reciting" and "carrying out research," but no specific mention of writing.

Part of this lack of interest stems from the change from history to social studies. A generation ago, the study of history in many schools was a meaningless round of learning dead facts and regurgitating them on paper. In justifiable rebellion against this profitless business came the idea that the study of man in society should concentrate on real problems, such as public housing

or agencies for world peace, instead of the Kansas-Nebraska Act or the Tariff of 1816. Students should be trained in social skills, such as making oral reports and carrying on discussions.

Now, writing is not an obvious social skill. It is, in fact, a lonely business, and a person engaged in writing of necessity withdraws from the group. Indifference, even apathy toward writing is increasing. I have seen it argued in an educational journal that, while the ability to write may be a graceful accomplishment, in an audio-visual age it is no more necessary than playing the violin.

Another influence toward the abandonment of pen and paper is the so-called objective test, in which the candidate simply checks off the answers. There can be no question that objective tests have been refined until they are increasingly successful in their primary task of measuring achievement and predicting future success. The difficulty is that they have entered the classroom. Schools can purchase objective tests designed for any standard course or text. This relieves teachers of the burden of concocting their own questions and reduces correction to the purely mechanical process of checking off the right answers.

The results of the abandonment of writing have been appalling. In 1955 a College Board committee tried out simple essay questions on several hundred freshmen recently admitted to top-ranking colleges. At least 80 per cent of the candi-

dates failed, and about 40 per cent failed abysmally. They did not know how to analyze a problem, or how to relate what they knew to it, or how to hitch one limping sentence to another in ordered sequence.

Objective tests have little place in a properly run history course for academically competent students. They imply that knowing history is simply a matter of guessing the right answer, and they suggest that there are simple right and wrong answers to complex problems. Above all, they encourage teachers to evade their obligation to share with English teachers the duty of teaching effective writing.

With the increasing awareness that American education has slighted the gifted, there has been a return to written tests. All the tests given, for instance, in the Advanced Placement Program of the College Entrance Examination Board are primarily written. So far, however, this program affects only the ablest students in the strongest schools. Even in this privileged area there has been too little serious thought about what written tests should do. Here is a question asked in a famous Eastern preparatory school:

Describe the four reasons for the Seven Years' War.

The first "the" gives this question away. The boy answering it has been taught that there are four official causes of the Seven Years' War and now is asked simply to hand them back. A question in history or social studies should be so designed that it encourages the candidate to write something approaching an essay. Furthermore, the answer should be judged for its quality as an essay, as well as for historical content.

Generalizations are fruitless unless supported. So essay questions should ask for facts, hard facts, but insist that they be related to the question. Students are tempted to parade what they remember, regardless of relevance. They should lose credit if they have not *aimed* the facts at the problem under discussion.

Some teachers, although agreeing that the essay question has its uses, fear that without testing on specific details students will not learn facts. Yet testing nothing but facts encourages the notion that they are important in isolation. A teacher can get across the idea that facts are vital only insofar as they have significance by the use of short written questions such as the following:

Explain the interrelationships between FOUR of the following pairs:

- 1) Lenin :: Mensheviks
- 2) Poland :: Danzig
- 3) Five Year Plan :: Kulaks
- 4) Beer Hall Putsch :: March on Rome
- 5) Munich Conference :: Self-determination

These keep emphasis on the generalizations which tie facts together, rather than on rote knowledge. Each is designed to produce a little essay, in which skill in written expression, judgment, and ingenuity count.

Effective essay questions do not just happen. They have to be devised with many factors in mind: what the students have studied in class and outside, how far advanced they are, how much time is allowed, just how much progress toward a new juxtaposition of material can be fairly demanded, whether the directions are clear and understandable.

Phrasing is immensely important. A certain element of challenge can release the floodgates and make a student write better than he thought he could. Consider these two questions:

Explain the effects of the Emancipation Proclamation.

Describe what you consider to be three principal causes of the War of 1812.

There is nothing especially wrong with these, but you can nudge the pupil toward setting up an argument rather than just retelling what he knows by presenting paradoxes:

"The Emancipation Proclamation did not free a single slave." Is this true?

Explain why the War for Seamen's Rights was opposed in maritime Massachusetts and supported in inland Kentucky.

It is easy to go off the track. Here is a former College Board question which turned out badly:

How did Hamilton and Jefferson disagree on economic and political questions? Show why two political parties developed out of the conflict.

The trouble with this was that most candidates wrote not one essay but two, failing to tie together the two parts of the question. It would have been an improvement to have hitched them together in the question:

"Out of the disagreement between Hamilton and Jefferson on economic and political questions developed two political parties." Explain this quotation.

It is important to remember that the way students are tested often determines how they will study. There is almost universal testimony from teachers that pupils will study less hard for an objective than an essay test, if only because in the former there is always the hope of guessing the answer. But assume two equally conscientious students putting in equal time on the same material, one studying for an essay test and the other for an objective test. You will find that they are likely to tackle their reviewing quite differently.

The objective test, with its many items — a hundred responses an hour is standard — tends to put emphasis on particular facts or concepts, so the student prepares as he might for a quiz-kid program. The essay examination emphasizes the larger picture, and to do well the student must grasp the main ideas and relate details to them.

It is often a useful practice to give out essay questions in advance. If these are chosen with care, the students will usually study with more purpose than if left to their own devices. One could fairly well take care of the period of the 1920s in American history by telling a class that it will be asked to assess one or the other of the following quotations:

“The business of America is business.”

— Calvin Coolidge

“America has evaded her responsibilities as a world power, and has retreated into a sullen and selfish isolationism.”

— Woodrow Wilson

Essay questions usually involve exposition, but they can also be used to stimulate the imagination. Each of the following questions has produced answers which revealed that some students could project themselves into the past and think in terms of a society alien in space, time, or culture:

Assume yourself to be an Athenian peasant at the time of Solon and explain what the introduction of money had meant to you and your family.

Assume yourself to be an Athenian gentleman of the fourth century B.C. miraculously transported by a time machine to America and endowed with the ability to speak English. Explain in a connected narrative your reactions to any THREE of the following: a dinner party, a professional wrestling match, a play, Congress.

Assume yourself to be the Spanish ambassador to the court of Queen Elizabeth. Write a letter home, giving your impressions of the Queen and of her foreign policy.

The above questions were given out in advance so that the students could think out possible answers, but all the writing was done in a single class period, with no more notes than could be put on a single three by five inch card. Put under pressure, students write better than if they had time to polish.

This “you were there” type of question is especially valuable when it can be tied in with contemporary source material. Having already studied a period in texts, a class can get the feel of the times by browsing through magazines of the period. The following question was designed to create awareness of that grim era when the democ-

racies seemed helpless against the rise of totalitarianism:

Assume yourself to be someone living during the period between the Munich crisis in September, 1938, and the fall of Poland in September, 1939, and give your opinion about the future of democracy.

This produced, among other characterizations, a Nazi waiter talking to an American newspaperman in a Munich beer garden; a Polish exile in a Paris bistro; and an ex-Communist, a young man who had joined the Communist Party during the Farmers’ Holiday in 1933, while at the University of Iowa, and who was now, in September, 1939, writing to a former Comrade to explain why he had just resigned from the Party and was on his way to join the Canadian R.A.F.

The illustrations of essay questions given here have nearly all come from one school with a strong academic tradition and a selected student body. It may be argued, therefore, that the training in writing and analysis suggested is beyond the reach of the general run of students. But surely we are increasingly aware that those able to profit by rigorous academic training need special attention just as much as slow and “exceptional” children. There are many high school teachers, too, who believe that the essay test can be used with great benefit for all students within the normal range of ability. In a number of high schools, essay tests are graded by the English department as well as the social studies department.

Practical objection to the use of essay tests may come from those who point out that essay testing will impose further duties on already burdened teachers. It cannot be done, at least not well, by a teacher with a pupil load of 180 to 200, meeting twenty-five classes each week and patrolling study periods, a home room, and the school cafeteria between times. The answer is to lighten the burden, even if it costs money. In *The American High School Today*, James B. Conant recommends that the pupil load of English teachers be limited to 100 pupils in order to allow for the correcting of weekly themes. If the social studies teacher should also require constant writing, his teaching load should also be limited.

The essay test is a major means, and a far too neglected one, of teaching a pupil “to learn to argue a case and weigh evidence, to seize the point at issue, to arrange his thoughts and marshal facts to support a theory, to discover when a statement is proved and when it is not, to reason logically and express himself clearly — in fact, to play the great game of the intellect.”



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The Teaching of Reading and Writing



THE PLIGHT OF THE ENGLISH TEACHER

BY HENRY CHAUNCEY

An assistant dean at Harvard College from 1929 to 1943, HENRY CHAUNCEY worked on testing for the navy's V-12 officer-training program during World War II. From 1946 to 1948 he was director of the College Entrance Examination Board and since that time has been president of the Educational Testing Service, which administers entrance examinations for the colleges, the military service schools, the Foreign Service, and other governmental departments.

AMONG the reasons advanced for the inability of students to write, one of the most frequently cited has been the gradual decline in the use of essay tests and their replacement by objective tests, both in large-scale programs like the College Board examinations and in individual classrooms.

The two main arguments against objective testing go like this: First, a student may pass an objective test even though he can barely write his own name, because objective tests do not in fact test writing ability. They do not measure the ability to draw together material from one's own experience, organize it, and create a balanced piece of writing. The only way to evaluate a person's ability to write is to read what he has written. Second, objective tests have a negative effect on the curriculum, since the absence of the specter of essay examinations is resulting in English teachers' giving up the effort of teaching writing. And students, ever pragmatic, will no longer put in time mastering a skill they are not required to use. Conversely, if essay tests predominated, students would be motivated to write more, teachers would teach more writing, and better writing would result. Finally, of course, the best writers would invariably be correctly identified.

The College Board first administered a series of objective tests to scholarship candidates in April,

1937, and reported the results in May. This experiment, with its several practical advantages, was successful from the beginning. As the original group of scholarship students progressed through college, it became evident that prediction of college achievement based on objective tests was as accurate as that based on essay examinations, and, more important, the tests, with their wide coverage and freedom from a prescribed syllabus, were much fairer to public school students and those from different parts of the country.

During World War II, when colleges instituted summer sessions and the essay examinations could not be read in time to admit students, the scholarship tests became the admissions tests, administered several times a year. After the war there seemed little justification for resuming the cumbersome, expensive, and less revealing essay examinations, especially in view of the great increase in the number of students.

Since the war there has been an unstinting effort to find some essay material that would prove as valuable as the objective tests, especially in measuring writing ability. One study of considerable significance involving several years of experimentation was based on the premise that the single most accurate and comprehensive available evaluation of a student's ability to write would

be that made by his English teacher, who has read everything he has written over a period of a year or more. Therefore, English teachers in six good private schools were asked to rate their students on factors like mechanics, style, organization, reasoning, and content.

To determine what kind of test gave the most similar appraisal of the students, the ratings were compared with their scores on three measures: the College Board General Composition Test, an objective test of writing ability, and an objective verbal aptitude test. Both in overall ratings and on specific qualities there was a low degree of correlation between the teachers' ratings and the individuals' scores on the composition test, but a considerably higher correlation of the teachers' ratings and the scores on both the objective test of writing ability and the verbal aptitude test. The objective tests, that is, agreed more closely with the teachers in identifying good and poor writers than the essay test did. When the students took all three tests a second time, their scores on the objective tests remained almost the same, while their scores on the essay test differed rather widely from those received the first time. Thus, the objective tests were both more accurate and more consistent in identifying the students' abilities.

Why is it that essay tests, which on the surface are so attractive, turn in such a disappointing performance when their results are checked systematically against the experience of teachers?

Students writing on the same question are not running the same race. One finds the question to his liking, gets off to a good start, and completes his answer in fine style, while a second student whose writing is equally good may make half a dozen false starts before he realizes that the time is almost up, whereupon he muddles his way through in a panic. One student may handle the question in a simple, cautious, but correct manner, while another tackles it more ambitiously but less accurately. One will glide fluently away from the issue at hand, concealing a lack of information under a genuinely skillful pen, while another will set down a mass of relevant detail in awkward and stilted fashion.

Such problems would be unimportant if an adequate sample of each student's writing could be obtained. But only a few topics can be covered by the six or eight questions possible in even a three-hour essay examination, and numerous studies have demonstrated that they do not give adequate evidence of the real ability of the student.

However, if the essay examinations are somewhat unreliably written, they are even less reliably read. The basic problem is that teachers do not even agree with themselves when they read pa-

pers, much less with other readers. In one study, for example, an eighth-grade composition was graded twice by 28 teachers. Fifteen who gave it passing marks the first time failed it on the second round, while 11 who failed it the first time passed it the second. As for different readers' opinions of the same paper, they have on occasion provided grades ranging from 50 to 98 on the same paper, as read by 142 teachers.

Such discrepancies might justifiably be attributed to poor reading in the case of inexperienced readers and to a lack of uniform criteria to be used in judging papers consistently. Even under controlled conditions, however, the situation is not much better. The problem of estimating writing ability in, for example, the College Board examinations is tremendously difficult, with 150-odd readers grading more than 75 thousand papers and with only a small sample of each student's writing available. To keep 150 readers grading according to a common standard is essential but well-nigh impossible. In spite of the fact that they are a highly selected group of teachers — expert readers brought together under one roof and given a day's training and practice in grading sample papers before they start on the examinations, and then supervised closely by veteran "table leaders" whose sole function is to iron out problems of consistency in grading — they still do not agree enough to permit one to view the resulting grades with confidence.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the ability to write is one of the essential goals of education, and the major cause of poor writing is insufficient practice. I am convinced, nonetheless, that the lack of practice stems not from the nature of the examinations currently in use but from the extreme shortage of teachers and the ever-increasing number of students. If we could even remotely approach the ratio of one teacher per hundred pupils, as Dr. Conant has urged, schools could require enough writing to provide the practice essential to improvement, and teachers would have time to read the papers carefully and make constructive comments. But under present teaching loads assignments of written work are dwindling, and in the future they may be cut even further.

The average English teacher meets 175 students daily in five classes. If he should assign one paper a week to each class, he would then spend four hours a night seven nights a week and most of Saturday and Sunday afternoons just correcting papers. No letup is in sight, moreover, since tomorrow's high school students are already, as one writer has put it, "bulging out the walls of

some elementary schools," and there will be four million more students, 50 per cent more, in high school in 1965 than there were in 1959. Any stop-gap measures to counteract current overcrowding would be both exorbitant and, by the time they could be effected, obsolete. In Chicago, for example, it would cost the school system about \$2 million annually to reduce the teacher-pupil ratio to one to a hundred, even now. By the time it was done, the larger classes would be entering.

It is conditions like these which severely handicap teachers in teaching writing. Students need frequent practice in various types of writing, under close supervision, with constructive comments on specific points. The lack of time for correcting papers is the chief drawback for the teacher, and it results in the lack of individual attention which is the chief drawback for the students.

There is, however, a way to relieve this problem, through the use of an extremely valuable and largely untapped resource — namely, college-educated housewives, to function as lay readers. The systematic use of lay readers would enable women who are well educated and who have good English training to work under the teachers' supervision and provide the close attention to individual writing problems that is so badly needed. Teachers would be rescued from the avalanche of papers and would be able to assign considerably more written work.

An experiment using lay readers has been carried out during the last two years by Paul Diederich of the Educational Testing Service under a grant from the Fund for the Advancement of Education. The study has included sixteen cities this year, where readers were selected from among the women college graduates, many of them with former teaching or secretarial experience, and given tests of verbal aptitude and of ability to correct and grade papers. The final candidates were all interviewed to obtain readers who would work well with the individual teachers. Each reader was assigned to assist one teacher, usually in two classes. The readers then practiced reading several sample papers, grading and annotating them, discussing each step with the teachers, and comparing their own reactions with copies previously graded by other teachers, before starting to handle the work of the classes.

The many advantages of using lay readers have been apparent to all concerned. Teachers have felt relieved by the knowledge that a competent, careful reader was making appropriate notes and constructive comments on each paper, and they

have been encouraged to undertake more writing instruction in their classes. In Detroit, one school assigned twenty papers per semester and one nineteen, which meant at least one paper a week. In general, the readers have worked harmoniously and enthusiastically with the teachers, taking a strong personal interest in the progress of the students. They have frequently attended classes when the papers were returned and have been readily available for conferences with the students.

Much has been written about the plight of the educated housewife who feels trapped by the lack of intellectual stimulation and inability to serve the community constructively. Acting as a lay reader combines the convenience of working at home, usually while one's own children are in school, with needed service in the educational world. It provides the kind of link between the schools and the community that is highly desirable. Yet the cost to schools is only about \$500 yearly per reader, on the basis of 25 cents per short paper, 10 cents for checking rewritten work, and \$1.50 per hour for student conferences and correcting long papers.

In addition to improving writing by providing more practice, it may be possible to develop somewhat more effective methods of teaching English. Recently the College Board has established a Commission on English to make a study of the nature of the curriculum and various means of increasing its effectiveness. In this way it should be possible to make available to all English teachers the best thinking on curriculum content and teaching methods, so that they can make the most of each hour of teaching.

Communication is one of the most prized and expensive areas of American enterprise today, particularly in the commercial world. We are an amazingly, sometimes exhaustingly verbal nation, constantly exhorted through journalism, advertising, and the media of entertainment and edification to talk out our problems, whether they are personal, interpersonal, national, or international. Yet the art of written communication, which is clear thinking clearly expressed, appears to be disappearing rapidly. To educate our student population so that each individual can learn to express his ideas, no matter how limited or abstruse they may be, is hardly too lofty a goal. To accomplish it requires a tremendous concerted effort toward providing our students with opportunities to write frequently, under competent supervision, and within the framework of a creative curriculum.

The Teaching of Reading and Writing



TEACHING READING

BY ROBERT L. FILBIN

Principal of the three elementary schools in Lincoln, Massachusetts,

ROBERT L. FILBIN has also had experience as a classroom teacher. For four years he successfully directed an experimental reading program in Peterborough, New Hampshire, and he is currently directing a similar program in the Lincoln schools.

IT HAS been estimated that about one third of the children in the early years of school have some difficulty in mastering reading, writing, and spelling. Some of the causes are low intelligence, illness, poor eyesight, partial deafness, malnutrition, fatigue, immaturity, lack of interest, emotional blocking, and poor teaching. There are in addition a group of children representing 10 to 20 per cent of the school population who have none of these problems. Their reading failure comes from specific language disability.

The mother of an extremely intelligent thirteen-year-old boy recently told me, "Bill did poorly in reading in the first grade. His teacher said not to worry, that he would probably catch on next year. At the end of the second grade his teacher remarked that he still hadn't caught on but that he had finished with the first reader and next year would probably be a better year for him. Next year came and went. The teacher's comments were, 'Well, he is below grade level in reading and spelling, but he has such a winning smile and personality they will carry him a long way.' By the end of his fourth year, he was so hopelessly behind that we had to seek outside help. It has taken a long time, but he is finally able to cope with the reading at his present grade level. His spelling is still unreliable, however, and he has difficulty keeping up with his written work."

Bill is typical of many intelligent youngsters

who have specific language disability. They do not respond to the "look-say" method of reading and spelling instruction which has been used in our schools for years. This method teaches children a memorized vocabulary of a hundred or so words and then gives them brightly illustrated primers which use the words over and over again. Some of the reading failures wind up in our mental health clinics or, if they are fortunate and an alert family or school physician is on the job, they are referred to the language clinics. Here, if they have no physical or mental problem which is interfering with their ability to learn, they are taught reading and spelling according to an alphabetic-phonetic approach by specially trained teachers. Hundreds of case studies from these clinics show that this method works very successfully.

Parents and teachers who have seen the results of such instruction immediately raise the question, "Why wasn't this done before?" The answer is simple. Most teachers have not been trained to teach children who have special difficulties with reading and spelling. They are taught to teach reading according to the manuals of the commercial reading texts which are used in the schools. As a matter of fact, the bulk of new teachers coming out of schools of education and teacher-training institutions have had only one course in the teaching of reading and possibly one in the teach-

ing of the so-called language arts — spelling, grammar, and composition. Yet at the primary and elementary level, reading is one of the most important things they teach.

When a teacher has difficulty in teaching a child, she sends an S O S to the principal or to the reading supervisor, if there is one. The child may get some help in a small group or individually outside of the classroom. Usually this is a patch-up kind of job, and the youngster is sent back to the classroom when it is over. Sometimes he holds his own for a while, and then new problems come up. By this time, the person doing remedial work (who is already overworked) has to set up a list of priorities. Perhaps there is someone who is worse off, and then the child who received help initially must wait. In the meantime, his problem becomes greater. With the work load that most remedial teachers have to carry, it is impossible for them to give all the required help to all of the children needing it.

The classroom teacher can do one of three things with regard to these particular children: ignore them, give them more of the same, or determine what their problems are and use techniques required to deal with them.

There has been a decided change in the viewpoint of some leaders in the field of reading instruction. The attitude now is that, if the results of reading instruction are to be improved, the classroom teacher is going to have to develop new teaching techniques.

In the past four years, a group of teachers in the Peterborough, New Hampshire, schools have developed a screening program in the first grade to identify children who might experience failure in reading and spelling. Sixty children so identified have been taught reading and spelling according to an alphabetic-phonetic approach, within the classroom, by the classroom teachers, as a regular reading group. The children are taught simple consonant sounds and one or two short vowel sounds. When these letters are known by their names and sounds and the children can write the letters which make the sounds, they can make them into words. This is synthetic phonics. Slowly, new letters and letter combinations are introduced, and new words are added and finally used in sentences. The children have responded to this program extremely well, and at present the group which have been through four years of instruction are reading and spelling well up to their ability levels. The town of Lincoln, Massachusetts, initiated a similar program last year, which has also shown surprising results.

In Honolulu, Hawaii, more than five thousand pupils in private and parochial schools have been taught to read and spell phonetically. Recent

test scores of children in grades one to eight show that these children are substantially above U.S. norms in both reading and spelling.

The majority of children *can* learn to read and spell well if they are taught phonetically and are given practice in sight vocabulary and applied phonics.

During the past twenty years or so, the schools have not done much to develop a spelling consciousness in children. Spelling words have been taught in lists. A weekly test is used as a means of seeing how well the words have been learned. Most children do very well on weekly tests but fall down in their written work a few weeks later.

Last year a spelling curriculum based on the alphabetic-phonetic approach was introduced in the Lincoln schools. Children were taught sounds and spelling rules over a period of seven weeks. As the program developed, fewer errors were made. After seven weeks' work, the class had reduced the total number of mistakes from two hundred per test of twenty words to only twenty-four.

This method of spelling instruction is suitable for all children. It classifies words in three groups: 1) those which can be spelled phonetically, 2) those which can be spelled according to a rule or generalization, 3) nonphonetic words, which must be learned and to which no rule or generalization can be applied. This method cuts down drastically on the memory load.

Before there is any great improvement in the quality of reading and spelling instruction more attention will have to be given to it. Student teaching experiences should acquaint beginning teachers with different reading problems and ways of dealing with them in the classroom. Teachers must be provided with adequate teaching materials to do the job. They must be allowed time to evaluate what they are doing as a group and to work on ways of improving it. Some of this can be done after school hours, but there must be more acceptance of the idea of released time for in-service training, and evaluation, at least comparable to that which is used in modern business organizations.

The schools are in need of a tremendous reorganization in terms of curriculum and the more effective use of teaching personnel. In such a reorganization, more opportunity should be made for experimentation. The majority of teachers are willing to accept new ideas if they are given the opportunity. They know when children are not meeting with success and usually try desperately to help. If they do not know how and they do not have the help they need, then they have no alternatives other than to fail the child or to send him on to the next teacher with a silent prayer that everything will be all right next year.

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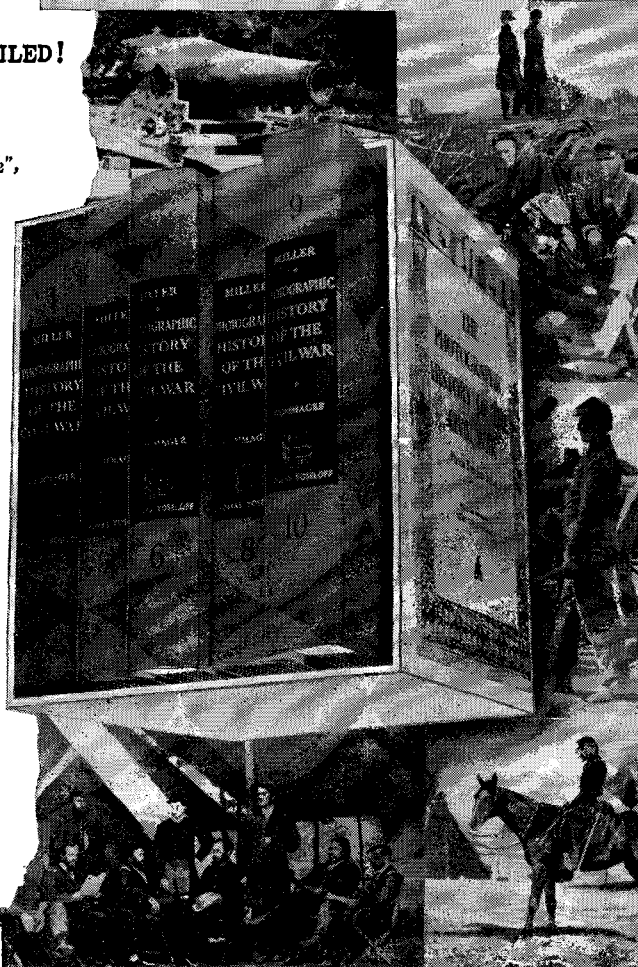
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The Teaching of Reading and Writing



SOLOMON OR SALAMI

BY HELEN R. LOWE

A native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Smith College, HELEN R. LOWE is married and is the mother of two daughters. Over the past twenty years she has worked with nearly one thousand students, of all ages, who are in academic difficulty. She thus has had an excellent opportunity to make the observations which follow.

READING is more than a skill. It is an illuminating, enlarging, and quickening experience, to which the majority of our high school and many of our college graduates are strangers. They read of their own volition hardly at all, often little beyond the newspapers, a few magazines, and an occasional best seller. Moreover, of those who reach the high school level, we are told that only 15 to 20 per cent prove, on the basis of tests and cumulative school records, to be capable of a rigorous secondary school or college preparatory program.

To learn something of the causes, the character, and the consequences of what has happened to the teaching of reading and writing let us go straight to the evidence — to the students themselves — and we shall see that many more of them than you think, more of them than you are willing to believe, do not know how to read, in any sense of the word.

The misreadings which follow were recorded objectively and accurately just as they fell from the lips of students of excellent and often superior abilities. These incredible dislocations of sound and sense are not presented for their shock value. They are errors made by tenth-, eleventh-, and twelfth-grade students, taken at random from approximately a hundred thousand similar misreadings from the first grade to the college level:

WORD USED	WORD READ
delicacy	delinquency
bivouac	bifocals
timid	diminished
groceryman	clergyman
hurricane	hammer
bos'n	cow
neurosurgeon	trapeze
phosphate	phosphorus
hydride	hydroxide
God knows	good news
antiseptic	adhesive
Oxonian	example
inert	inherent
industrial	international
imbecility	implicitly
Solomon	salami

In addition to these spectacular distortions, most students make many less startling errors, through constant deviations in tenses and pronouns and by omissions, interpolations, paraphrases, conjectures, and complete improvisations, so that paragraph after paragraph reaches their minds garbled, blurred, altered, vitiated — and ungrammatical.

Consider the effect of this kind of reading, not merely upon the comprehension of content but upon the capacity to think at all, about anything.

This is the reading, remember, of students who pass standardized reading tests. Some of these errors, indeed, were made by students who passed College Entrance Board Aptitude Tests.

No matter how admirable the program or how brilliant the teacher, in every class composed of so-called average students or those who have been identified as academically talented there will be a substantial number of students who read more or less like this. Although some improvement can now be observed in the lower elementary grades, there are thousands upon thousands of these handicapped students still to march on up to the secondary school level.

Regardless of the marks achieved in tests, these students have no conception of reading as an experience that carries them beyond themselves, lights a light that never goes out, and opens doors that never close again. They do not read. This is not to say that they are incapable of reading. What they have been taught is not reading.

I remember a sixteen-year-old boy who could not read coherently at all. I forced him into *The Caine Mutiny*, got him to blunder and stumble along with me and my impassioned comment for seven or eight weeks. One night he came in with a copy of the book which he had bought for himself and stammered, "I can't really read it by myself yet at home the way we do here, but, Mrs. Lowe, I know now that it's there."

What children know as reading is a difficult, tedious, complicated, confusing, time-consuming, uninteresting, and unserviceable exercise in visual recall, association, surmise, invention, prediction, paraphrase, substitution, and interpolation or omission at will — all blighted by an incessant striving for speed. This uncoordinated exertion mutilates or even obliterates the meaning of the writer. Communication between mind and mind is not even glimpsed as a goal, since the reader decides, instead of discovering, what this meaning may be.

The essence of the matter is not that reading has not been taught, although indeed it has not, but rather that something has been taught which is not reading. Imposed upon the majority of the students of high school and college age today is a perverse and illogical concept of a word as a visual symbol of meaning instead of as a symbol, by grace of the letters which compose it, of the sound which conveys the meaning.

We are not dealing with the practical handicap of slow and unskillful reading but with a disabling and deforming of the learning powers of many of the brightest. This constant distortion of sense by readers at all levels, sometimes slight, sometimes so grotesque and farfetched that it must be recorded to be believed the next day, is not detected as such

by standardized reading and vocabulary tests nor reflected significantly and consistently in test ratings. Although the test may give the disabled reader an appropriately low rating, the test scores give no indication of the character of the disability and fail to make it clear that there is no consistent correlation between the test rating and the student's native intelligence.

TO LEARN something about what it is that has been substituted for reading, let us look at one example. Phil is ten, a handsome, bright-faced boy, responsive but a little diffident, and just perceptibly uncertain when he begins to read. The book is an easy, lively story about a boy who went to visit his uncle in Texas and had an exciting and surprising series of adventures while learning what it takes to make a cowboy — small, medium, or large. Phil read without any hesitation, "He didn't eat quite as much supper as he usually did."

I stopped him casually to ask, "How do you spell *supper*, Phil?"

"S-u-p-p-e-r," he told me instantly. "Now, look at the word you read *supper*," I suggested. He looked intently at the word my pencil touched. "*Dinner*," he said. "I said *supper*, not *dinner*."

"Why did you?" I asked.

He replied, "In the story the father was home, and he wouldn't have come home for dinner, would he?"

"Do you have your dinner at night or at noon?" I inquired.

"At noon," Phil replied, with more animation now. "You see, it really was supper."

Two matters took precedence in Phil's mind over the word in the book, the word *dinner*. These were Phil's own meal schedule and his assumption that although the story explicitly stated that the little boy's father was at home and that what he was served was dinner, Phil was not merely free but obligated to reason out, on the basis of his own experience, whether that meal was dinner or supper. He decided in favor of supper, and he read *supper*. This is called making reading full of meaning.

Once I had a second-grader read "We went into the elephant house" as "We went into the elephant cage." I pointed out that h-o-u-s-e did not spell *cage*. She looked at me with bright consideration. "Elephants don't live in houses," she informed me, to settle that.

Ten-year-old boys who read like this, adapting the text to their own experience, their own expectations, their own limitations, and their own ignorance, arrive at the secondary school level with undisciplined minds and a lot of misinformation.

tion. But these are direct consequences, which do show up in reading tests, although no light is shed upon them by the test scores. The far graver effects of this kind of reading, if it is to be called reading, are not so obvious. There is clear and abundant evidence that this dislocation of word and meaning carries over to other areas of learning. In the field of mathematics, students are handicapped not only by their inability to read problems, a sizable handicap in itself, but by the very habits of mind which induced their reading disability. They surmise where they should calculate and predict where they should reason. They pursue their studies in a bizarre kind of confusion unguessed at by those who have never explored it.

Lawrence's baffling problem is an instance in point. This boy's difficulty was with intermediate algebra, which he was repeating. The whole business of algebra was completely meaningless to this sensitive and studious boy, of good but not remarkable intelligence. His unhappy and unsuccessful efforts to make the not very difficult calculations required were, clearly, confused stabs of memory, without relevance or reason. He had industriously memorized the formulas for arithmetic and geometric progressions, but he did not know what a progression was. Lawrence did not understand what I was talking about when I tried to show him how to use reason instead of memory. He was not aware of what it was he did, what it was I wanted him to do, or of any essential difference between the two. I made up a very simple free-association test of the conventional sort, using familiar, neutral words like *house, cold, food*. I explained the various uses of such tests and the significance of the delayed response. I told him that I should not tell him my purpose in giving him the test until after he had taken it.

He was quick and responsive, as he always was with new material. He gave me a beautiful series of responses of the most obvious and stereotyped kind to twenty-two of the twenty-five words. Three of his responses were very much delayed. He was keenly interested in these and commented, after some thought, "I was trying to think of sensible words that I liked instead of just saying the first one that came into my head." Then I could make my point — that his difficulty with algebra was rooted deep in his response to it exactly as though it were an association test. Lawrence looked at me for a long minute, then burst out, "But — but that's exactly what I've been doing in physics, and, I can see it now, in history, too! I always thought that remembering something quickly was *knowing*." Just as he had believed — just as he had been taught — that saying what was suggested by words was reading.

Lawrence passed his intermediate algebra examination.

It is of critical importance that we see the connection between the revival of the effective teaching of reading and writing and the genuine restoration of learning. A survey of the recent books and magazine articles dealing with education will disclose little awareness of the relation between the dire straits in which American education finds itself and the failure to reveal to the American student the power and glory of the word. The various proposals for the reorganization of our educational structure evidence little concern for the student, take little interest in his personal hopes or disappointments, nor do they manifest any respect for his desire to make his own choices and decisions.

Particularly misleading, although often extraordinarily plausible and exciting, are those proposals to reorganize and reanimate our educational system without candidly and clearly defining or admitting the primary purpose they will serve or indicating to whose advantage they will really operate. Most people who are working in the field of education would answer that classic, illuminating, inconvenient question, *Cui bono?* — For what purpose? For whose benefit? — with an almost emotional, probably slightly affronted, "For the benefit of the child. What else?"

Well, what else? Before we leap hurriedly onto the new bandwagon and hurtle off, according to pedagogic protocol, in several directions, we should look long and thoughtfully at the bandwagon and where it is going. We should ask, temperately but insistently, *Cui bono?*

The new bandwagon carries some odd and unpredictable characters. Many of them only two or three years ago were declaiming with imperturbable unanimity that children read more today and better than their parents ever did. Those who questioned this were characterized as reactionaries, the lunatic fringe, mysteriously motivated troublemakers, hostile to our system of public education. Ernest O. Melby, former dean of the School of Education at New York University, recently asserted that in the field of public education the elementary schools have done the best job, the junior high schools the next best, and the high schools the poorest. How can the secondary schools conceivably do a good job teaching the warped material that comes to them from the lower schools? How teach English literature, for example, to students who read *lazy* as *snowing*, *mill bells* as *noodles*, *dish towel* as *sweater*, *attractive* as *several*, *remember* as *rabbit*, *apples* as *scissors*, and *lieutenant* as *lunatic*?

A point that must be made is that a student who reads like this reads everything like this, to a greater or lesser degree, and if he can be induced to make his errors faster, not much has really been accomplished.

The failure of the American educational system to provide the high-caliber trained manpower now suddenly become urgently necessary should not be equated with the inability of American schools to do this. A staggering number of illiterates were discovered among the men drafted during World War II, but when a man is found to be unable to read there are at least two reasonable assumptions: one, that he is incapable of learning, and the other, that he has not been taught. The assertion that only 15 to 20 per cent of the students reaching our high schools today are able to handle effectively a first-class secondary program should also be explored to see whether this 15 to 20 per cent is not actually the measure of the product rather than of the material, with many more potentially capable of learning at this level, which after all is not so very advanced.

We should not permit ourselves to be misdirected by the assumption that aptitude for learning above the elementary level is relatively rare — a flat statement astonishingly made in one of the most vigorous, forthright, and honest among the current spate of books about education in the United States. This statement cannot be disregarded simply because we do not like it. Certainly, however, as Robert Hutchins has pointed out, if no more than a small percentage of the students in our schools are educable, in the commonly accepted sense of the word, we must reconsider the implications of universal suffrage.

There have been three decades of almost imperceptible, progressive deterioration in the purposes of our system of public education. This system, unperfected, experimental, inadequate always to the tremendous problems thrust upon it by territorial expansion, immigration, industrial

development, new mediums of communication and transportation, and the expanding bounds of human knowledge, nevertheless kept its sturdy wagon hitched to that bright star which shone far beyond the limits of the United States — equal opportunity, equal educational opportunity for everyone. Now, the fact that we did not follow our star all the way to our high goal discredits neither us nor the wagon nor the star.

We believed in the human mind, we believed in it passionately, and we believed in it practically. We believed that a nation which developed all its intellectual resources, the mind in every man, would inevitably be greater than a country which developed the abilities of a selected few. We were not so unrealistic as to believe, in spite of the noble words of the Declaration, that all men were born with equal intelligence. We did hold fast down through the years to our clear purpose of guaranteeing, to the best of our ability, to everyone who wished it, the opportunity to learn. No matter how many mistakes we made, how much we left undone, the common understanding of the common man was that schooling was inalienably his and that his opportunity to take advantage of this would be impeded only by his circumstances and his personal limitations, never by the decision of the school itself. Equal opportunity neither promises nor produces equal achievement, and who on earth ever thought it did?

Today, to work out practical plans to afford such equality of opportunity is of incalculable difficulty; the solution, however, within the framework of the American idea, cannot be to bypass the problem by classifying the average student as an uneducable dullard and assigning him by electronic decision to his proper station in life and learning in these United States. We cannot leave him to surmise, "All opportunities are equal, but some opportunities are more equal than others."

Without reading, there is no opportunity.

What are nine of the best stores in America offering in their Christmas Catalogues this year?

Let the *Atlantic* send you the 1959 Christmas Catalogues of these stores at no obligation.

NINE STORES are running advertisements in the *Atlantic* this fall and winter.

We looked at their names the other day, and we were proud that they had chosen the *Atlantic*, because they could well be called nine of the best stores in America.

Abercrombie & Fitch. J. E. Caldwell & Co. Georg Jensen, Inc. Mark Cross. J. Press, Inc. F. A. O. Schwarz. Shreve Crump & Low Co. Steuben Glass. Thaibok Fabrics, Ltd. It's quite a list.

It occurred to us that our readers might appreciate the Christmas Catalogues of these great stores as a sort of pre-Christmas shopping guide.

We talked to each of the stores, and they very kindly agreed to make their catalogues available. Just send in the post card next to this page, and we will send you the 1959 Christmas Catalogues of any or all of these great American stores.

Merry Christmas!

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

Abercrombie & Fitch continues to maintain its reputation as "the greatest sporting goods store in the world."

Their 1959 Christmas Catalogue includes camping and barbecue equipment, men's and women's sportswear, guns and fishing tackle, binoculars and cameras, games and books, carving sets and bar accessories, and many other gift categories.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

J. E. Caldwell & Co., famous Philadelphia jewelers, have been in business on Chestnut Street for 120 continuous years.

The Caldwell Gift Book displays a superb selection of watches, rings, bracelets, charms, purses, men's jewelry, sterling silver, glassware, china, and stationery, as well as a host of other attractive gifts.

GEORG JENSEN, INC.

Georg Jensen has been a proud part of the great Fifth Avenue tradition for many years.

Jensen's new Christmas Catalogue displays a wide range of fine silver, glassware, furniture, china, jewelry for men and women, table decorations, watches and clocks, and other lovely gift possibilities.

MARK CROSS

Mark Cross has been offering the finest leather goods since 1945.

The 1959 Mark Cross Christmas Catalogue displays a broad range of luggage and travel accessories, ladies' handbags and accessories, men's billfolds, wallets and attaché cases, household and bar gifts, and office and desk furnishings.

J. PRESS, INC.

J. Press has set a standard for gentlemen's clothes since its founding in 1902.

The J. Press Fall and Winter Catalogue presents an elegant assortment of men's clothing: suits, shirts, neckties, overcoats, sport jackets, hats, and brushed wool sweaters for both men and women.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ

In 1862, "the world's most famous toy store" was born, and it has remained that ever since.

More than one thousand toys are shown in the 1959 F. A. O. Schwarz Christmas Catalogue. These toys are simply and accurately displayed so that you will know exactly what is offered. Many toys have been imported from foreign countries.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.

Shreve, Crump & Low has been a Boston tradition since 1800.

Shreve's new Christmas Catalogue offers you outstanding collections of fine jewelry, precious gems, silver, china, crystal, clocks, watches, stationery, and fine antiques. Everything from small tokens to magnificent pieces.

STEUBEN GLASS

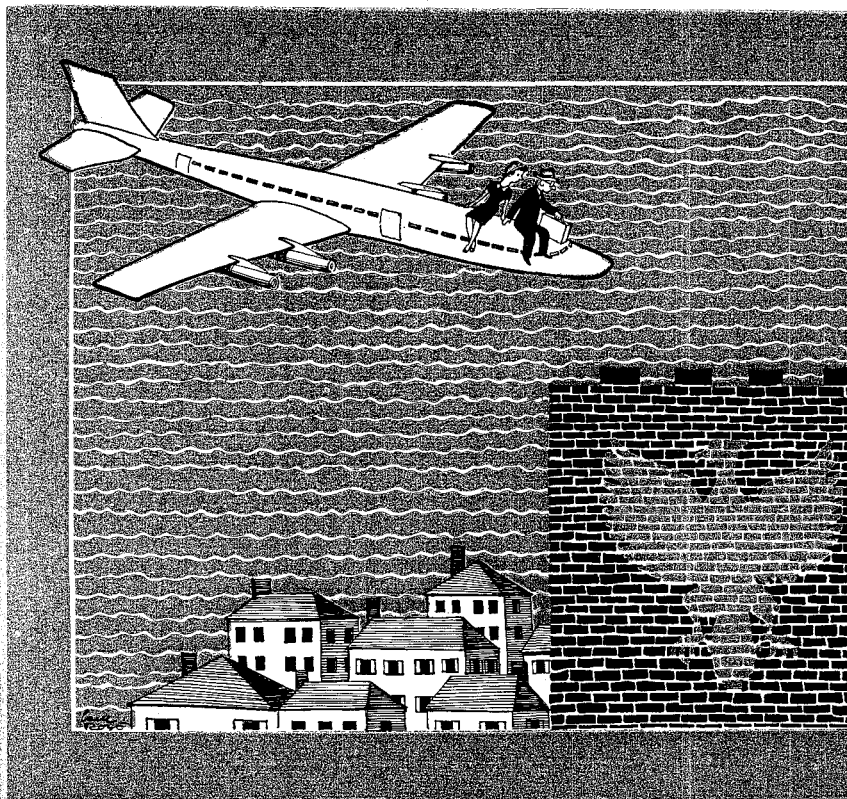
Steuben Glass has taken its place as one of the great and enduring American art forms.

The 1959 Steuben Christmas Catalogue lets the lovely crystal pieces speak for themselves. Among these pieces are bowls, vases, water glasses, wine glasses, and ash trays, and magnificent ornamental pieces.

THAIBOK FABRICS, LTD.

Thaibok brings to Americans magnificent hand-woven Siamese silks, famous for their color and design.

The Christmas Gift Booklet shows how these materials are suitable for draperies, slip covers, upholstering, wall coverings, throws, and so forth. Also shown is a wide range of accessories — stoles, silk squares, blouses and purses for ladies; neckties, cummerbunds, bow ties, scarves, and shirts for gentlemen.



Accent on Living

THE superlatives applied by our various friends to the Hotel Aviz in Lisbon did indeed lead us to expect great things of it. Such language as "the best of them all," "finest in the world," "in a class by itself" — these are not findings frequently heard from the returned traveler, and there were enough of them laid down for the Aviz to excite one's curiosity. Not the least of the incentives to see for one's self was the inability of all hands to say just what made the Aviz so irresistible. "All I can tell you is that it is something very special in the way of hotels," a friend wrote me, "and I know you will agree." Others were just as vague. No, it wasn't especially the food, although the restaurant was superb, nor the rooms, nor any particular way of doing things. We should have to see the place, and then it would become clear.

My wife and I decided to invest our first two nights on the Continent in the Aviz, and it all proved to be true: an extraordinarily subtle, complicated, and civilized environment, like that of no other hotel that we had ever experienced. It was probably a mistake to begin a European sojourn with the Aviz, for it made the hotels that followed seem alike and relatively uninteresting,

but there was no way of fitting Portugal into our itinerary except by making it our first stop, and so it was that we drove up to the Aviz's door one August Sunday morning. We were tired by the overnight flight from Boston, annoyed by P.A.A.'s mislaying of some luggage, but the respect in the taxi driver's voice was noteworthy. "And here," he said as we turned into the short driveway, "the Hotel Aviz."

Externally, the Aviz looks like what it originally was: a spacious and luxurious town house, the former home of some Lisbon plutocrat. Its grounds are more or less concealed by flowers and profusely blossoming vines, surrounded by a high fence of iron palings. The house is more in the vertical than in the horizontal plane, and its effect of reaching into the heights is enhanced by its location on a rocky elevation in the highest part of the grounds. The architecture seemed indeterminate to me, but I was impressed by a long, broad chimney, which dominated the front and on which a huge heraldic eagle was depicted in a pattern of blue bricks. The Aviz is not large, containing only some twenty-five to thirty rooms and suites in all, units of occupancy that accommodate not more than fifty to sixty guests. I

should judge it to be the smallest hotel anywhere to possess anything like its distinguished reputation. The whole building was all but covered by a vast bougainvillea vine in full bloom, with great cascades of purple blossoms plunging from roof to garden.

From the point of arrival in the great hall of the Aviz to one's departure, it is hard to identify precisely the peculiar charm of the hotel. I was hardly expecting an ordinary Continental breakfast to provide so much satisfaction, but here, as in all else, was a perfection, an elegance, that seemed to endow commonplace occasions with a special attraction. A breakfast at the Aviz, in short, was the model of what a tray should look like, of the flower-bordered tall window where a table should be set, of the instant service that a bell push should bring from the kitchen on each floor.

One was bound to notice the linen of the Aviz, the profusion and the sumptuous quality of its hemstitching, its monogramming, but what seemed to typify the place was a table in the bathroom. The table bore a gay bouquet of pink carnations, the vase resting on a crisp doily on which I solicited my wife's expert opinion. "A very pretty bit

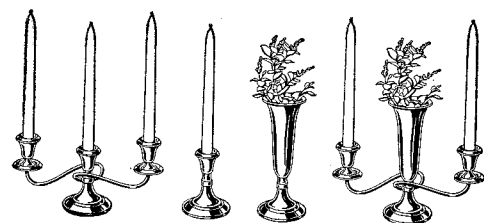


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of handwork," she said, "a really fine linen with country lace." There were, of course, flowers everywhere, with handsome arrangements in the bedroom and, on a large scale, in all the public rooms. But these details, I realize, are simply items: good to find in any hotel, even better in so lavish a combination as the Aviz offers, but still insufficient to create that sense of uniqueness that makes the Aviz so exciting. To describe its rooms in more detail will not do it, either, and some of the wild colors of its décor would simply sound garish. I found myself gaping at the enormous square rug which dominates the great hall, a modern example in large, bold patterns mainly in chocolate brown, bright yellow, blue, and in many lesser color effects, yet the net of it all is an air of luxury and a singular appropriateness.

The elevator of the Aviz, one of the first bits of the hotel's apparatus to be encountered by the stranger, may very well be what originates the air of distinction; at any rate, it is quite the most attractive and unexpected version of an elevator that I have seen. The car is the body of a remodeled coach, small, elegant,

and dating, I should judge, from the first half of the nineteenth century. The interior is richly upholstered in a dark maroon, with a diamond-shaped pattern in gilt, but the elevator's great feature is its window curtains — crisply starched and very sheer voile in an unabashed lilac color. It comes home to the visitor immediately that this is his first elevator with curtains of lilac voile, and this alerts him to begin gathering his impressions.

In my own case, I decided — on the basis of the elevator — that the Aviz was a law unto itself. It was trying to imitate nothing, nor was it even seeking to represent the faded elegance of Portugal. There were huge, mysterious examples of old furniture and cabinetwork that looked like important antiquities, yet these, impressive though they were intrinsically, seemed carelessly, almost artlessly, scattered through the principal rooms. But if the furnishings seemed casually intended, nothing could have been more rigidly conventional than the attire of the staff: a beautifully tailored slate-gray livery with black and silver details for the downstairs staff, and several changes, as the day wore on,

for the floor service waiter and maid, who came to seem like characters in an extremely well-costumed play by the time I saw the maid's 6 P.M. cap — a round, fluted bit of linen that looked like an overturned baking dish. The page boys at the Aviz were just as well fitted as their elders, and, unlike many other establishments employing them, the Aviz saw to it that no boy was growing into or out of the livery of his predecessor. These slate-gray frock coats were worth looking at. A casual inquiry at the desk, incidentally, brought me the news that the staff of the Aviz numbers one hundred thirty-four, which I am sure is a record for a hotel of its size.

So there it is, no more evident than it was as to why such luster should surround the name of this small hotel. The Aviz is not even old, in the traditional sense, having been founded in the early thirties. In a city attracting only a small part of the flow of travel, entirely without stunts or freakish blandishments the Aviz has convinced many travelers that it is the best of them all. This is an opinion to which I subscribe with great earnestness.

CHARLES W. MORTON

The Improbability of Elephants

BY R. P. LISTER

R. P. LISTER is an English free lance whose poetry and light articles appear frequently in the ATLANTIC.

"There are no universal elephants, only individual elephants. But if a generality, a constant plurality, of elephants did not exist, a single elephant would be exceedingly improbable."

The quotation is from *The Practice of Psychotherapy* by C. G. Jung. I am happy to acknowledge my debt to the master. We all build on the work of the great men who go before us. If Freud had not laid the foundations, Adler could have achieved nothing. If Adler had not erected the scaffold, Jung would with difficulty have reached the first story. Without Jung holding the ladder steady, I should have got nowhere. If it had not been for the work of these three men, the world would still be bogged down in the morass of

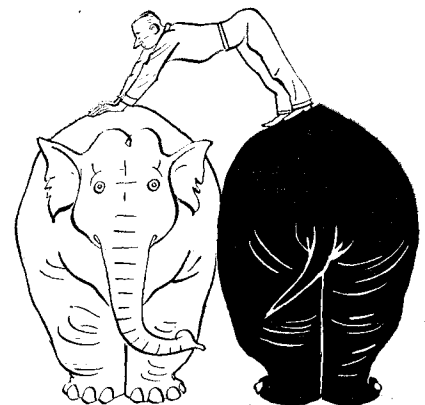
delusion surrounding this question of the improbability of elephants.

Nevertheless, the principal credit must, of course, be granted to me.

We have to be careful to distinguish, in the first place, between subjective elephants and objective elephants. The improbability of subjective elephants, if too easily assumed, may cast doubt on the validity of the improbability hypothesis applied to objective elephants. This blurring of the general picture is to be avoided at all costs.

We may, though, fall into even greater error if we confuse the improbability of subjective elephants with the nonexistence of subjective elephants. The existence of subjective elephants is no more open to doubt than it is susceptible of proof. I have myself encountered no less than four subjective elephants at one and the same time. This interesting experience took place one autumn

night in 1952, at about 3 A.M., in Leicester. I was driving north in a Morris Minor. In the center of the town, which appeared otherwise deserted at that hour, four elephants appeared, in profile, at the right-



hand side of the road. There was a very large elephant at the rear, with his hindquarters up against a house, an elephant of normal size standing slightly in front of the first, a small elephant standing similarly ahead of the second, and a tiny elephant in front of them all.

Puzzled by the appearance of such

animals at such an hour, and in such a place, I nudged my companion, who was asleep. By the time he was awake, I had already identified the elephants as subjective elephants. Objectively speaking, they were a row of iron railings, descending to the pavement in steps, which had taken on in the deceptive light the appearance of elephants.

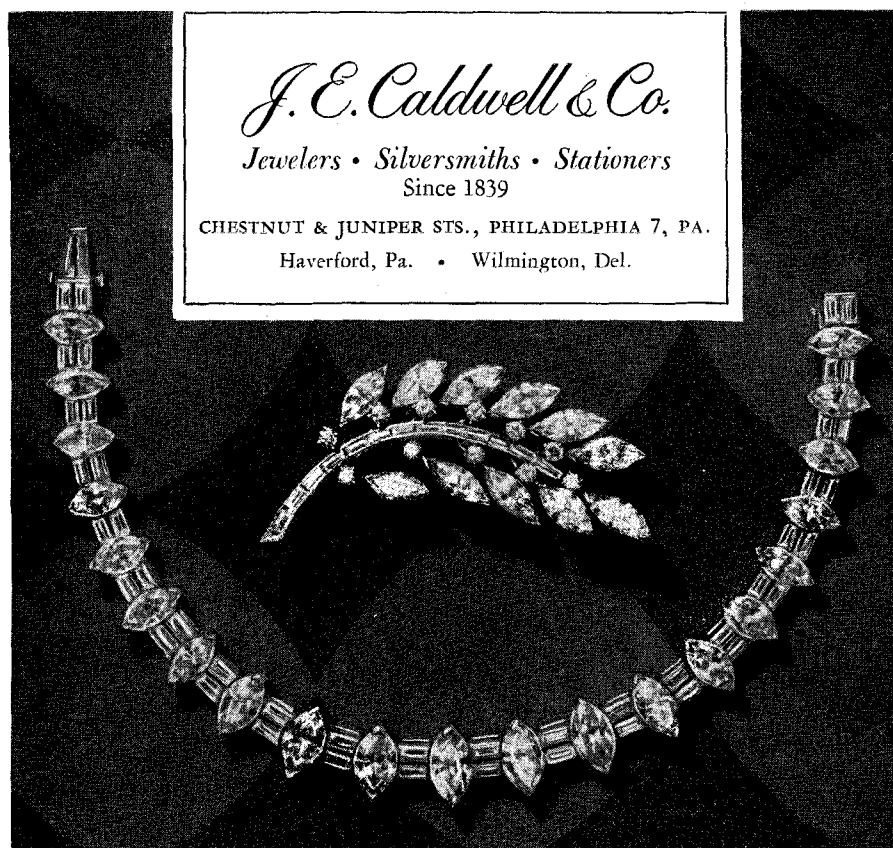
My companion's reaction was typical. Typical, that is, of the reactions of patients exposed without prior preparation to elephant stimuli. When I told him I had seen four elephants, he expressed disbelief. On hearing that the elephants had been subsequently proved to be iron railings, his reactions were irritation and — very significantly — a desire to sleep. When I add that my companion was born in Vladivostok of English parents and stands six feet five in his socks, the clinical picture is complete.

Such reactions to subjective-elephant stimuli are a commonplace and must be familiar to all consultants. The instinctive protest of the patient is not against the existence of the elephant; he knows as well as the consultant that people just do see elephants, in given circumstances. The protest is against the improbability of the subjective elephant per se.

We must now approach, cautiously, the objective elephant. It is essential to grasp, in the first place, the concept that there is *no fundamental difference* between the subjective elephant and the objective elephant, from the aspects of non-existence or improbability.

As we pointed out earlier, an objective elephant must not be confused with a subjective elephant, or, indeed, with another objective elephant. But the evidence that an elephant exists and is improbable, if it applies to subjective elephants, applies with equal force to objective elephants. Some psychiatrists have held, in fact, that it applies with an even greater force.

Consider the reaction of the patient in the test case quoted, when he manifested irritation and a desire to sleep. These are typical refusals of the conscious mind to accept the elephant. The first reaction is one of disbelief, but this is a childish attitude. The adult mind *knows* that the elephant exists; the concept of nonexistence cannot be maintained. But the knowledge is pain-



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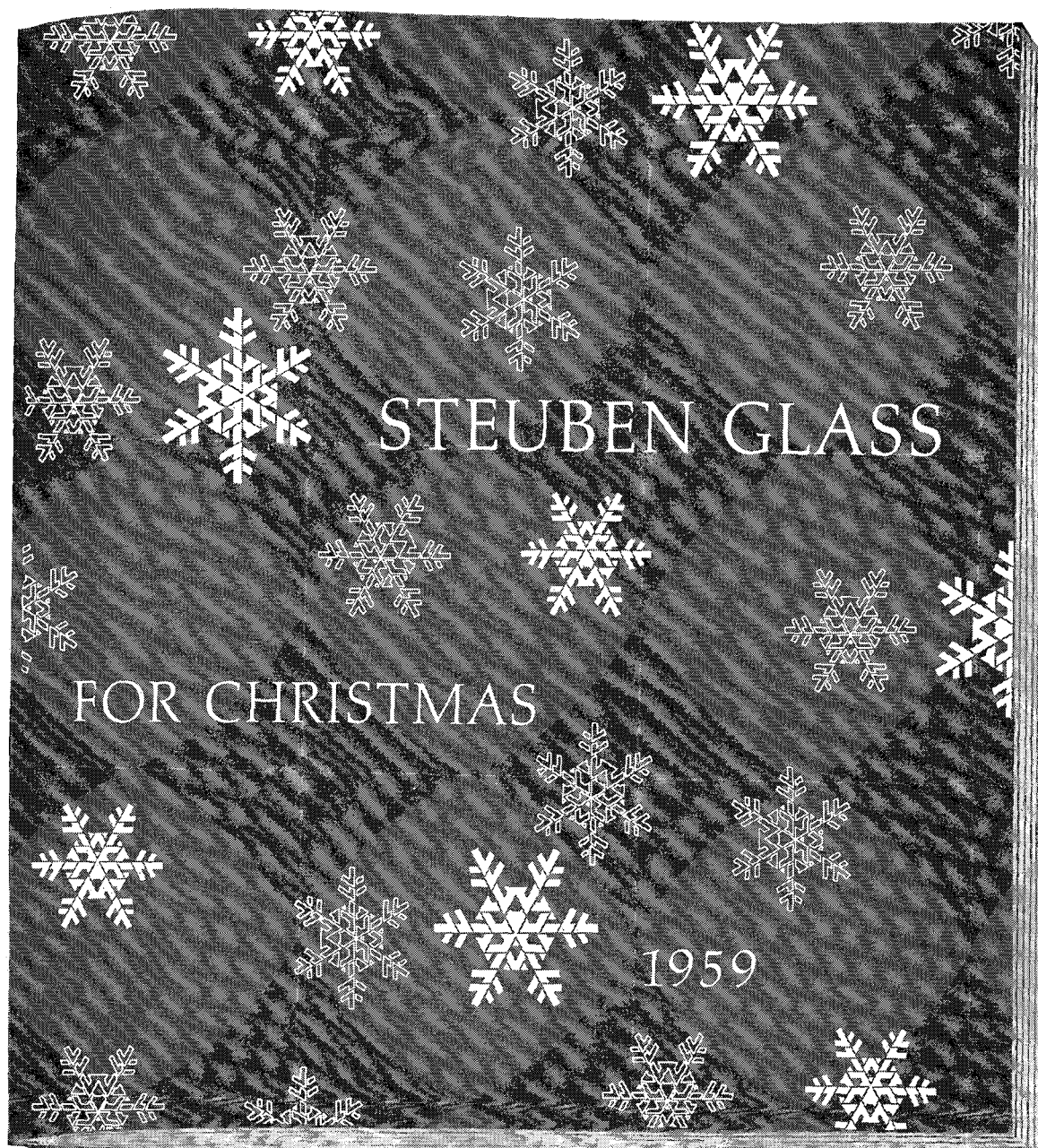
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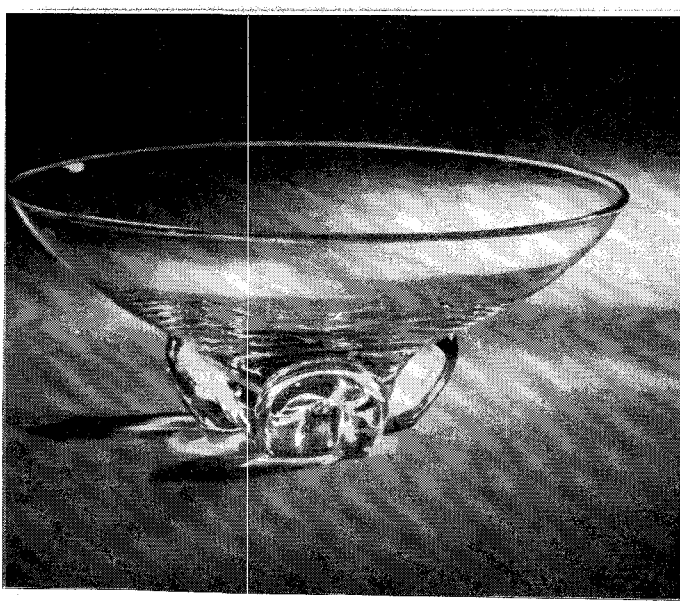
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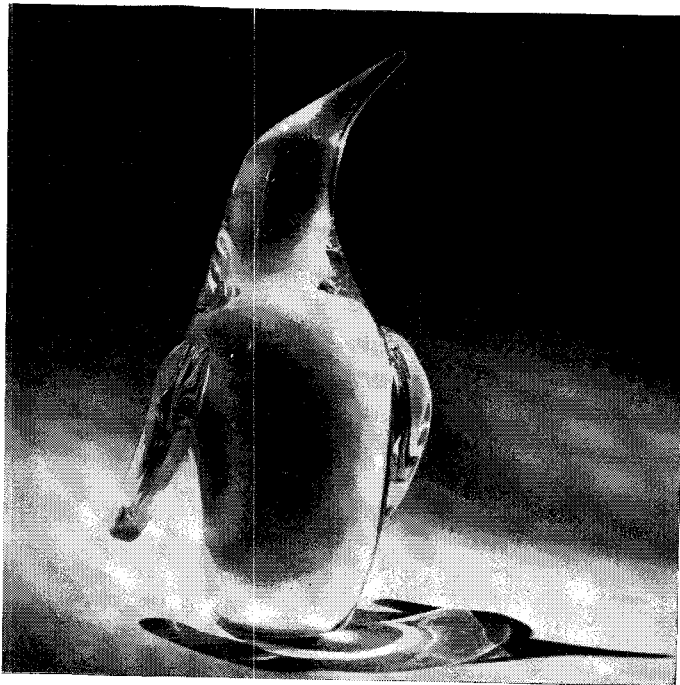
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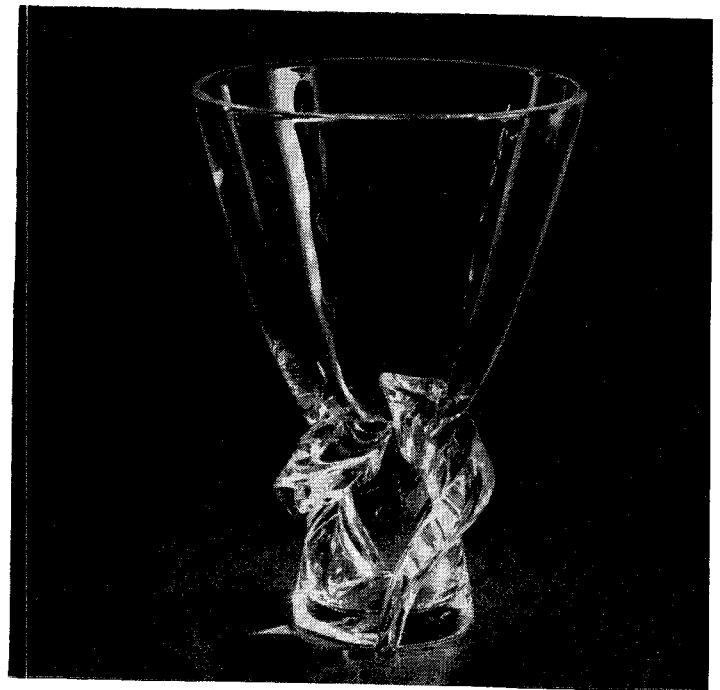
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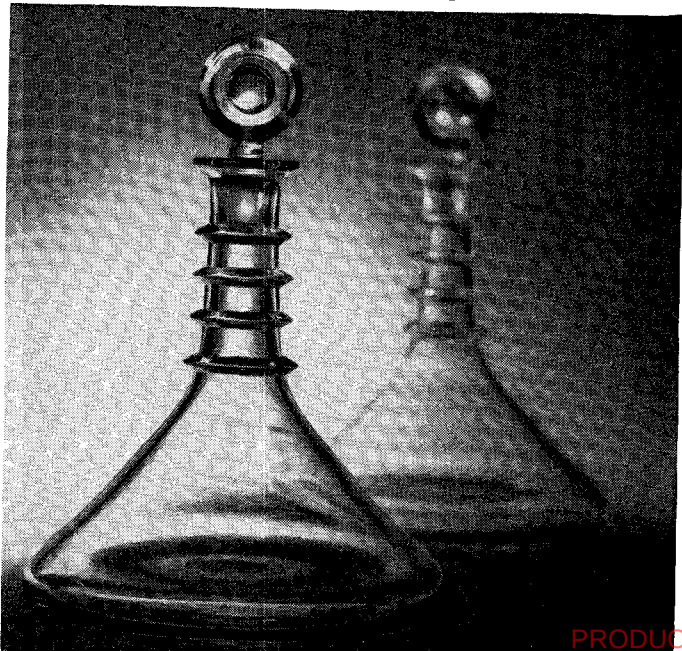


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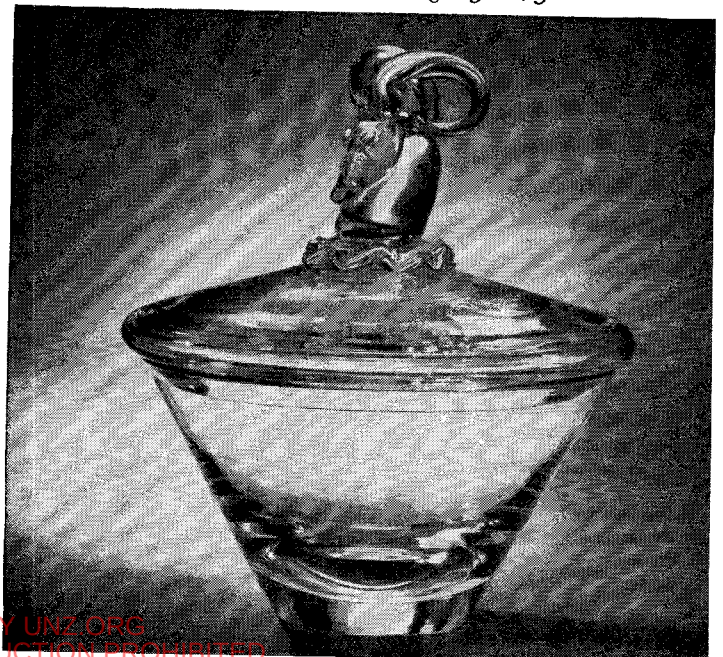


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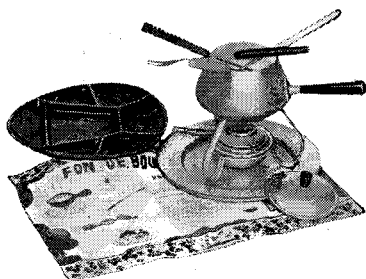
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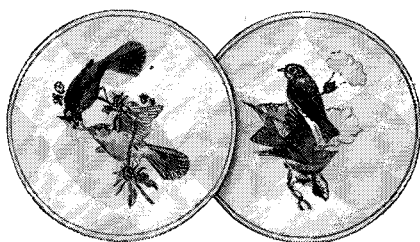


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ful. Although it has to acknowledge the existence of the elephant, the mind balks at the sheer improbability of the elephant. It takes refuge in irritation and somnolence.

But we must ask ourselves whether there is anything in these reactions that applies solely to subjective elephants. Clearly there is not. My companion would have reacted in exactly the same way if I had seen four objective elephants in Leicester, in the circumstances outlined.

I have experienced exactly the same reactions myself, on coming across an elephant tethered outside the inn called the Aleppo Merchant

in the valley of the Garno, northwards of Caersws, in Montgomeryshire. It was full daylight, a sunny afternoon in June. The elephant was wholly objective. Yet my reactions were precisely the same: irritation, followed by a desire to sleep.

We must, therefore, recast the statement of Jung quoted above to read (the form is that now known as Lister's Modified Elephant Law):

There are no universal elephants, only individual elephants. But even though a generality, a constant plurality, of elephants does exist, a single individual elephant is still exceedingly improbable.

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TO A NIGHTINGALE

— After Christian Morgenstern

Why do you not transform
Yourself to a fish; and,
In this matter of song, perform
Accordingly? For otherwise,
Through these long nights, how can
Slumber restore my eyes,
And blossom on my pillow,
As is most needful? Then,
Do, if you are a noble fellow.

And your wife, too, on the nest —
How sweetly you will astound her
When you shine forth like a flounder
Blissfully at rest
On the top branch of your tree —
Or when you flutter around her
Like a flying mackerel —
Heavenly Philomel,
You will do me this courtesy?

THE VIRUS

— After Christian Morgenstern

A Virus crouched upon the terrace
Watching for someone he might harass,
Then hurled himself with malice fierce
Upon a human, name of Pierce;
While Albert Pierce could but respond, "Hey,
Shoo!" and had him till next Monday.

Lloyd's View of Me

BY JAMES A. MAXWELL

JAMES A. MAXWELL has been a free-lance writer since his discharge from the army in 1945. This is his first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

There have been few experiences in the past several years which have lifted my spirits as much as reading my recently delivered accident-and-health policy from the underwriters at Lloyd's, London, England. I don't mean that I felt smug and secure, as the men with adequate protection do in insurance company ads. Instead, I suddenly saw myself—through Lloyd's eyes—as a dashing, daring, devil-may-care fellow straight from an early Errol Flynn movie. For a man who has reached an age when changing his brand of cigarettes is a minor adventure and a simulated trip with one of Cinerama's idiotic pilots leaves him emotionally exhausted for three days, this new, or perhaps merely reactivated, vision of himself makes any premium seem trifling.

I was especially surprised and delighted because I have had similar contracts with American companies, and perusing their documents had always left me depressed and filled with forebodings. To judge by the numerous escape—for them—clauses in their policies, the insuring institutions in this country believe that if I am incapacitated, the cause is likely to be something like drug or alcoholic addiction, wounds inflicted while holding up a gas station, or a concussion received while taking part in a civil insurrection. This unsavory portrait of me as a risk always seemed to be less the work of an actuary than of a tough parole officer.

Lloyd's, too, has a list of activities in which I may engage only at the risk of breaching my contract, but the content is totally and flatteringly different from its American counterpart. I might add that Lloyd's would have to fight me in every court in the land before I would permit a word to be deleted.

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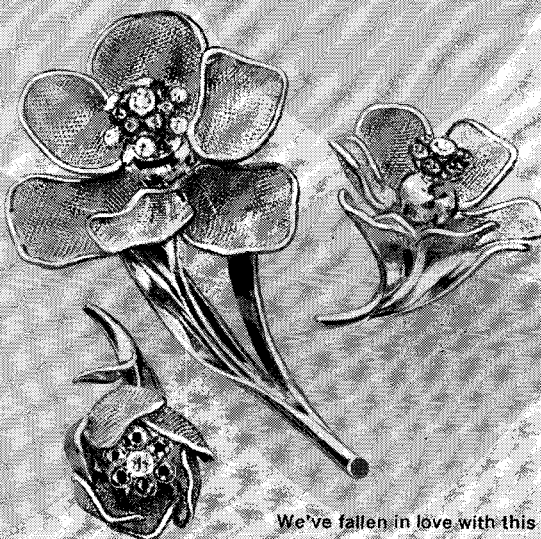
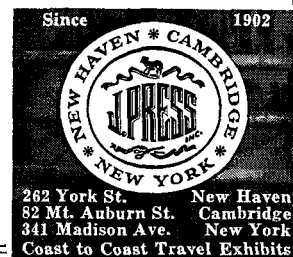
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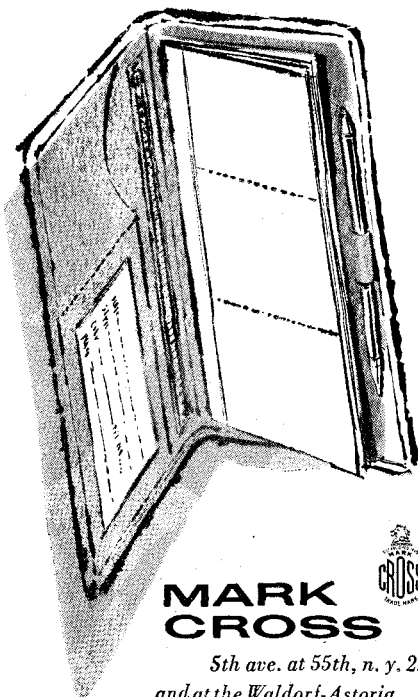
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assume no responsibility if the insured "willfully exposes himself to unnecessary danger or peril except in attempting to save human life."

As soon as I read that handsomely phrased sentence, Lloyd's concept of me began to emerge. "An essentially decent chap," I could hear one underwriter saying to another, "but rather on the high-spirited side. Could use a bit of curbing, I'd say. Can't have our policyholders climbing bridge cables on a dare or competing with a pal in parachute jumping. Likely to cost us a packet. Of course, we'd never be able to stop him from plunging through the ice to save a child or deter him from shooting it out with the Mafia crowd that had threatened a friend, so we had better give him some leeway there."

But Lloyd's is too concerned with my madcap tendencies to let me off with a simple, cautionary generalization. There are in the contract a number of specific prohibitions which, if ignored, will cause the underwriters to wash their financial hands of me.

For example, "cloud seeding, sky writing and crop dusting" are out for me, even as a lark. "Riding in races or steeplechases, whether on wheels or horseback" is similarly verboten.

I am certain that Lloyd's normally operates on the basis of cold, hard actuarial facts, but in my case I feel that the intelligence reports have been something less than accurately assessed. Do the underwriters really believe that a man whose palms become damp every time the fasten-seat-belt sign goes on in mid-flight is likely to be an enthusiast for aerial acrobatics or to enjoy flying ten feet above a potato patch at 150 miles per hour? And what myopic spy reported seeing me in Indianapolis on Memorial Day donning helmet and goggles and, later, in the paddock at Saratoga dressed in bright silks and slapping a riding crop against my boots?

All of the other interdictions in my policy are equally whimsical when compared with the actual pattern of my life. I hesitate to accuse as venerable an institution as Lloyd's of being incurably romantic, but how else can I explain its worry that I will become its financial ward unless I agree by contract to abjure motorcycle racing? And certainly anyone who knows me even slightly

could have assured an investigator that, if I ever make a claim against the institution, it will not be because of an accident which occurs when I am acting as a test pilot, as those dreamers in London apparently thought probable when they put the proscriptive clause in my policy.

Most of the time I am highly exhilarated by this curious image Lloyd's has of me, but there are sober moments when I worry about a great financial institution—especially one which handles my money—functioning on the basis of such quixotic fancies.

This is not to imply that I live in a safe, secure world of cotton wool and that Lloyd's is necessarily home-free with my premium payment. There



are as many threats to my physical well-being as to the next man's, assuming, of course, that the next man is not the one Lloyd's had in mind when my policy was written.

The actual hazards in my life are unquestionably less glamorous than those envisioned for me, but in the interest of sound underwriting practice, I should like to cite a few of them to serve as a guide to London in the future.

There are, for instance, days when I am filled with a black hatred and defiance of all motorists. On those occasions, I stride boldly across the street when I have the green light and challenge the drivers who are turning the corner to violate the pedestrian's inalienable right of precedence. Thus far, luck and last-moment cowardice on my part have spared me serious injury, but there have been some close calls. Does Lloyd's attempt to deter me from this foolhardy course? Of course not. The officers are too busy writing a clause into my policy which will absolve them from liability if I break a leg while climbing Mount Everest.

The underwriters seem equally

unconcerned about my recklessness each time I take the Pennsylvania Railroad to New York. The roadbed between Trenton and Newark provides a major survival test for man and machine, and yet I always elect to dress and complete my toilet during this run. Pulling on a pair of trousers while standing in an insanely swaying roomette is obviously courting disaster. On three occasions I received nasty contusions and once, while in a storklike position on one leg, I was nearly pitched through the window, but some strange bravado makes me persist. This, Lloyd's, is realism, worthy of actuarial consideration. Your anxiety about my explorations by air is not.

If the underwriters want to deal with facts and not vaporous fiction, they should also know that, despite substantial and dangerous evidence to the contrary, I remain convinced that my year in Mr. Howe's physics class at Withrow High School qualifies me to repair any of the host of electrical appliances in our household. Further, when I am on a golf course, my mind does not immediately translate the shout of "Fore!" into "Duck!"

This, of course, is merely a bare sampling of the day-to-day perils in my life. I realize how drab they are now that I know what Lloyd's expects of me, but a claim payment is a claim payment and a fall from a stepladder can be as expensive as a skiing accident in Switzerland. (Mishaps from "winter sports outside the limits of U.S.A. and Canada" are not covered by my contract.)

Frankly, however, I hope that Lloyd's completely ignores my ill-advised honesty when the policy is drawn up next year. What other great financial institution will pledge me, in a solemnly signed pact, to forgo "polo and riding to hounds on horseback unless specially agreed by underwriter and endorsed hereon." There's no such endorsement in my policy.

"Can't give a chap like that an inch, you know," I hear Brewster tell Higgenbottom as they discuss me in the London office. "I understand he spares neither himself nor his mounts to maintain his ten-goal rating and to be first at the kill. Superb horseman, of course, but still a bit chancy for us."

Such dreams are rarely available at the modest annual premium I pay.

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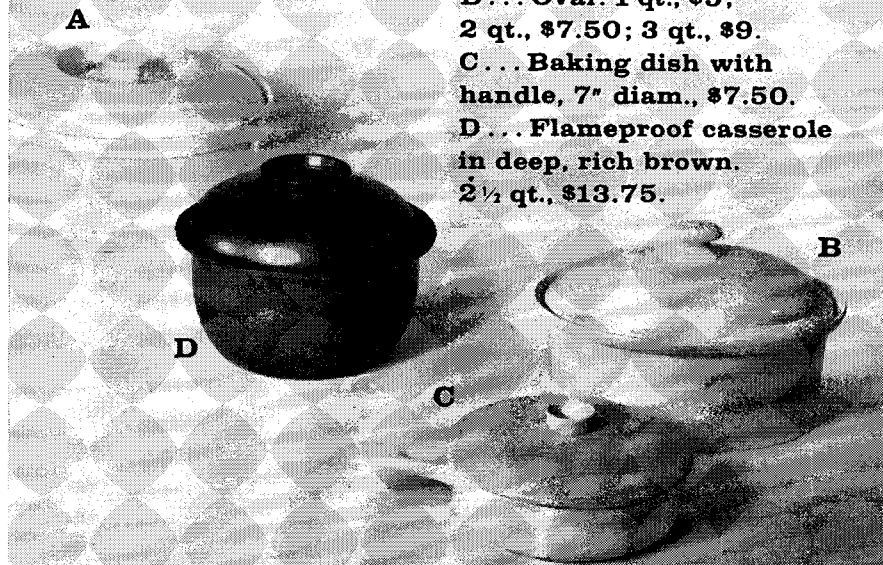
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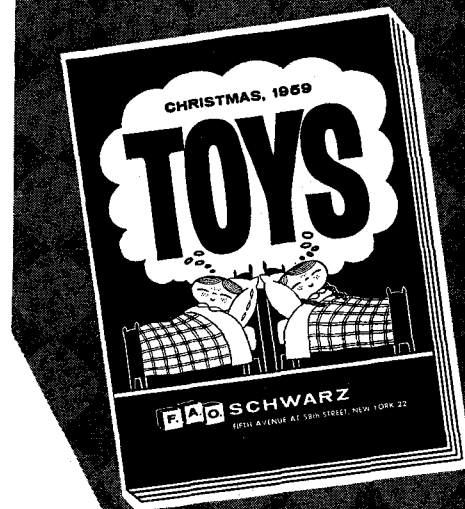
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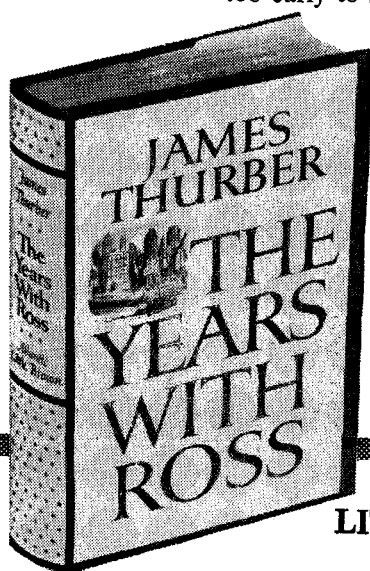
Then it started to snowball. One piece grew into two, then several, as delighted *Atlantic* readers begged for more. But the more Thurber wrote about Ross and his brilliant, ever-changing *New Yorker* crew, the more hilarious recollections came flooding back to him. Soon it became perfectly obvious that there had to be a book. Thurber agreed.

The Book-of-the-Month Club got wind of it and read the book in proofs. The decision of the judges was unanimous. *THE YEARS WITH ROSS* was a book they had to have. It became a Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for June.

And then the dam broke! On May 28th *THE YEARS WITH ROSS* was published and every critic in the land rushed

into print to praise it. *The New York Times Book Review*, *The New York Herald Tribune Book Review* and the *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books* spread the good word across their front pages. Thousands of columns of reviews could be summed up in these words: "It's wonderful. Naturally! It's Thurber."

From that day on *THE YEARS WITH ROSS* has been a national best seller, talked about, quoted, and read aloud wherever people with a sense of humor get together. Those who borrowed it to read went out and bought a copy to keep — and often another to give. If you are one of the few people who have not yet read it you are perhaps to be envied, for discovering Thurber's *THE YEARS WITH ROSS* is like finding the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. If you *do* own a copy it is not too early to start listing the people to whom you want to give copies for Christmas. Truly, it is a Thurber year!

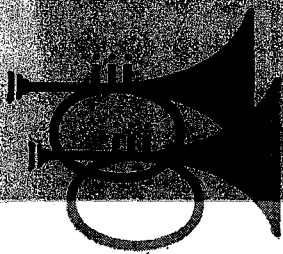


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they shall have Music

JOHN M. CONLY

A GUIDE THROUGH MICROGROOVES

ABOUT a mile from where I live, south on U.S. 7 from Great Barrington, Massachusetts, there is a rather large neoclassic (or semicolonial) white house behind a picket fence. It is a pleasant dwelling, shaded by pine trees and guarded by a yellow cat named Sapphira. This is headquarters for a durable group of the most discerning and best-satisfied record enthusiasts in North America, and perhaps anywhere.

The strange thing is that what I am saying may be news to most of them. Their common bond is their mentor and guide in the choice of recorded music, which they buy by mail and which is important to all their lives. He is their supplier as well, and by reason of his personality, as will appear, he has come to be a good friend to many. They know him as F. A. Byrd, and he lives and works in the white house.

It would be simplest to say that there is no such person as F. A. Byrd, but by now he has earned a sort of gospel existence among record buyers that I doubt I could dispel even if I wanted to. However, the legal fact is that when he was born in London, fifty-odd years ago, he was christened John Friern Indcox. Friern is a Welsh name which drifted into Herefordshire, where Indcox's parents came from. F. A. Byrd is a phony name which Indcox made up when he decided he wanted to be a record dealer and a record reviewer at the same time, a ticklish combination of jobs. This is no longer a problem. Now his entire business is mail order. He stocks some rarities, but his procedure with current records is not to buy them until somebody orders them.

He does not just write for them, either. Two days of his week are

devoted to traveling, by train or bus (he likes to read and doesn't like to drive), to New York and Hartford, where he goes into warehouses and selects records which are not scratched or warped. He re-examines them when he gets them home and, if he has any doubts, plays them (using a pickup that tracks at two grams). He and his wife do all the packing, cleaning each disc and putting it into a plastic inner envelope. It is something of a rarity for an Indcox customer to report a flaw.

With this kind of service, naturally, the customers do not receive discounts. What they do receive is the delightful surety, uncommon in any kind of buying today, that they are getting exactly what they asked for. Perhaps that should be qualified. At least one in three of Indcox's orders includes the proviso that, if he knows a better recorded performance of the work desired, he substitute it for the one suggested. Sometimes he writes back to a searcher and tells him there simply isn't a good recording of the music he wants.

The service neither begins nor ends with this, of course. It is not uncommon for an Indcox customer to write in and say that lately he heard part of something on radio which was charming, mostly in French but containing the word "marmalade" pronounced in English. Will Indcox please get him a record of this? Indcox replies by telling him that he is talking about Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, that there have been two LP recordings of it, Columbia ML-4153 and London A-4105, that the former is the livelier but now out of print, notwithstanding which he may be able to hunt down a copy if the man

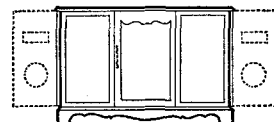
wants to wait a bit. It is interesting, incidentally, that Indcox would not have to consult a catalogue to identify ML-4153 and A-4105. He has been memorizing disc serial numbers, apparently effortlessly, for thirty years. People have collected bets by taking friends to see Indcox and asking whatever happened to old ML-4092, to be answered promptly that it had been withdrawn but that the same performance was available now on ML-4882.

What makes Indcox notable, mainly, is that he is now very nearly unique. He would not have been, he says, in the days of 78 rpm, when he himself was a collector and buyer, not in the business. Shops in many cities then had salespeople knowledgeable about music and records, and some would advise and consult by mail. There was in New York, for instance, the illustrious Gramophone Shop, defunct now for five years. There was the establishment of the Moseses, father and son, at 53rd Street, where your musical wishes were divined and fulfilled almost as you stepped in the door. (The son, Julian Morton Moses, is still in business, though he deals mostly in rarities.) There was Albert J. Franck and his International Record Collectors Agency; he has retired. There were sundry others. Their disappearance undoubtedly was accomplished by the discount houses, where you get 40 per cent off, and where, if you ask a salesclerk which is the best recording of *L'Histoire du Soldat*, he may possibly run home to his mother.

Along with the vanishment of the well-versed dealer, Indcox thinks, there has risen the importance of the reviewer. He reads the leading reviewers conscientiously, since he

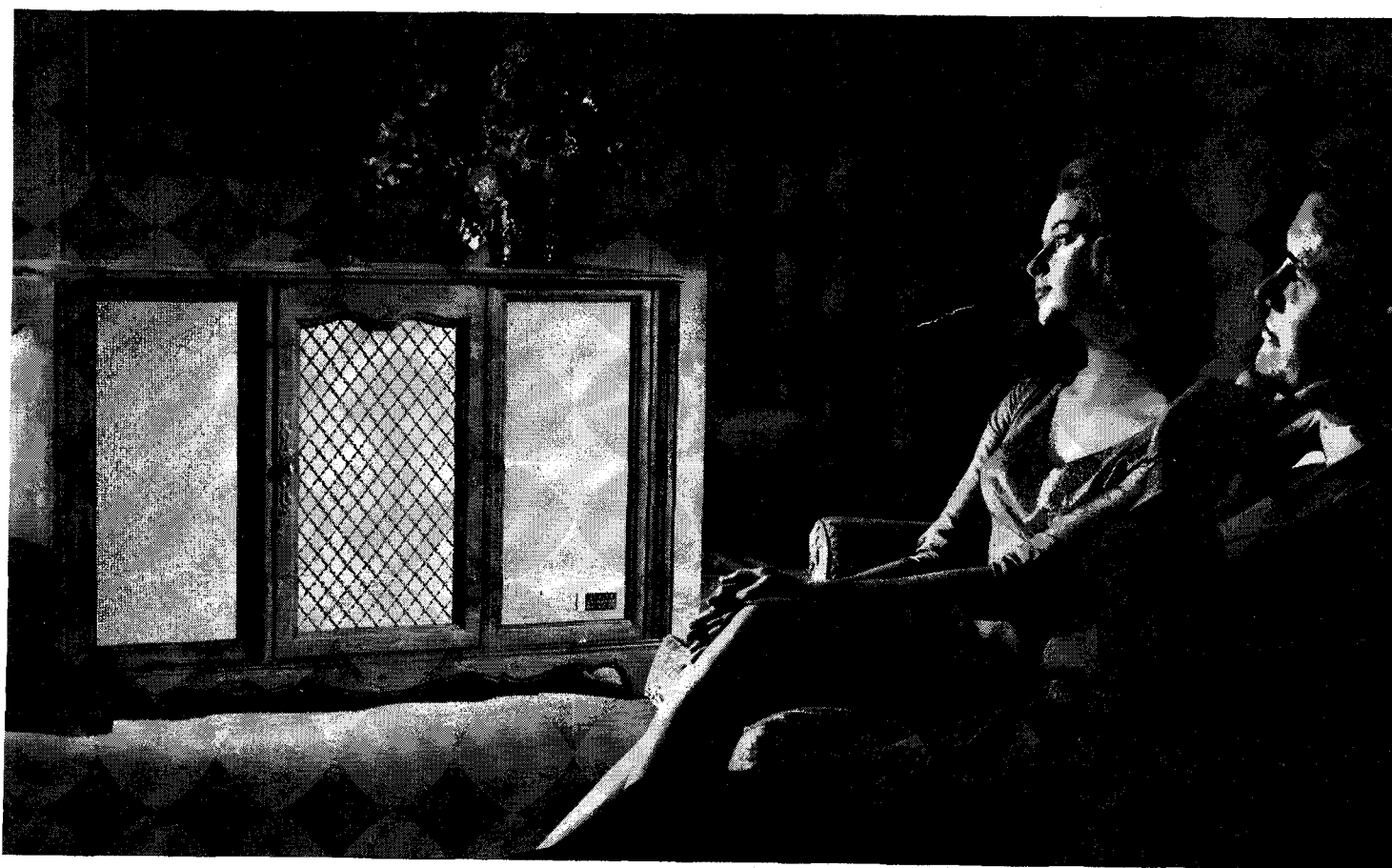
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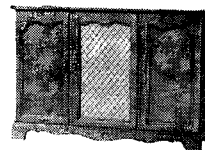
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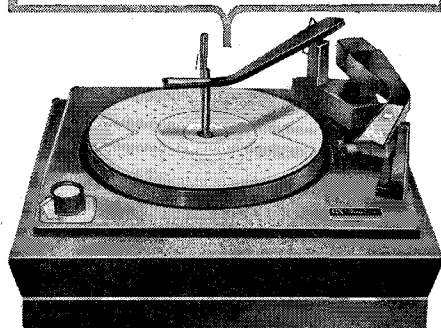
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cannot (nobody could) listen to all LPs that come out. He himself is a reviewer, of course, but he writes for a magazine that assigns specialties, and his field is the lighter side. This is not because he doesn't know his *Eroicas* — he does — but because for every dozen reviewers who will readily try to judge a Beethoven Third, there is only one who can say whether a performance of *The Gondoliers* or *Véronique* is good or bad. Further, he does not like to get submerged in the work of one composer. He once wrote a complete critical discography of Tchaikovsky, in ten thousand words. Listening to thirty versions of the *Nutcracker*, he says, rather dulls one's enjoyment of the music. Nothing, however, dulls his enjoyment of his customer relations. He is an indefatigable letter writer, which is fortunate, because so are most of his customers. He receives and answers about seventy letters a week. Most of these deal with records and musical matters, of course, and there has been much traffic of opinion about the best ways of performing Handel and Berlioz, and whether there will ever be another Lotte Lehmann, and the comparative merits of discs and tape. (Indcox sells tapes, too.)

That is not all, though. Many people who take music seriously, Indcox points out, give it a vital function not only in their lifetime philosophies but in their day-to-day living. They assign to him, as purveyor of this aid, a role as philosophical consultant. They query him for his thoughts on all manners of problems: racial injustice, water in the basement, impending surgery, marital incompatibility, the hostility of in-laws, and the inadequacy of American secondary education, among other things. A lot of his correspondents now, in fact, address "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Byrd." It has become a family affair.

Indcox was born near Camberwell. His father was an insurance agent. He took piano lessons from a concert pianist named Thomas Dunhill, but he showed no burning early interest in music. When he was eighteen his father died, his schooling stopped, and he got a job as box-office clerk at the Elephant-and-Castle Theater, the last London home of touring melodrama. Indcox, entranced, hardly went home at all, except to sleep. The rest of the time he was backstage, hob-

nobbing with the actors. Finally he contrived to hobnob with a manager and got hired as a supporting player. He roamed the British Isles three years in grease paint, having a marvelous time, but the job paid barely more than expenses. Family responsibilities descended on him, and he had to go back to London and his next trade, the hotel business.

He began at the bottom, but didn't stay there long. Five years later he was comptroller of the Metropole in Brighton, one of Britain's leading resort hotels. At that juncture he decided he wanted to go to America. It was not hard to get a New York hotel job. Fresh off the boat, he became room clerk at the Roosevelt.

It was a weird experience, he says, for he began work the week of the 1928 World Series. Every second would-be guest who showed up lacking reservations turned out to be a close friend of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. This seemed a mystifying coincidence to an Englishman who had never heard of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis and was only vaguely aware of the Series. However, it had the effect of launching Indcox as a baseball fan. Within a year Brooklyn had hardly a more loyal rooter, and Indcox still can remember Dodgers of the late 1920s as accurately as disc serial numbers of the same vintage.

He moved through a series of hotels, mostly as night manager — among them the Parkside, the Carlyle, the White, and the Dorset — before taking over the management of the Meurice, on 58th Street, and then the Olcott, on 72nd.

In this peregrination he had a serious encumbrance: his record collection. In his youth he had been attacked by rheumatic heart disease, which limited his activity and predisposed him to diversions like record collecting, which attacked him a few years later. The homing missile, in his case, was Galli Curci's recording of *Sempre Libera*, which he first heard at the Wembley (British Empire) Exposition of 1924 and bought as soon as he got home. His next love, for the record, was Albert Coates's performance of Strauss's *Don Juan*. He still owns both discs. By the time he took ship for America, the collection amounted to about two hundred shellacs. Knowing that such trade-marks as Nipper, the listening

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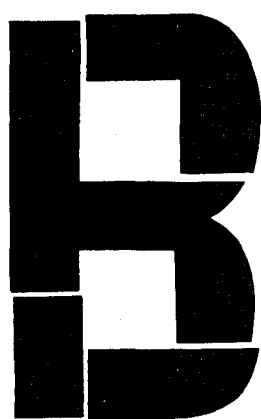
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dog, would cause the American customs officers to confiscate his records, he pasted half-moon stickers on all his labels, and the library arrived intact. He continued to buy in New York. By the time he became manager of the Meurice, he owned fifteen thousand records. "That wasn't a large collection," he says now. It was too big for a hotel manager, though. He parked fourteen thousand of them with friends in New Jersey and Long Island, keeping by him only a thousand of the most treasured ones that he felt he had to have at hand. When microgroove came along, he gave the bulk of the 78-rpm collection to the Salvation Army. What he still preserves are mostly items that never were remade on vinyl: songs and operettas and music hall numbers, Yvette Guilbert, Yvonne Printemps, early Coward and Lawrence.

Sometimes his work and his musical interests cross-connected. Once, while at the Dorset, he was able to arrange a swap of apartments between the Bruno Walters, who wanted penthouse rooms, and two elderly California ladies, who had penthouse quarters but were nervous about atom bombs. Another time, at the Meurice, he had the soul-shaking duty of refusing a suite to Elisabeth Schumann. Or rather, he explains, to her five cats.

It was an eventful life; too much so. In the late 1940s his doctors told him a less strenuous livelihood was a necessity. Dismayed and at a loss, he read one day in the *Times* a rent advertisement for a record shop in Great Barrington. He knew that the town was in Tanglewood country and might well be alive with music lovers. He packed up, moved, and rented the shop. No crowd of music lovers materialized, even though he rigged a loudspeaker in the window and played selected masterworks into Main Street.

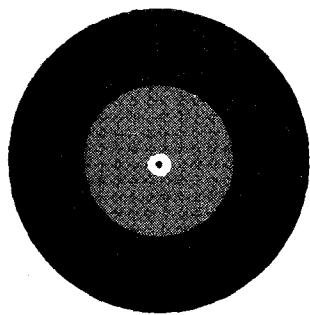
What did materialize was the beginning, right in town, of a magazine called *High Fidelity*, catering to a new and burgeoning interest in home music equipment. Indcox made an arrangement with the editors. In exchange for a free column of advertising space, he would write record reviews. This enabled him to start his mail-order business, which has had a sort of self-propelled progress ever since. At present, he estimates, his average customer buys about sixty records a year.

Nineteen fifty-nine hasn't been a good year. Indcox knows perfectly well why — stereo. His customers are, for the most part, knowledgeable and advanced listeners, alert to developments. Many have invested thousands of dollars in LP collections and monophonic high fidelity arrays, and their initial reaction to stereo has been pure outrage. Their second reaction has been to stop buying, except for records they fear may be pulled from the catalogues. His own reaction, it seems to me, displays a good deal of fortitude. He counsels people to go stereo but not in haste. Stereo equipment and stereo records will be better and less expensive as time passes (he thinks, as I do, that the break point should be just about now).

Indcox's venture into selling records by mail, all over the world, began almost exactly as the LP decade did, and he himself had been a buyer for twenty years previous, so he is in a position to judge the outcome of the microgroove decade. He thinks the makers of LPs and their customers deserved each other, in the best sense of the word. The makers ventured away from Tchaikovsky and Beethoven to put forth unheard Bach cantatas and a huge array of Haydn quartets and a few lovely brass-band pieces by Holst. The audacious laymen, by and large, bought them. It is his hope, Indcox says, that this genial gamble will not die down after stereo has reproduced the whole old standard repertoire. He has nothing against the *Pastoral* and the *Pathétique*, but he rather enjoys guiding people into uncharted pleasures.

Some of them find their own ways, of course, and these are oddly varied. The two most persistent queries he gets are of utterly different nature. One is for recordings by Richard Tauber, the exemplar of all soaring Viennese light-opera tenors, and Indcox can do something about this; there are still four Tauber LPs available. The other request he cannot do much about except grumble. It is for the Virgil Thomson-Gertrude Stein *Four Saints in Three Acts*, which RCA Victor snatched out of currency a few years ago.

There are also die-hards who think they can get Handel's *Sosarmé* or *Semele*. "They can't now," says Indcox, "but I hope they don't give up." Which is a good note on which to stop.



Record Reviews

Beethoven: Symphony No. 6

Pierre Monteux conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2316 (stereo) and LM-2316

It cost half a night's listening to come to any preference between this and the recent Bruno Walter reading for Columbia. These are, without a doubt, the two best *Pastorals* on records. Walter, leading his Los Angeles orchestra, shows his Mahler affiliation: the work crashes and sings. The canny Frenchman Monteux yields a share in the interpretation to his performing colleagues. Every man in the Vienna Philharmonic has paced the banks of Beethoven's brook outside Vienna, a fact made evident as sunshine and bosky glint begin to flicker from the music. Both recordings are exemplary — the American, bright and bold, the Austrian, deep in perspective, many-tinted.

Mozart: Sonatas for Violin and Piano, K. 301, K. 304, K. 376, K. 378

Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Clara Haskil, piano; Epic BG-1034 (stereo) and LC-3602

Written in Mozart's busiest years, 1777 to 1779, these were among the first classical duo sonatas which let the violinist have a real say. Mozart made the most of his inventive notion: the musical dialogue is entirely engrossing. Grumiaux and Haskil, both strong artists, make no pretense toward eighteenth-century daintiness. They push the music out with zest and spontaneity, sounding like two virtuosos having a good time.

Schubert: Symphonies No. 4 and No. 6

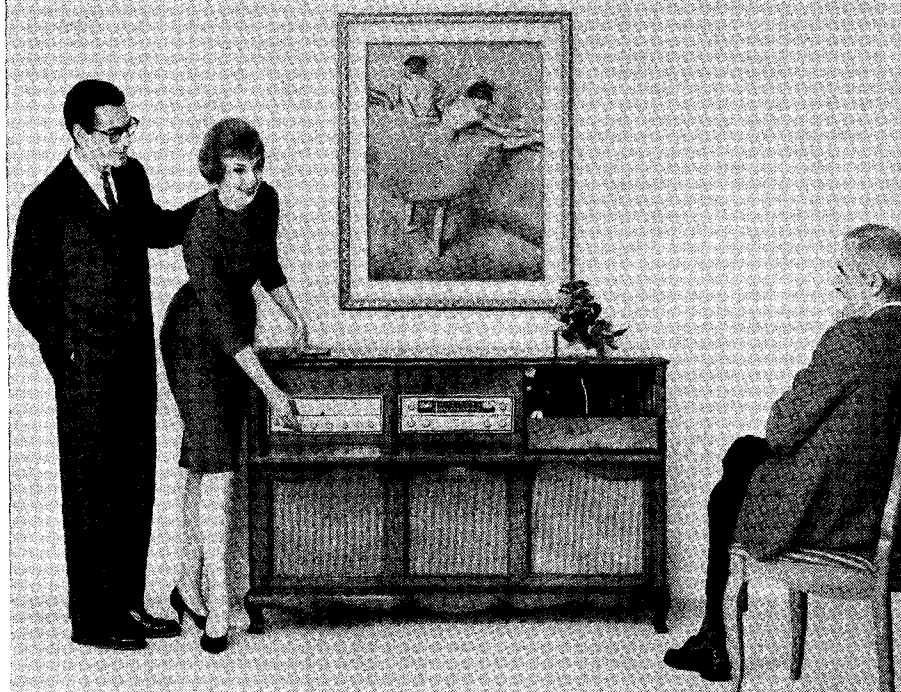
Walter Susskind and Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting London Symphony Orchestra; Mercury SR-90196 (stereo) and MG-50196

I will not call this Schubert Sixth best, since we have Beecham to con-

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The father's wages supported his wife and little son Nicholas adequately. When Demetra was expected they were overjoyed. Two months before Demetra was born the father died of pneumonia. Demetra thinks he might have recovered if she could have nursed him. She dreams of being a nurse and helping other people.

Mrs. Kouropdos encourages Demetra's dream. But deep in her heart she doubts that it can ever be. Since her husband's death, they have moved to a tiny room. Her own health will not permit her to work. Her small pension will not support 2 children. To send Demetra to school she had to place her son in an orphanage.

Demetra knows that without help she too may be separated from her mother. Still she holds to her dream . . . she will become a nurse and help someone in need like the father she never knew.

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tend with, but it is certainly the best in stereo, and it is coupled with the best Fourth. This is the kind of record that prompts a guarantee of satisfaction; there is nothing here but complete devotion to the music and complete competence in interpreting it, together with fine, lucid recording.

Stravinsky: Threni

Igor Stravinsky conducting Beatrice Krebs, Mac Morgan, other singers; Schola Cantorum and Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia MS-6065 (stereo) and ML-5383

There is nothing quite like Stravinsky conducting Stravinsky; the performers respond in an unprecedented way. Technically it is twelve-tone music. Who cares? Stravinsky absorbed the twelve-tone technique absolutely effortlessly. What is important is that, dealing with the Lamentations of Jeremiah as text, Stravinsky has gone back to his old style of *Renard*, the early barroom opera, to give us savage yet genial musical irony of the highest order. No one else, to my knowledge, could write this kind of stuff, not even Ravel. It is man in misery undaunted, saved by humor, though the humor is wry. Pride and penitence make a wondrous musicopoeitic mixture when blended by Igor Stravinsky.

Verdi: La Forza del Destino

Fernando Previtali conducting Zinka Milanov, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Leonard Warren, Rosalind Elias, other singers; Orchestra and Chorus of the Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome; RCA Victor LSC-6406 (stereo) and LM-6406: four records This opera presents us with one of Verdi's weirdest plots. It begins with an accidental murder. Then the heroine becomes a hermit. The two main antagonists, who don't know each other, swear brotherhood while serving as mercenary soldiers abroad. This, however, does not prevent two killings in the last five minutes of the last act, even though the beautiful hermit lady sings "*Pace, pace*" in a most beguiling way. It sounds illogical, but that is how it goes, and with Verdi writing the music, it goes like a house afire. The singers, in this new Victor version, never get breathless, but you will. Special credits must go to Mme. Milanov, the best lady hermit in the business, though Mr. Warren and Mr. Di Stefano give her some pure-gold competition. Really gorgeous singing.



English-born but now an American citizen, ALISTAIR COOKE first came to this country as a Commonwealth Fellow. Since 1948 he has been chief American correspondent of the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN and the most popular commentator on American affairs for BBC. The following essay is a selection from his preface to the annual anthology, THE BEDSIDE GUARDIAN, which is about to be published in this country, for the first time, by Ives Washburn.

JOURNALISTS WHO MAKE HISTORY

BY ALISTAIR COOKE

THERE is a very odd, and enduring, contradiction between the prejudice of the intelligentsia that today's journalism is a debased form of literature and history, and the steady belief of historians that yesterday's journalism is one of the most authentic of documentary sources. Shrapnel on a mouse race, Tynan on a bad play, Gerard Fay on a first glimpse of Moscow delight the breakfast reader and give him a sharp sense of a part of contemporary life, focused and arrested for keeps, that may remain memorable long after passages in his own private life are faded and forgotten. Yet the sensitive hacks scraping a living from the definitive biography or the big novel keep on telling us that journalism is one of the "enemies of promise" and that nothing dissipates the mobilizing of one's best energies so much as the thousand-word dispatch, the five-hundred-word review, the fifteen-minute broadcast. Meanwhile, the historians (who privately share this contempt for journalists alive and kicking) go on salvaging, as precious artifacts of dead cultures, Defoe's account of fish curing at Bideford, W. H. Russell's dispatches from the American Civil War, Pepys on almost everything, from the taste of an indifferent dinner to the glance of a pretty girl in church.

There is a strong strain of snobbery in this, a distaste for admiring something here and now that may be thought mediocre tomorrow; it is a protective reflex as strong as that of the three internationally famous museum curators who, faced with a disputed Van Gogh, brought in an "on the one hand, on the other hand" verdict and left it to the Federal Bureau of Investigation's chemists to prove the painting's authenticity. Pepys and Defoe, after all, were hardly literature in their day. One was a fussy gossip, the other a timeserving pamphleteer, a hind let loose. Yet, like all good journalists they kept their eye on the object, and

today no synthetic historical account of the Great Plague, put together from no matter how many contemporary documents, can compete in dreadful accuracy with Defoe's jottings in his journal about a teen-age girl moaning in an alleyway or a desperate father scrawling the fateful cross on his front door. It is possible that we are moved by these fragments today far more than we should have been if we had been alive at the time and seen the raw material of the journal all around us.

My argument against the enemies-of-promise boys must be, then, that either they cannot recognize one species of literature on the wing but must wait for it to be pinned and classified and preserved in amber, or that they are ignorant of the peculiar and demanding craft of journalism in an age which is, above all preceding others, the age of the journalist. Big and little tomes, of varying pretentiousness, are written every year to measure the forces that, say, pushed Franklin Roosevelt into the presidency. And innumerable other tomes are written to gauge the effect of the Freudian doctrine on the sexual behavior of a college-trained generation. Yet the best account of the forces that brought FDR to the presidency, the most vivid, informed, and judicial, is H. L. Mencken's report to the Baltimore *Sunpapers* of the nomination of Roosevelt, written on a steaming, sticky night in 1932; and the immortal assessment of the sex mores of the people who study the virility ads in liberal-intellectual weeklies is contained in a casual piece of Westbrook Pegler's called "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Love." But the time to say so is now, not in 1990, when applicants for a Ph.D. in the social sciences will diligently discover that Mencken in his day was Bryce with all his senses bristling, or that Pegler had a feel for our peculiarly humorless view of sex that escaped the attested

contemporary experts, both Kinsey and Riesman, to say nothing of Freud and, so help us, the writhing D. H. Lawrence. It is pretty safe to say that Harvard and the London School of Economics between them will, in a few decades or so, make the dispatches of James Morris and Michael Adams in the *Manchester Guardian* compulsory reading for any student of the Suez debacle.

While the juice is still in these pieces, let us use them to honor, as Mr. Auden puts it, "the vertical man," the writer who must say what is on his mind against the twilight's deadline, the professional scribbler who stands or falls by his ability to see clearly and write fast and who must learn to overcome the nagging self-conceit of the "serious" full-time writer, whose "craven scruple of thinking too precisely on th'event" is too often rationalized as an itch for perfection. The truth is (and it is as true of Hemingway or Reinhold Niebuhr as of James Reston or Red Smith) that all the pieces cannot be good. Once the journalist understands this and, while straining his pump to the limit, resigns himself to the fact that some pieces flow while others fizzle, he can feed his secret ambition to write the perfect report, the flawless piece, so long as life and curiosity are in him.

There is less difference than the intelligentsia would have us believe between the daily grind of the "serious" novelist or biographer in his cloister and the reporter filing his daily dispatch with the wind of the world in his face. They are both writing "pieces." The monkish pro has a scene to finish or a chapter to defeat; the secular pro has an event to trap, a flavor to identify. They are, whatever the theoretical conditions of their freedom to pause and polish, both working in spurts and against a measured mile. The disparity between the quality of their stuff is still no more or less than that between two men of different talent; it has very little to do with the accidental binding of one man's pieces into a book and the scattering of the other man's pieces into a hundred issues of his paper.

Consider two professional writers, one a novelist, the other a reporter, of absolutely equal gifts. (The task of filling in the names I'd rather leave to you.) One of them groans and labors in his locked study for a year and at the end of it resumes the duties of parenthood and friendship. His work

is scrupulously assessed for gold, and he may count on a studious review in the *Times Literary Supplement*. The other man labors and groans about as hard, but a little faster, in the press rooms of hotels, on the tablecloths of hundred-dollar-a-plate dinners, at the edge of crowds. His stuff is in print next morning, and the professional literary critics, if they even mention him, grant him a certain talent but one crippled by the forced labor attendant on a deadline.

Justice Holmes learned about this prejudice in his first years on the Supreme Court. He was in the habit of studying the opposing briefs as soon as they were argued. He would brood on them for a day or two at most and write and deliver his opinion. This habit, which was natural to his temperament, alarmed his colleagues and spread the rumor that he was a glib and offhand fellow. He accordingly changed his routine while staying true to his bent. He wrote his opinion as before but aged it in a desk drawer for a month or two and then uncorked it for his brethren. He thereby, he later disclosed, acquired that reputation for mellow judgment and judicial restraint which guaranteed his subsequent transfer to Olympus.

Of course, I have overstated the case and seem to be implying that one good reporter is worth a school of novelists. It is true that most journalism is dead the moment it hits the page and that only the dignity of print makes it appear impressive to people whose own private correspondence is at least as memorable. The so-called tabloids, in England far more than in America, have since World War II reached a nadir of cliché and egotism rarely plumbed in English periodical literature, so that the New York *Daily News*, as the best example, stands out across three thousand miles as a monument to expert popular journalism.

My main point is that journalism is good and bad; it is not bad because it is journalism but because it is abominably written; that is to say, its material is tritely observed, crudely felt, and foggily communicated. The same may be said of a great many medical papers, historical monographs, and nearly all sociological treatises. In truth, the journalist is merely the scapegoat of all professionals who put pen to paper. By now, I hope the reasons have been sufficiently rehearsed why so many otherwise intelligent people condemn him to the literary ghetto.

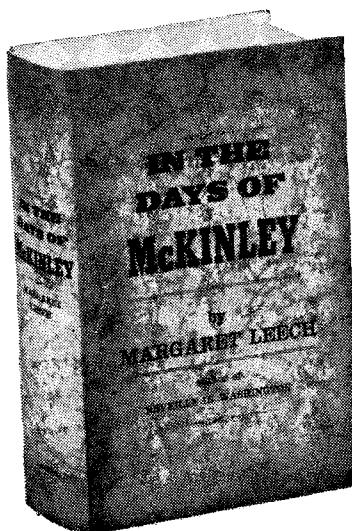
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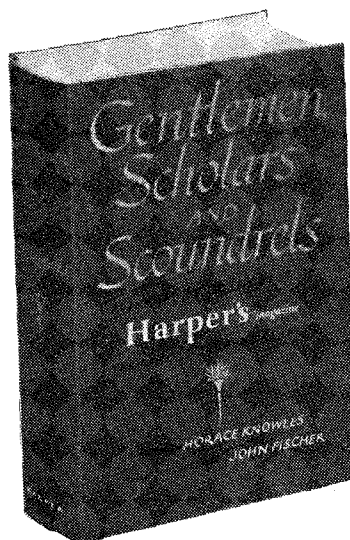
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A TREASURY OF THE BEST
OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FROM 1850 TO THE PRESENT

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BOOKS AND MEN

Author and journalist, GERALD W. JOHNSON is a Southern Democrat who made his start in North Carolina and who has lived happily in Baltimore ever since the SUNPAPERS called him to their editorial staff in 1926. He has worked and written with Frank R. Kent, H. L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens, friends all; he has expressed his admiration for Andrew Jackson and Woodrow Wilson in lively biographies; and he has spoken his hopes for and his belief in this country in such books as LIBERAL'S PROGRESS, THIS AMERICAN PEOPLE, and PATTERN FOR LIBERTY.

THE EXUBERANCE OF THE NEW DEAL

The Morgenthau Diaries

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

"Only the toughest survived."

This is the judgment of John Morton Blum on an aspect of the New Deal that has received singularly little attention from historians, although its importance is obvious. Apparently there is a psychological block in the conventional mind that prevents it from accepting the locution "hard-boiled egghead" as anything but a contradiction in terms. An egghead is by definition a theorist, by common acceptance an idealist, and by observation usually a humanitarian. Most of us are unable to associate speculative philosophy, idealism, and humanitarianism with the steely character, in spite of massive evidence that the association is logical. This block is doubtless one reason why such relatively late arrivals on the scene as Schlesinger and Freidel have done more in their writings to make the New Deal intelligible than has been accomplished by all of those who participated prominently in it.

Blum is a commentator of the same order. He was not there; hence, he bears no personal responsibility for anything that happened and is under no compulsion to explain or justify. But he has had access to a tremendous mass of authentic records, so his factual knowledge is comprehensive and precise. Furthermore, he is an analyst of extraordinary lucidity, although of limited range; his book on Woodrow Wilson's injection of morality into international politics was a triumph of analysis, even in the eyes of a Didymus who regards it as an example of the use of extensive and accurate knowledge to support the wrong conclusions.

Therefore, his assertion that the New Deal was an ordeal that only the toughest survived cannot be dismissed as the chatter of an uninformed

phrasemaker. It is an observation based on study of voluminous records, in this case the diaries of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., one of the survivors and unquestionably tough. The Morgenthau diaries comprise some six hundred manuscript volumes of the most heterogeneous materials — letters, documents, notes, memorandums, as well as a more or less formal journal. Morgenthau has already published much of this material. Blum has rearranged it into a connected and comprehensible narrative (*From the Morgenthau Diaries: Years of Crisis, 1928-1938*, Houghton Mifflin, \$7.50), written in his own words but based almost exclusively on the Morgenthau records.

This makes it, of course, an ex parte proceeding. Morgenthau invariably gets the best of it, but why not? It is his book, and who ever heard of a man writing a book to discredit himself? There is no reason to believe that either Morgenthau or Blum has falsified any statement of fact, and the reader is under no compulsion to accept their inferences.

For the rest, the book is a brilliant study of the inner workings of government in stressful times. Blum's gift for lucid exposition is invaluable here because Morgenthau was Secretary of the Treasury and his work was in the realm of finance, which is dark and mysterious indeed to those of us who have trouble enough making the stubs in our checkbooks agree with the bank's monthly statement. Remember, then, that in the years from 1933 to 1938 the realm of finance was itself in a state of such utter confusion that the ablest financiers were bewildered, and you will begin to understand how remarkable is Blum's feat of making Morgenthau's fiscal operations a story that is not only understandable but entertaining and sometimes exciting.

Catherine Drinker Bowen

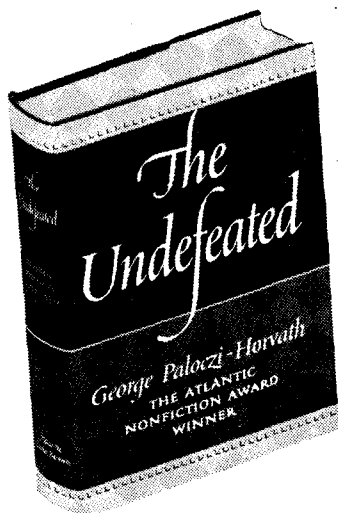
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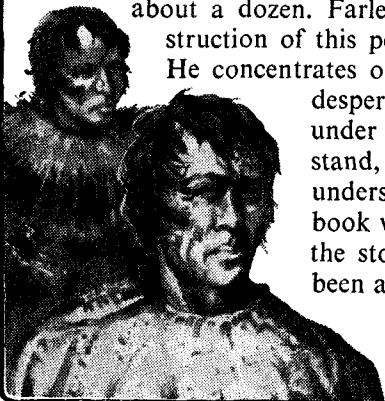
This book stands out as one of the most profound and moving personal accounts of life under the Communist dictatorship that has ever been written. Mr. Paloczi-Horvath, a talented Hungarian writer, was one of the many European intellectuals attracted to Communism after World War II. His disenchantment came swiftly and brutally in arrest and imprisonment by the Communists. His experience reveals in cruel detail the ruthless workings of Communism in the satellite countries. \$4.50

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The financial aspect is, however, a side issue. In his official capacity the Secretary of the Treasury is a technician, and Henry Morgenthau had no great ambition to be remembered merely as a financial expert. His technical competence is sufficiently attested by the survival of the United States Treasury; what worried him then, and apparently worries him still, was the test of his competence as a human being — specifically, as a citizen of the United States with a considerable measure of responsibility for the formulation of public policy. The reflection of his soul searching is the element that lifts this book from the category of research scholarship and places it among fascinating psychological studies.

BY THE year 1940, when everything else gave place to preparations for war, the ten portfolios in Roosevelt's Cabinet had been held by nineteen individuals. The survivors from 1933 were Hull, Ickes, Farley, Wallace, and Perkins, and if there is a soft character in that group, all psychological appraisal may as well be abandoned. "Only the toughest survived." Morgenthau's appointment dates from 1934, because overwork quickly killed the original Secretary of the Treasury, Woodin, but survival from 1934 is sufficient evidence to add Morgenthau to the tough five.

Exactly half of the six were never New Dealers. Hull and Farley were Democrats first, last, and all the time. Morgenthau was frankly a Rooseveltian first and an opportunist second, but his opportunism had an honorable basis. He went along kicking and screaming, but he went along, because he figured, rightly, that this was the biggest thing in which he had ever had, or ever would have, an opportunity to participate, and if he aspired to have his life count for anything important in history, here was his chance. This may certainly be defined as opportunism, but hardly in the pejorative sense.

This raises, without answering, the perennially fascinating question, what was Roosevelt? Was he ever a New Dealer? In the pages of Mr. Blum's book nothing is more impressive than the evidence that Ickes, Wallace, and Perkins went along kicking and screaming, too. When a number of salient personalities are included in any administrative group, battle is the inevitable result, because strong men will not willingly suffer domination, but the Donnybrook Fair over which Roosevelt presided during his first two terms surpassed even that of Lincoln's Administration.

Nevertheless, twenty years later it is plain that the Administration proceeded along a consistent and definite line, uproariously but steadily. That

is proved by the fact that not one of its important innovations in American political theory has since been abandoned. If half the Administration opposed the policy as being too radical and the other half opposed it as being too conservative, what was the real position of the administrative leader of the dissident group?

The easy and inadequate answer is opportunism. It does not satisfy Morgenthau any more than it satisfies anyone else who takes the facts into account. But Morgenthau is in the unhappy position of a man convinced against his will. Roosevelt never formulated a coherent philosophic basis for his economic policy; probably he could not, for much of his knowledge in that field was intuitive, not ratiocinative, and intuition is a name for the inexplicable. It seems clear now that he had apprehended, although he had not fully comprehended, the Keynesian theory that in the modern world distribution takes priority over production as an economic problem. If it comes to that, who has grasped all its implications twenty years later?

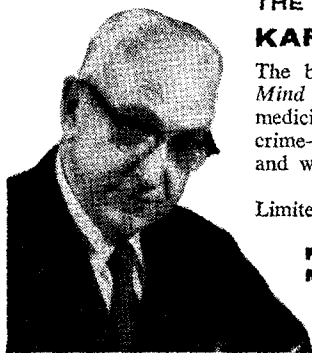
The remarkable fact is that Morgenthau, for all his conviction that the President's fiscal policy was disastrous, remained unshaken in his belief that Roosevelt was the one leader who had a chance to bring the country through its troubles still recognizably the republic of the pre-war years. This is the central conflict that gives the book its tension; by comparison with it, all the squabbles with Ickes and Wallace and Hopkins and Jesse Jones and the rest were minor incidents.

Indeed, Morgenthau's judgment of his colleagues, as reflected in the pages of his book, is more temperate than might have been expected. In part, of course, this is due to editorial prudence; Mr. Blum has been careful not to perpetuate hasty judgments made in a heated moment. In part — but in relatively small part — it is due to the advantage of hindsight. But largely it seems to be based on a genuine appreciation by Morgenthau of the good qualities of men whom he heartily disliked. His relations with Harry Hopkins, in particular, although punctuated with explosions, were on the whole surprisingly amicable.

Roosevelt took a great deal of plain speaking from Morgenthau. It must be remembered that this is Morgenthau telling it, and no man's account of how he called down the boss should be accepted verbatim, but after due allowance has been made for that quirk of human nature, there remain convincing records that Morgenthau said to his chief things that would not have been tolerated in the absence of heavy countervailing weights.

These counterbalances are not far to seek. In the first place, when it came to keeping the complicated administrative machinery of the Treasury

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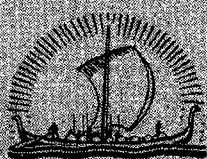
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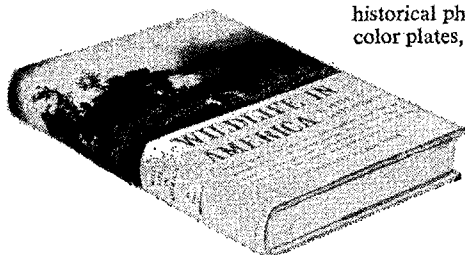
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operating efficiently, Morgenthau knew his stuff. In the second place, his religious affiliation was an asset to Roosevelt once Hitler began his obscene attack on Judaism; the retention of a Jew in one of the great offices of state was an admirable gesture of defiance of the tyrant. But the real basis of Roosevelt's tolerance unquestionably was the years of association with Morgenthau when they were both young men in Dutchess County, New York, and Washington seemed far away. Roosevelt knew his man, both his strong and his weak points, and with this knowledge he was aware that Morgenthau's strongest point was loyalty. Knowing that his friend was incapable of genuine insubordination, he countered sharp words with equally sharp words, but nothing more.

That this situation was exceptional is conclusively proved by the fact that in less than seven years nineteen persons held the ten great offices that, after the presidency, are the shining goals of every politician's ambition. A man does not quit the Cabinet except for compelling reasons, and the fact that so many were so compelled in one term and a half demonstrates beyond debate the interior violence of the New Deal.

Yet Morgenthau at the very time he was being torn apart by this violence was aware that the New Deal was a curiously joyous adventure. Indeed, one of his great trials was the exuberance of the New Dealers, especially the younger ones. They were rending Adam Smith limb from limb and strewing the *disjecta membra* far and wide, and they were actually enjoying it. Worse than that, there were moments when Morgenthau himself was swept along by the tide of enthusiasm and his heart leaped up in defiance of his better judgment. It was disconcerting, but it was a fact, and such moments dissolved his fatigue and anxiety and renewed his capacity for endurance.

It was a negative demonstration of Schopenhauer's assertion that of the two positive evils in the world, pain and boredom, boredom is by far the worse. Nobody was bored by the New Deal. One might fear it, one might hate it, one might see in it the summation of political madness, but nobody found it dull. Even those quondam New Dealers who recanted and joined the opposition — Moley, for example — found in their ineffectual opposition a frantic urge that banished tedium from their lives.

Something of that interest carries over into the narratives of all those who held prominent positions in that turbulent era. None of them spent his years in office merely drawing his breath and

his salary. None was a drudge engrossed in drab routine. Each has a tale to tell, and if some of the tales are horrid, nevertheless they are of a quality "which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner."

This is true even of the man who held the office that the uninformed regard as that of a sublimated bookkeeper, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. What Henry Morgenthau, Jr., did from 1933 to 1938 affected the lives of millions of people at the time and will continue to affect them for a period of unknown duration. Whether for good or for ill, it counted. Twenty years later a majority of Americans are persuaded that on the whole it counted for good, but there is in the human heart such an abhorrence of vacuity that most men would prefer to take the risk of counting for ill rather than creep through life in utter insignificance.

It was Morgenthau's misfortune never to be able to believe, as his happier associates believed, that he was assisting in a vast readjustment of the economy to conform to radically modified facts of life. He would suffer even now from frustration, since, after twenty years, that readjustment is incomplete and still opposed by powerful forces; but if he had really believed in what was being done, he could have consoled himself with Woodrow Wilson's philosophy that it is better to fail in a cause that is bound eventually to succeed than to succeed in a cause that is bound eventually to fail.

Morgenthau served for six years after the outbreak of war in Europe rang down the curtain on the amazing political drama known as the New Deal. It is evident from Mr. Blum's book, which ends in 1938, that Morgenthau found his war service more satisfactory, and probably regards it as more important, than his operations among the New Dealers.

That is a matter of opinion. The war, after all, was only another war, a repetition on an unprecedented scale of the tragedy that had been played countless times before, while the New Deal was a governmental operation without parallel. At the same time, Morgenthau in war had the happiness of serving a cause in which he did believe with his whole heart. This makes it nonsensical to regard him as in any way a tragic figure. The fact remains, however, that for those first six years he served Roosevelt diligently, intelligently, and loyally. One closes the account with a mild regret that the man did not have a better time doing it.

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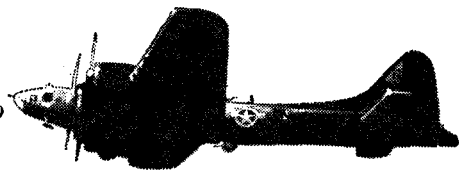
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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

OUR first formal meeting with the Union of Soviet Writers, who were to be our hosts throughout our stay in Russia, took place in their Moscow headquarters. It is a two-story spacious old dwelling, rather in the style of a Southern plantation, with curving wings, formerly the stables and kitchen quarters, and with six white Doric columns supporting the pediment over the heart of the house. The drive, which enters through big stone gates, encircles a garden of phlox, daisies, and poppies, in the center of which sits the brooding statue of Tolstoi in his old age; and this is appropriate, for Tolstoi is the greatest of all Russian writers and this very house served as his model of the Rostovs' home in *War and Peace*.

Our small delegation — Alfred Kazin, Paddy Chayevsky, and myself (we were to be joined later by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.) — had been welcomed by the spokesman of the Union, Alexi Serkov; we had inscribed and presented the copies of our books and magazines, and now we were seated at the conference table with members of the Union, discussing the itinerary for our twenty-five days and listing those Russian authors and editors, playwrights and producers whom we hoped to meet, either in Moscow or in their *dachas* in the country.

It was evident even on this first day that the Russians are remarkable linguists — and why they have to be. In response to my comment that in our country the use of dialect was disappearing and that writers, whatever their background, were reaching for a language common to all, the chairman replied that in Russia things were very different. "Here," he proclaimed, almost as if in a public address, "here we are cultivating sixty different literatures from the people in our sixteen republics, many of them at varying stages of development. But sixty in all. Sixty!" The idea was too big to grasp at first, and I am still not sure how much exaggeration there may have been in

it. But as we traveled in the days to come, we realized that, in the main, it seemed true. There is a yearly outpouring of novels, plays, folk tales, and poems in Uzbek, just as there is in Georgian, Kirghiz, and Ukrainian. Two thousand new books by Ukrainian authors have been published in the last four years; in Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan, sixteen publishing houses turn out the books, plays, and periodicals for the eight million citizens of this pastoral Asian republic. Promotion of the native lore and language explains why there is an enormous need for good translators both in the interior of Russia and for visitors.

Marshak was the first Russian author we visited in his home, and our high tea with him in his book-filled, comfortable apartment underscored the extraordinary prestige of the translator in Russian life. Marshak, kindly, gray-haired, and in frail health, was a protégé of Gorki. It was Gorki who encouraged his poetry when the boy was thirteen, who found a sanatorium for him when, at fifteen, he came down with tuberculosis, and who raised the fund to send him to London on his recovery. In London, Marshak learned English with something of a Scotch burr because he fell in love with Robert Burns. Today his translations of Burns, which one Russian told me are even better than in the original Scotch, are sold out within a fortnight, and the total sales of his editions have passed a half million. He went on to translate William Blake, Edward Lear, and Lewis Carroll. The royalties of his own poems would have made him comfortably off; these plus the royalties of his translations have made him a millionaire. His recollections of Gorki and his account of what London meant to him in the years before World War I were endearing. He was there in 1912, at the same time as Robert Frost, and he seemed particularly pleased with Frost's *Collected Poems*, which I included with our other books.

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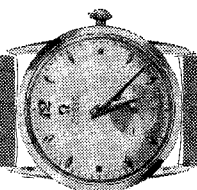
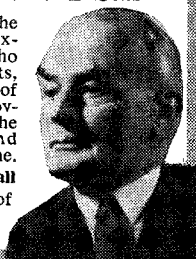
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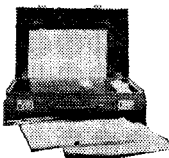


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Mikhail Sholokhov, whom the Russians regard as their greatest living writer and with whom I hoped to go fishing on the Don. I knew that Sholokhov was an avid angler — his account of the catching of the giant carp, which occurs early in his big novel, *And Quiet Flows the Don*, was proof enough — and I took some trout flies for a gift and a bottle of American vodka (bourbon), for which, friends told me, he had a special liking. But the Cossack country is a far cry from Moscow, and as things turned out it was Mr. Khrushchev who went to visit the novelist, not I. Rumor had it that the novel Mr. Sholokhov had just finished, the second volume in his trilogy about the collectivization of the Cossack villages in the 1930s, had a tragic ending, and the speculation in Moscow was that Mr. Khrushchev wanted to see for himself just how tragic the book really was.

This points up another sharp difference between the attitudes prevailing in America and those in the Soviet Union. In Russia it is a canon that one shall write about a “positive hero,” with only such social criticism as can be said with a grin and with an ending which, if it be not happy, should at least combine glory, patriotism, and achievement. This is a form of censorship, and the question our delegation was constantly prying at was how much the Soviet writers of today dare to defy it. They know that they have been granted more latitude by Mr. Khrushchev than by Stalin (though not precisely how much). And since Russians are blessed with a hearty sense of humor, the way in which they are employing satire, fantasy, and direct analogy, as in Ilya Ehrenburg’s famous essay on Chekhov, as a means of freeing themselves from the more tiresome restrictions is heartening to read.

We drove out to see Mr. Ehrenburg on a perfect August afternoon. His country place, some eighty kilometers from Moscow, is in the district where Chekhov practiced as a young doctor, and the gardens which Ehrenburg tends himself and which are on a wooded slope above a slow winding stream were in full bloom. There we sat on an open porch sipping tea or vodka and listening to him tell of his lifelong friendship with Picasso, whom he had first met in Paris in the Blue Period, of his quarrels and friendship with Hemingway during the Spanish War, and of his veneration for Chekhov.

Later that week we took supper with Konstantin Fedin in his *dacha* on the fringe of a thick birch forest, where he can keep track of the birds he loves and write the novels which have made him famous. Fedin, who is the new First Secretary of the Writers’ Union, is a gentle man, responsive, approachable, and seems as quietly removed from politics as one could well be. In each case, these were men of cultivation and of purpose, men of

substance whose wealth is expressed in the books and gardens and woods and the privacy they enjoy. Each was perfectly aware of what was expected by the state, and each has effected a working compromise between those demands and his own compulsion as an individual artist.

HISTORY THROUGH THE LENS

CARL MYDANS, who has been with *Life* ever since its first issue in 1936, is one of the most expert photo-journalists of our time. At the outset he was a bird dog retrieving for his editors, and a typical day began with his taking pictures of the processing of skunk fur in the garment district of New York. Later that morning he flew to Washington to photograph Congressman Sol Bloom in his Boy Scout uniform, and at noon he was aboard a chartered plane bound for the Bethlehem Steel strike in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. From Johnstown he flew to Waycross, Georgia, to do a story on J. J. Wilder, a beekeeper, and when Mr. Wilder objected, Mydans wired New York “Wrong season for bees.” In 1939 he fell in love with Shelley Smith, one of the prettier editors, and shortly after their marriage that summer they were the first team that *Life* sent abroad to cover the war. They have been recording history ever since with a sympathetic understanding which is the keynote of Carl’s book, *MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE* (Harper, \$4.00).

Carl began his reportorial career with courage and humility, qualities which have been an invaluable passport. He pictured the Finns’ valiant resistance to the Russians in the arctic war of 1940, and it was his humility which prompted a Finnish colonel to turn to him in tears to ask why the Americans had never come to their rescue. He felt the humiliation of the French collapse; he photographed the Chinese in Chungking and in their massive ancient forts commanding the Yellow River; and he and Shelley were both captured and imprisoned in Santo Tomas when the Japanese overran the Philippines. His vignettes of the life spark in captivity are just about his best. After two years the Mydanses were exchanged via Shanghai and the *Gripsholm*, and so were free to return, in time, with the American forces which liberated the very compounds in which they and their friends had suffered. Through his camera view finder, Carl watched the surrender aboard the “Big Mo,” and it was inevitable, authority that he had become, that he should be sent to the East again when the fighting broke out in Korea. Carl and I attended the first performance at the Bolshoi this September, and as we walked back to the hotel together at midnight he confided that his next assignment would probably be Moscow. “If



The Peripatetic Advertiser

Now, while the pre-Christmas peace still lingers, consider selfishly the book to be bought for yourself, bought perhaps because the author is known and trusted and this is a book that has been impatiently awaited. Six such books are these:

Pursuit of the Prodigal by **Louis Auchincloss** (\$3.75). A great charm of Mr. Auchincloss books is that they are about people you believe, and here they are seen not darkly, through a cocktail glass, but fixed by the revealing conversation, the discovered truth. *The Atlantic* says of his new novel, "Mr. Auchincloss' novels are usually referred to as an insider's subtle indictments of the upper class, but this seems to me a misreading of his intentions. (Incidentally, he has not confined himself to upper-class terrain, and some of his major characters are of modest origin.) Auchincloss' primary interests are those of the psychological novelist rather than the social critic . . . The people and the settings are admirably drawn, and the story is engrossing."

John Kieran must have more professional hats than anyone writing today. Some people know him as a great sports writer, some as an encyclopedic naturalist, some as an archetype of the newspaper pro, a few millions as the quiet, wholly endearing wit of "Information Please." **The Natural History of New York City** (\$5.75) is the product of all of these careers. Illustrated by Henry B. Kane it is a book for sidewalk naturalists everywhere. *Brooks Atkinson* who numbers among his specialties not only the Broadway stage but Henry David Thoreau and American writing in natural history generally, says, "It is a classic that will live long as city people use their eyes, ears, and minds . . . has an incredible amount of factual information . . . told with friendly charm . . . everything the author has seen, learned and done since boyhood is here." *Rachel Carson* says, "Reading John Kieran on the amazing natural history of New York is almost like an actual excursion afield, with the excitement of discovery on every page. Apart from its astonishing revelation of wild nature in a great city one of the best features of the book is that it explains and illuminates much that we see in other regions."

Dance Back the Buffalo (\$4.50) is only the second book by **Milton Lott**, but the impact of his first — *The Last Hunt* — was so sharp that he took claim to a sizeable literary territory with that alone. This second book is another exploration of the borderland between Indian and white cultures in the West. Based on the awesome and infinitely touching history of the Sioux Ghost Dances this is a symbolic, mystical, yet profoundly simple story of the Indian's last attempt to restore a way of life that was fast receding into dreams.



It is our claim that the best writing by reviewers last year was in celebration of **The Rainbow Comes and Goes** by **Lady Diana Cooper**. *Time* states that, "Lady Diana Duff Cooper is able to evoke a world as fragile and opulent as an Edwardian conservatory filled with orchids; and still face the time when the glass broke in 1914 and the killing four-year frost came in. Her personal story is romantic enough to make

Ouida — lady laureate of the plush paradise — blush for modesty. It is offset by the tough self-knowledge of an aristocracy that called a pretty fast tune, but was prepared to pay a stiff price for the piper." *Enid Bagnold* says, "This was a girl lit like a bonfire for spoiling — her mother's darling, God's darling, feted beyond dreams, of whom her mother said 'Nothing less than the Prince of Wales!' And forty years later she is, to those who know her, Diana the Unmatchable, one of whom nothing is unforgivable, still spirited, more brilliant, perhaps more beautiful; still at a maximum as dispenser of an extra dose of life." If they care to top their own words there is **The Light of Common Day** to challenge them. This volume moves the enchanting Diana Manners to America to Hollywood in its orgy era, to the Broadway lit up by the SRO signs of "The Miracle" and then to the yacht Nahlin with an American woman who was to alter the royal succession in Britain. Always beyond actress **Diana Manners** was **Diana Cooper**, wife of the diplomat whose prediction of war was all too soon fulfilled.



George Stewart has needed no introduction since the year of *Storm's* bestsellerdom; and just the whisper in print of a Civil war battleground is echoed with a full throated rebel yell as both blue and grey buffs converge on the bookstore. **Pickett's Charge** (\$5.00) is a fresh interpretation for the military experts, for the more pacific reader it is a record of fifteen hours in the lives of men who did, or died doing, the incredible. *Virginia Kirkus* says, "...superbly documented. Drawing on more than 450 sources, smashing established myth with authenticated fact and quoting records with humor, an unbiased viewpoint and refreshing skepticism, the author, telling little of the events preceding Gettysburg, limits himself to the day of the Charge, July 3, 1863. Illumined by scholarship and complete with explanatory appendices and notes, this amazing book should find an audience even among readers surfeited with the Civil War. *Harper's* says, "...utterly fascinating . . . as arresting and moving as a bugle call."

Garrett Mattingly wrote *Catherine of Aragon* for a market the width of the Literary Guild, he wrote *Renaissance Diplomacy* for a small and devout circle of scholars. Now he has written for both his finest book **The Armada**. An early English review by *J. H. Plumb* for *The Bookman* contains one of the most eloquent of tributes. "Professor Mattingly is one of the most gifted of living historians; an artist as well as a scholar. He has worked in the Spanish archives, in the French, the British, the Dutch. And he commands far more than learning. He can read characters as easily as documents and he writes with urbanity, with wisdom and with exceptional literary skill. And as is to be expected in historical writing of the finest quality, the underlying issues are as clear and as easy to grasp as the events. And finally the book is studded with vivid portraits that carry conviction and deepen understanding. Indeed this is a faultless book; and one which most historians would have given half their working lives to have written. It is by far the most exciting book that I have read for a very long time."



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we are entering a new phase with the Russians," he said, "it is something I wouldn't want to miss."

Early in his career Carl was sent to Texas to take pictures of an old weathered range rider, who looked like something right out of the Indian wars. As he circled the old cowboy with his camera, Carl heard the Texan whisper to a friend, "Ain't he a bird!" and the friend whisper back, "Wonderful to watch." Well, that goes for Carl Mydans and his book.

HOW TO SEE

In the great days of radio, when *Information, Please* was educating several million Americans with its blend of knowledge and humor, we all came to admire JOHN KIERAN, a sports writer with a most lively and incredible range of information. He could not be stumped by anything to do with natural history, and I am sure it was this interest that made him gravitate to Rockport, Massachusetts, where he has easy access to shore and land birds and where he has established himself as a most perceptive and entertaining naturalist.

In *NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.75), Mr. Kieran turns back to the country of his boyhood, to the parks and pavements, the shore, the marshes, and the skyscrapers where for fifty years he has observed and made notes of the wildlife which still inhabits Greater New York. His book, so delightfully pointed up by the black-and-white illustrations of Henry Bugbee Kane, holds discovery and surprise for every city dweller; if these birds and beasts, these amphibians and flowers and insects abound in Manhattan, so they do in Boston or Buffalo — if you know where to look.

The fun of the book is its fresh inquisitiveness, founded like the city itself on a substratum of solid matter. Mr. Kieran tells of the old town as the Dutch formed it, of its rocky foundation, and of why the skyscrapers have been clustered midtown and downtown. He tells of the hundred different minerals which have been discovered under the city and of the amethysts which are still being chipped; of the water problem, which was finally solved by the Croton Aqueduct (eighty gallons per person per day is the present consumption); of the shad which still battle their way up the polluted Hudson; of the eight-inch brook trout which was found swimming in the gutter on 58th Street between Fifth Avenue and Madison when a water main broke; of the peregrine falcons plunging through the canyons of Wall Street in pursuit of pigeons; of the eighty-eight hawks which he counted soaring over Baker Field as Navy was trimming Columbia; and of the bald eagles which anyone can spot with field glasses when the Hud-

son is full of ice floes. What Gilbert White did for Selborne, John Kieran has done for New York, and it needed doing.

THE FIERY JOHN PAUL

No American of our time writes so authoritatively about the sea as ADMIRAL SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. His fourteen-volume history of the Navy in World War II, on which he has been engaged since 1942, is now nearing completion; his power of narration, so well-tempered in this great task, and his rugged honesty as a historian combine to make his new biography, JOHN PAUL JONES (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.50), an exceptional book.

What Morison does is to make this man live again in all his Scotch contrariness. Here was a boy, son of a gardener, who became a famed sea captain and a prominent figure in the Court of Versailles. Morison depicts his early cruises to the West Indies as an apprentice of thirteen; he shows us John Paul's flashy temper and tells of how he had to fight for his life against an overpowering sailor and, having killed him, was charged with murder. He fled from Tobago, added Jones to his name, and came to America. Here he entered into lifelong friendships with Hancock, Morris, and Benjamin Franklin, and he deliberately signed on in the Continental Navy instead of taking the bigger money he could have made as a privateer. Morison explores the profits of privateering and makes us understand why Jones fussed so much over his prize money, showing how he had to pay out of his own pocket time and time again to keep his ships in fighting trim.

I particularly like the chapters which tell us of Jones's audacity on his first cruise in the *Providence*; of the happy days ashore in Portsmouth when the *Ranger* was fitting out; of what a Casanova Jones proved to be in Paris; of the pleasure which he must have had serving with the French flagship; of the terror and anger which he inspired in London when he was making his raids off the Scottish coast; and, finally, of his greatest triumph, in the battle between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*. Jones had a hero's welcome and a golden sword awaiting him when at last he returned to Philadelphia, and he should have been given the chance to put the Navy on a professional basis; instead, Congress casually deprived him of his flagship, refused to promote him to admiral, and finally released him to do his last campaigning under Catherine the Great. Although small in stature, he was not quite as small as Nelson, nor was his heart as great. He was a tough, skillful seaman who played a unique part in the Revolution, and Morison draws him as he was.

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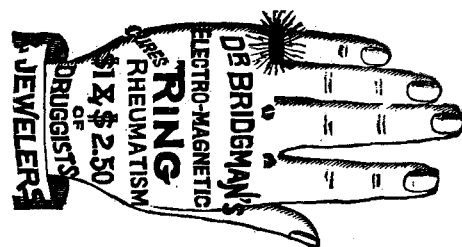
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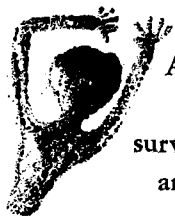
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THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

The new novel by WILLIAM FAULKNER, *THE MANSION* (Random House, \$4.75), completes a trilogy, begun in 1925, whose previous parts were *The Hamlet* and *The Town* and whose subject is the rise of the abominable Snopes clan in Yoknapatawpha County. A prefatory note points out that "there will be found discrepancies and contradictions in the thirty-four year progress of this particular chronicle . . . due to the fact that the author has learned . . . more about the human heart than he knew thirty-four years ago; and is sure that, having lived with them that long, he knows the characters better than he did then." Quite a few passages read like reminiscence and gossip about old acquaintances into whom one has acquired new insights. As he recapitulates events described in the preceding volumes, Faulkner in effect says: Here is something I hadn't rightly understood about Eula Varner. Or: I was wrong in my explanation of why Flem Snopes framed his kinsman, Montgomery Ward, by planting moonshine whisky in his photographic studio. All of this will no doubt fascinate aficionados of Faulkner, but it is bound to be bewildering to readers not thoroughly familiar with the earlier installments of the saga.

The Mansion is a long, episodic novel, whose incidents are related by several narrators — V. K. Ratliff, the sewing-machine salesman, Montgomery Ward Snopes, Lawyer Gavin Stevens, and his nephew, Charles Mallison. At the opening in 1908, Mink Snopes, a puny, viperish, infinitely tenacious creature with a peculiar but unwavering code of his own, murders his rich neighbor over a dispute involving Mink's cow. Because Flem, the only Snopes with

enough influence to help him, fails to come to the rescue, Mink "knows" that he must kill Flem when his twenty years are up. But his crafty cousin arranges for Montgomery Ward to land in the same prison so that he can bamboozle Mink into a doomed escape and another twenty years.

The second part focuses mainly on Linda Snopes (Flem's wife's illegitimate child) and Gavin Stevens. When *The Town* ended, in the late 1920s, Stevens had helped Linda to escape from the world of the Snopeses. In New York, she marries a Jewish sculptor, who enrolls her in the Communist Party and takes her to fight in the Spanish Civil War, in which he is killed. Linda, her hearing destroyed by an explosion, returns to Jefferson; and Faulkner dwells at length on the love between her and Stevens (sixteen years her senior) — a love which, for obscure reasons, precludes or transcends sex and marriage. Indeed, Linda makes Stevens promise that he will get married, and presently he does.

The climax takes place in 1946. Mink is finally released, through Linda's intervention, and inexorably he carries out the killing for which he has waited thirty-eight years.

The Mansion is an uneven work. Parts of it are superb — especially those concerned with Mink, which are brilliantly narrated, extremely funny in a wryly humorous way, and curiously moving; Faulkner seems to feel for the reptilian Snopeses a much stronger compassion than he had displayed toward them in the past. The relationship between Linda and Stevens is tedious and at times unreal, and there are other stretches in the chronicle which I found weak, rambling, and digressive.

As I read *The Mansion*, I was reminded of Gide's reply to someone who asked him who was France's greatest poet: "Victor Hugo. Alas!" What Gide meant was that, while recognizing Hugo's greatness, he found his particular brand of genius highly unpalatable. Faulkner, by virtue of the elemental power and richness of his imagination, is almost certainly our greatest living novelist. But, alas, if one fails to be mesmerized by his voice and his vision, he is one of the most exasperating of writers — a point it has become as unfashionable to dwell on since he won the Nobel Prize as it once was to assert his importance. How tiresome

is his habit of raising everything, as Alfred Kazin once put it, "to the tenth power," so that an idiot's love agony becomes "starspawn and hieroglyph, the fierce white dying rose, then gradual and invincible speeding up to and into slack-flood's coronal of nympholept noon." How downright awful is some of his prose (see above), quite apart from the difficulties presented by his syntax. How bored one gets by his solemn game of mystifying the reader and by the portentous, oracular, incantatory tone of which he has become so fond. At his worst Faulkner reminds one of a discursive, pompous, hick-town bore, who has "got education" and loves to dramatize the local gossip by dressing it up in fancy talk and pseudo-philosophizing.

A HERO'S SECRET

The American veneration of know-how has had, I think, unfortunate consequences in the sphere of the novel, especially since the arrival of Hemingway. One can find in Hemingway's fiction how-to-do-it treatises on fishing (river and deep-sea), bullfighting, big-game hunting, blowing a bridge, ordering a good dinner in Italy, generalship, and making love in a gondola. Sometimes these passages have an artistic *raison d'être*; not infrequently they are a gratuitous display of *expertise*. In any event, Hemingway's great influence has, among other things, contributed to a preoccupation with technique which has led some writers to produce what might be labeled how-to-do-it novels. I cannot help feeling that **THE WAR LOVER** (Knopf, \$5.00) by **JOHN HERSEY** belongs in this category: more than half of it is devoted to hour-by-hour descriptions, heavily laden with technical detail, of Flying Fortress raids on Germany. Now, Mr. Hersey is a gifted, honest, and conscientious writer, not at all the sort of novelist who would deliberately pad a book or show off his knowingsness. He would, I presume, argue that the voluminous detail I have referred to is entirely relevant to his purpose, which has to do with the reactions of men to the stresses of war. The trouble is that much of the technical stuff is more or less meaningless to the layman, and therefore simply an encumbrance. This clutter has the effect of making *The War Lover* a plump novel in which, to my mind,

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a lean and better one is begging to be let out.

Mr. Hersey's characters are the crew of a Flying Fortress based in England in 1943. His story is narrated by the copilot, Charles Boman, and it alternates between the bomber's final, terrifying mission and an account of what has happened since the crew landed in England — its twenty-three previous raids and Boman's love affair with an English girl called Daphne. The central tension is Boman's admiration for and eventual disillusionment with the pilot, Buzz Marrow, an aggressive, foulmouthed, boastful egomaniac, who is a seeming hero and a genius at handling planes. From Daphne, who recognizes that Buzz is the same type as the dead R.A.F. pilot she once loved, Boman comes to understand that Buzz is a chronic liar and a man with a deep-seated fear of life. He is a hero in combat because secretly he delights in and lusts for annihilation.

The War Lover registers the point that wars exist because there are men like Buzz who revel in them, which is one way of saying that they are an expression of what Freud called "the death urge." This is an insight which Hersey could readily have dramatized without taking us on twenty-three bombing missions. Intermittently, his novel is extremely gripping and stirring, but as a whole I found it rather unsatisfying. The judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club think otherwise: they have made it their October selection.

THE ALANBROOKE DIARIES

TRIUMPH IN THE WEST (Doubleday, \$6.75) by **SIR ARTHUR BRYANT** concludes a chronicle of World War II based principally on the diaries of Field Marshal Alanbrooke. It opens with the invasion of Italy and closes with Alanbrooke's retirement in 1946.

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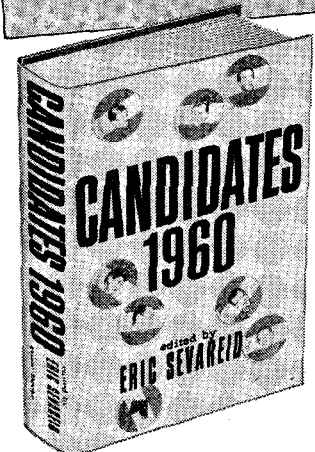
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ered Churchill's eagerness to engage the enemy anywhere and everywhere "a regular disease" and tenaciously resisted a succession of ventures dear to his formidable boss — attacks on Rhodes, the Andaman Islands, Sumatra. Their relationship was an unremitting verbal battle, but the C.I.G.S. and the Prime Minister had a deep respect and admiration for each other, and out of their clashing partnership there came, with astonishing smoothness, the ordered movements of a great national effort.

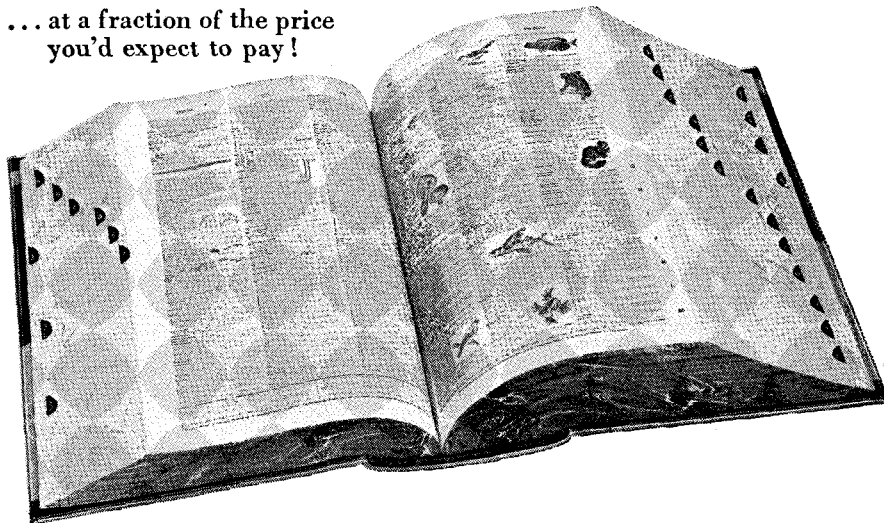
The other major theme of the diaries is conflict over strategy with the Americans. Alanbrooke insistently asserts that "the inexperience of the American High Command" was responsible for mistakes which delayed victory in Europe and threw away part of its fruits by senselessly surrendering territory to the Russians. The alleged mistakes he fought against were: first, failure to grasp the importance of and to support sufficiently the Italian campaign, whose purpose was to draw and keep Hitler's strategic reserves south of the Alps; second, Eisenhower's unwillingness to follow up the Normandy break-through with a single, overwhelming thrust at the Ruhr, which, according to German sources, could not have been stopped short of Berlin.

Alanbrooke's critique of American leadership in Europe amplifies a thesis which has already been fought over by the military experts and is likely to remain a subject of controversy. What seems hardly debatable is that the diaries furnish impressive evidence of Alanbrooke's acute intelligence, prescience, and common sense. At the Cairo and Teheran Conferences, he perceived how unrealistic were the discussions with the Chinese and the Russians; the nonsense he had listened to, he noted at one point, made him feel like entering "a lunatic asylum or a nursing home." He rightly concluded that "there was little to be hoped for from Chiang's China." Nor did he ever entertain any illusions about the Russians. The policy of soft-soaping them disgusted him, and he proved in his personal dealings with Stalin that more headway could be made by a tough, outspoken approach.

Alanbrooke's diary was written as "an evening conversation on paper" addressed to his wife. Into it he poured the tensions and frustrations of a man, outwardly reticent and

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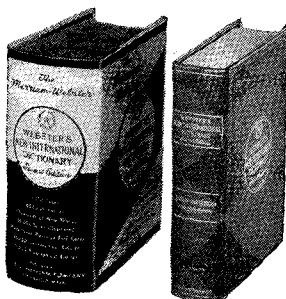
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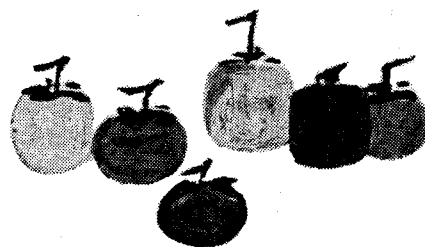
self-controlled, who was carrying a crushing burden of responsibility and was often tired beyond endurance. A journal which serves as an outlet for stress is bound to be, to some extent, a distorting mirror; and when Bryant's earlier volume appeared, some critics argued that Alanbrooke had done himself and his country a disservice by allowing the diaries to be published. Granted that they are, in places, misleadingly colored by overstrain and grating to American sensibilities, I myself feel that their spontaneous, unguarded character makes them a singularly fascinating and revealing addition to the record. They document the conflicts within the Anglo-American alliance with an unparalleled candor, and they present to us an exceptionally intimate account — refreshingly free of guff — of the discussions that governed the conduct of the war. They have the flavor of an "unauthorized" version of the events of which Churchill's great history is the authorized British version.

"PRIVATE SOCIALISM"

Eighteen years ago, Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* described the quality of life in a society of the remote future as "death without tears." Judging from ALAN HARRINGTON'S *LIFE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE* (Knopf, \$4.50), the existence of today's Organization Man already approximates this condition of dismal, sterile contentment. The Crystal Palace is one of America's large corporations, and Mr. Harrington's book is the result of a four-year term in its public relations department.

The representative American corporation, Harrington suggests, "resembles nothing so much as a private socialist system." It is "virtually impossible to be fired." The annuity and insurance program guarantees a cozy future. You are fenced in by benevolence. Even if your powers decline and you become a "road block," you are not likely to lose your status, for the Crystal Palace is prepared to lose a certain amount of money to protect its employees' self-respect and demonstrate that length of service is properly appreciated. The Crystal Palace has abolished abject failure and glorious success and has made itself the Mediocre Man's Protective League. The cardinal virtue is to do nothing that

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The fatuity of the Crystal Palace's *modus operandi* is most apparent in its personnel department and in its public relations. The former is governed by the tyranny of preposterous forms and tests, derived from a pseudo scientism which assumes that the capacities of human beings can be measured in the same way as those of machines. The public relations program is chiefly aimed at pleasing top management and conveying to employees an irreproachable image of the corporation. In other words, the great corporations are busily and absurdly engaged in talking to themselves.

I am not qualified to judge the validity of Harrington's picture, but much of it is certainly not new: W. H. Whyte's books, *The Organization Man* and *Is Anybody Listening?*, and a number of other writings have conveyed to us a similar image of what is allegedly happening in the corporate world. The appeal of Harrington's essay is that his personal findings constitute in effect a condensation and summation of what has been said in a variety of places, and they are presented in a telling and most readable manner. If what Harrington and other observers report is true, then our great corporations are certainly operating far below their possible level of efficiency.

There are two piercing ironies in the situation Harrington describes. Apparently the corporations have adopted a system which exposes them to many of the charges they have so zealously directed against socialism. Moreover, while crusading against "creeping socialism" within the body politic, they seem to have allowed a form of socialism not to creep but to rush into their own citadel.

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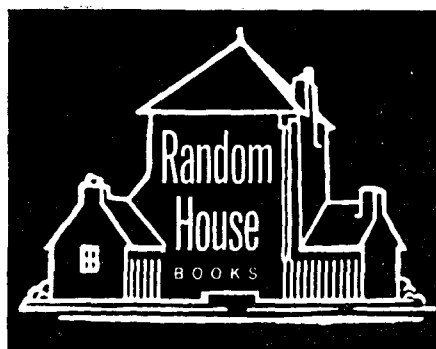
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than the conventional theatrical memoir.

Mr. Hart has confined himself to the story of his youthful struggles, which were motivated by two compelling forces — hatred of poverty and a vision of Broadway as the Promised Land. His father was a cigar maker of English origin, and the son grew up in the Upper Bronx with "the dark, brown taste of being poor" always in his mouth. A wildly eccentric aunt, with the pretensions of a *grande dame*, aroused in him a sense of the theater's infinite glamour; and at fourteen he got a job as messenger boy to a producer known as "the King of the One Night Stands." Presently young Hart found himself starring in a real-life version of soap opera. His boss suddenly lost the services of the author who dished out all the plays he sent on tour — she hit the jackpot with *Abie's Irish Rose*. Hart promptly offered to bring the desperate impresario a fine drama by one Robert Arnold Conrad, and he proceeded to compose it in three nights. Miraculously, *The Beloved Bandit* not only delighted his employer (who forgave him his trickery) but found an enthusiastic backer who deemed it worthy of Broadway. The play flopped catastrophically in the try-out stage, and at eighteen Hart was "a fully-fledged failure."

During the following six years, he wrote unproduced plays and worked as a social director in summer camps, rising to be "King of the Borscht Circuit." Though etched with loathing, his picture of the frenzied, uninhibited life of these camps in the late 1920s is wonderfully fresh and funny.

The rest of the book (some 200 pages) is devoted to the long-drawn-out and harrowing journey of his play *Once in a Lifetime*, through a collaboration with George Kaufman to success on Broadway. It is a good, frequently amusing tale of the dolors and doldrums of playwriting, rehearsals, and tryouts, but there is certainly much too much of it.

Mr. Hart has written with candor, vitality, and a lack of vanity rare in books about the theater. He speaks of himself as one of "the less honorably inspired" who finds highly satisfying "the mess of pottage that success offers." This honesty gives his lively memoir a much greater solidity and human interest than one might expect in a success story of the

commercial theater. *Act One* is a distinguished personal history.

THE COMIC SPIRIT

Messages of welcome from Evelyn Waugh, Rebecca West, and Sir Julian Huxley have greeted the re-appearance, after an absence of some twenty years, of a character in American fiction with a genius for massacring the English language. The scene of his operations was the beginners' class of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults in New York City, and this is where we meet him again in **THE RETURN OF H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N** (Harper, \$3.50). Kaplan's creator, who previously used the pseudonym Leonard Q. Ross, is **LEO ROSTEN**. Mr. Rosten's witty preface emphasizes that the writing of dialect is never transcription, but creation — "the 'accurate ear' for which an author is praised is as inventive as it is accurate."

The new Hyman Kaplan stories are as felicitously inspired and as funny as those in *The Education of H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n*. Some of the veterans show up again in Mr. Parkhill's class, and Mr. Pinsky is still loyally playing Sancho Panza to Kaplan's Quixote and orderly to his Napoleon. Prominent among the newcomers, who introduce new factions and ethnic loyalties, are Olga Tarnova, "a sort of faded Cleopatra, floating down a Slavic Nile, lost in dreams of the days when men [were] maddened by her beauty," and Gus Matsoukas, proudly aloof, as befits a Greek among barbarians.

The class's tumultuous proceedings again treat us to an entrancing display of the ways in which the English language can be violated. All the characters commit delightful atrocities, but Kaplan towers above them — a Shakespeare of broken English. In Kaplanese, the plural of *blouse* is *blisce* and that of *sandwich* is *delicatessen*, the opposite of *height* is *lowth*, and *diameter* is a machine for counting dimes. Our first President is Judge Vashington, the Chinese Generalissimo is Shanghai Jack, and the Atlantic and Pacific are linked by the Panama Kennel. Kaplan's fractured eloquence reaches its heights in the historical lectures he gratuitously dispenses. Here is his version of a famous utterance by Patrick Henry: "Julius Scissor had his Brutis, Cholly de Foist had his

Cornvall, an' if Kink Judge got a bren in his had he vil make a profit from soch a semple! — Dat also epplies to Moscovitz."

To compose a farce in a tone of mock formality, as **HOWARD SHAW** has done in **THE CRIME OF GIOVANNI VENTURI** (Holt, \$3.95), is an undertaking which runs the risk of sounding forced or of slipping into the abyss of archness. Mr. Shaw has triumphantly circumvented these hazards, and his novel is a thoroughly delightful *tour de force*. The plot is ingenious; its comic possibilities are engagingly exploited; its outrageous improbabilities are made plausible enough to pass muster by the standards of farce.

Giovanni Venturi, a mild, placid, law-abiding bachelor in his early sixties, has for nearly thirty years operated with modest success a *trattoria* in the Trastevere quarter of Rome. Now he is suddenly confronted with ruin. A big-time restaurant chain with mass production methods and cut-rate prices opens a branch a few yards down the street, and no eating place within six blocks of a Uriti branch has ever survived its murderous competition. Giovanni's closest friend, the bookseller next door, proposes to him an audacious plan for getting the better of his enemy. I must interject that Mr. Shaw has devised a *combinazione* which does credit to a Neapolitan operator, than whom there is no wilier. The idea is simply for Giovanni to arrange to feed his customers at Uriti's expense. He will purchase the collaboration of the youth who operates the dumbwaiter in a corner of the Uriti kitchen, and then will dig a tunnel from his place to a point immediately below the dumbwaiter; thus he will be able to draw at will on his rival's immense array of dishes, wines, and spirits.

Not only does the scheme work, but it has unforeseen consequences which carry Giovanni, temporarily, to sublime heights. In order not to arouse the suspicions of his unwitting provider, Giovanni serves fewer meals and has to turn away customers. This soon makes his *trattoria* the most fashionable in Rome and permits him to double his prices. Meanwhile, in the course of digging the tunnel, Giovanni has made a stupendous discovery: the sepulcher of Lars Porsena of Clusium and a priceless collection of Etruscan relics.

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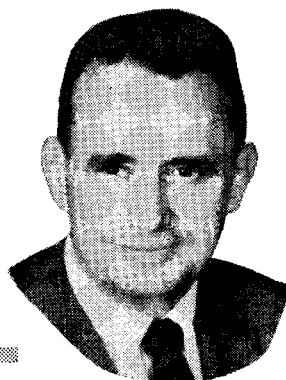


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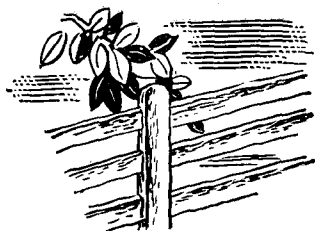
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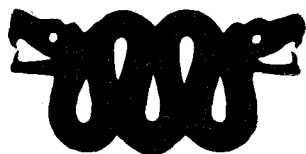
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What follows is suspenseful as well as funny down to the last page. I cannot recall a more diverting light novel about Italians by an American writer.

Another item which I strongly commend to those who relish the comic spirit is **THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF HUMOROUS POETRY** (Simon and Schuster, \$6.50), edited by **WILLIAM COLE**. Mr. Cole (some of whose humorous verse has appeared in the *Atlantic*) has put together a really superlative anthology which will defy competition for a long time to come. Offhand, I would have said that light verse was not something one would want to consume in large quantities at a single sitting, but four hours after I started dipping into Cole's treasury I was still enjoying myself hugely. Its range and variety are prodigious. More than two hundred authors are represented with nearly five hundred poems, which run from a couple of lines to a couple of hundred. Every form of humorous verse is included — the parody, the jingle, the lampoon, the epigram and the epitaph, *vers de société*, a few limericks (so few are printable), the cleriheo, lyrics from light opera; and every aspect of the comic Muse — farce, irony, wit, caprice, burlesque, satire, and high-flown tomfoolery.

The golden ages of humorous poetry were the nineteenth century in England, which produced such great masters of the form as Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, and W. S. Gilbert (as consistently witty as he was prolific), and the 1920s in the United States, which witnessed the flowering of, among others, Dorothy Parker, Don Marquis, and Franklin P. Adams. Today, the market for humorous verse is limited to a few magazines; the only practitioner who extracts a living from it is Ogden Nash. Still, the present and the recent past make a spirited showing in Cole's anthology, with Morris Bishop (how brilliant he is!), R. P. Lister, A. P. Herbert, Vladimir Nabokov, John Updike, P. G. Wodehouse (whose verse is as funny as his prose), the incomparable Ogden Nash, and many another gifted hand.

The masterpieces of comic poetry have naturally appeared in previous anthologies, but Cole has rightly included even the most familiar of them, for as an eminent anthologist

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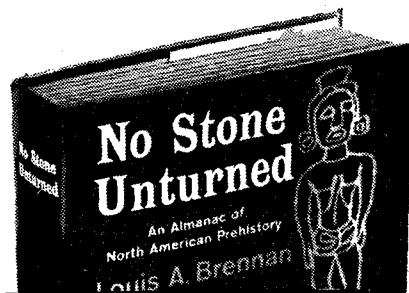
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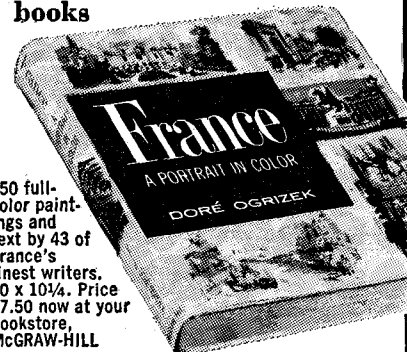


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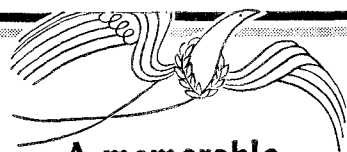
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has said: "The best is the best, though a hundred judges have declared it so." About two thirds of Cole's material has not been anthologized before, and it furnished me with a great many agreeable discoveries. Among them were parodies of *Time* and *Life*; C. W. V. Wordsworth's "Song in Praise of Paella" ("Paella! Paella! Arroz by any other name would never smell as sweet"); Paul Dehn's jauntily appalling nursery rhymes for the Atomic Age, one of which ominously begins, "Jack and Jill went up the hill/ To fetch some heavy water"; and William Cole's Gilbertian comment on Dulles' visit to the Premier of Burma, which goes in part: "He did not come to woo U Nu. . . . When reporters asked 'A political coup?' He waved them aside with a light 'Pooh-Pooh.' But he didn't just come to admire the view, Which he certainly knew you knew, U Nu."

Cole has grouped the poems in imaginative but at the same time orderly categories. His treasury is invitingly illustrated with comic drawings, some by poets — Chesterton, Lear, Nicolas Bentley — some by famous comic artists.

RAGE FOR POWER

The most charitable summation I can make of **POOR NO MORE** (Holt, \$5.95) by **ROBERT RUARK** is that it reads like a parody of John O'Hara at his embarrassing worst. Mr. Ruark's bloated novel is about five times the length of the average book, and I cannot imagine that a man as remuneratively employed as he is would embark on so exhausting a work unless he were convinced he had something of consequence to say, which happens not to be the case. Unfortunately, Mr. Ruark's literary ambitions have not deterred him from stuffing his novel with all of the vulgar ingredients conducive to box-office success: a ruthless, self-made tycoon-hero who is irresistible to women; chronic boozing and reams of crude sex palaver; descriptions of visits to "21" and other landmarks on the map of Manhattan snobbery, with knowing allusions to the owners and the waiters; glimpses of real "celebrities" (Joe DiMaggio, Danny Kaye, Toots Shor); hopped-up vignettes of how the super-rich live; cynical platitudes about the way of the world (New York is a



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jungle; everybody is for sale); and a climax which manages to pay its respects both to right thinking and to cynicism by showing that the wages of power seeking are desolation and a heap of trouble — with a million dollars in Switzerland as a consolation prize.

The hero of Ruark's saga, Craig Price, is a North Carolina boy born in 1916, the son of a bookkeeper hard hit by the depression. The benefactor who offers to help him through college dies suddenly, and he starts to earn his keep by acting as go-between in a bootlegging operation. At this point, the beautiful, worldly mother of his rich roommate fastens a lustful eye upon him, but though his flesh is oh, so willing, his honor is stronger, and he dashes off to sea. When he returns, having proved himself a terrific brawler, he is calculating enough to marry the sex-crazed daughter of his former benefactor to get his hands on her mill. A series of wizard business plays project him into the tycoon class and onto the cover of *Time* while he is still in his early twenties. Already he knows so much about the dirt in high places in Washington (Lord knows how) that he gets a cushy job in the war and devotes himself to getting richer. Meanwhile, his marriage has become a shambles and he has acquired as his latest mistress a sexy dream woman who knows that he is an irresponsible stinker but loves him because she finds him — as clearly Ruark does — "a man in a world of boys." This is precisely what he is not. He is instead a boozy, chronically unhappy, power-mad juvenile delinquent, whose idea of relaxing with the woman he loves is to pretend that he is still a sailor lad and she a "tart I picked up."

Ruark, who is nothing if not smart, assumes on the surface a critical attitude toward his hero and allows nemesis to overtake him. In reality, his novel is another sleazy expression of that veneration for power which Orwell diagnosed as the malignant tumor of our age. I am forced to add that Ruark's prodigious energy and slickness keep his narrative moving at a vigorous clip, and I can safely offer odds of ten to one that it will land on the best-seller list.

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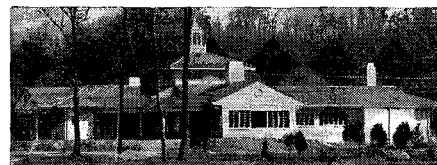
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SMITH is a city in the South, in which an unpleasant but seemingly trivial incident touches off a chain reaction of evil. A little girl of eight, known to be a queer, neurotic child, tells her mother she has been attacked in a vacant store by a man who vaguely resembles her father, and she finally identifies him as Mark Channing, a brilliant, happily married scientist, engaged in cancer research. The narrator, David Landrum, a Protestant clergyman who has lost a leg in the war and who is Channing's closest friend, is sure the child is lying. The police, too, doubt her story. But one of the town's leading citizens insists that Channing be dropped from the Cancer Committee's television program, because he has become a "controversial" figure.

Presently Susie's mother, who is full of hostility for her husband, pressures him into swearing out a formal charge against Channing, which brings about Channing's arrest. An anonymous letter to his son, away at school, causes the boy's death. Landrum, a dedicated man who is doing all he can to help Channing, finds himself in love with his friend's wife and is swept into an affair with her. And the town's hatemongers erupt in an orgy of anti-intellectualism, climaxed by the murder of Landrum's organist, who, as he faces the mob, discovers in himself the courage he has always felt so guilty for lacking.

In a succession of psychological unmaskings, Miss Smith reveals the complexities of her characters' hidden motives and the subtleties of their relationships with remarkable sensitivity and insight. But she has made the mistake, I think, of posing too explicitly and insistently the age-old problem of the nature of good and evil. For the truths which fiction can convey are of a different order than the propositions of discourse, and any explicit answer which a novel makes to a problem—the answer, in this case, being that good and evil are inseparable, inextricably fused in the raw material of human destiny—is bound to be somewhat anticlimatic. The novel, like several others discussed here this month, seemed to be longer than was necessary. Fortunately, Miss Smith is a compelling storyteller, and despite the reservations just mentioned, I found her book moving and absorbing.

"Do This," Christ said, "In Remembrance of ME"

Attending Mass in a Catholic Church for the first time, people are often impressed by the ceremony and the quiet piety of the worshippers.

But they could scarcely feel, what Catholics believe, that the Son of God is truly present on the altar... that He is, in fact, acting as the high priest in a holy sacrifice in which He is also the victim.

"Jesus Christ," they may say to themselves, "made a complete and finished sacrifice when He died on the cross. Why do Catholics claim that our Lord's sacrifice, already consummated, is repeated again and again every day in Catholic Churches everywhere?"

No one believes more firmly than Catholics do, that Christ's sacrifice was finished and complete when He gave up His Life on the cross. We agree that He died but once, and He is not nailed to the cross and crowned with thorns again and again and again. Yet the Catholic Mass is not a substitute... not a mere imitation... but a true and holy reenactment of the sacrifice offered by Jesus Himself.

If this sounds confusing and hard to believe, think for a moment of the Last Supper. The crucifixion and the Mass are *one* and the *same* sacrifice.

At the Last Supper, our Lord offered Himself when He changed the bread and wine into His own Body and Blood, the price He would pay for the redemption of men's sins. Only a few short hours later, He was to repeat this sacrifice in the bloody consummation of the cross.

Jesus clearly indicated at the Last Supper that He wanted His sacrifice to

be perpetuated... so that all future generations might have the same suitable gift to offer to Almighty God. So, having changed the bread and wine into His Own Body and Blood, He said to the Apostles: "Do this in remembrance of ME." They were to repeat His sacrifice—and they did so. They said Mass and consecrated the bread and wine as our Lord had done... and just as Catholic priests the world over have been doing for the nearly two thousand years since. This we call the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass... this is the heart and core of our Catholic Faith.

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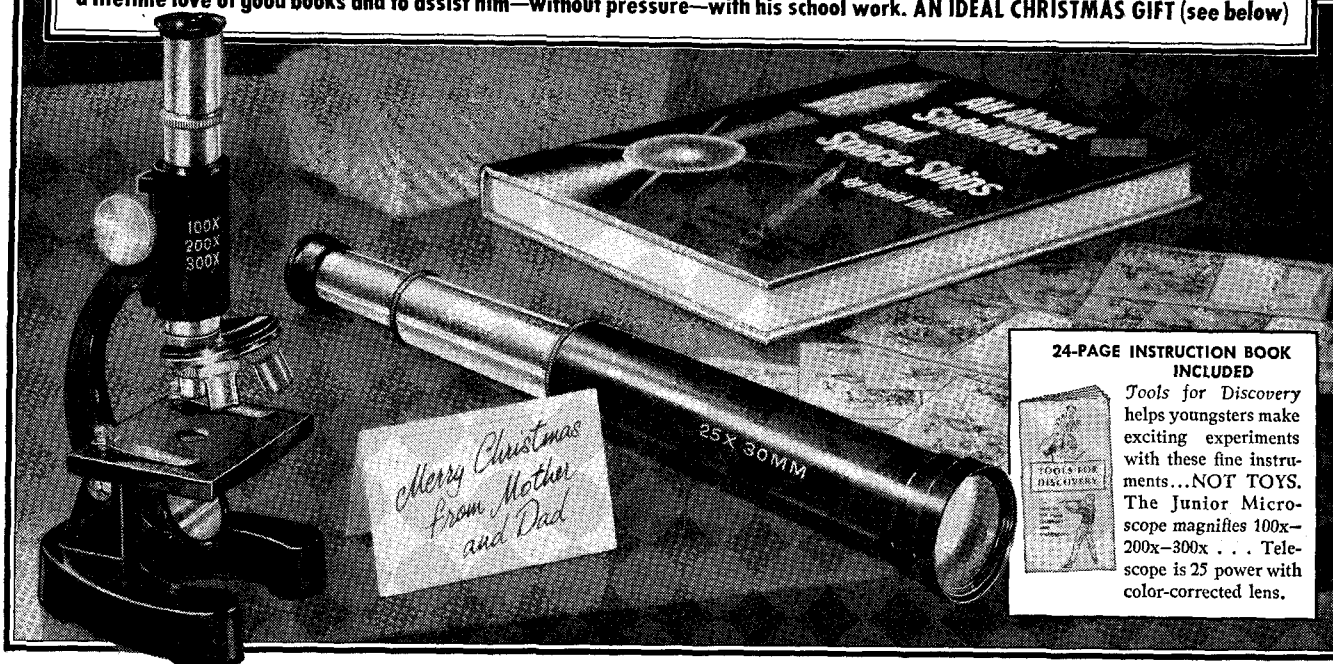
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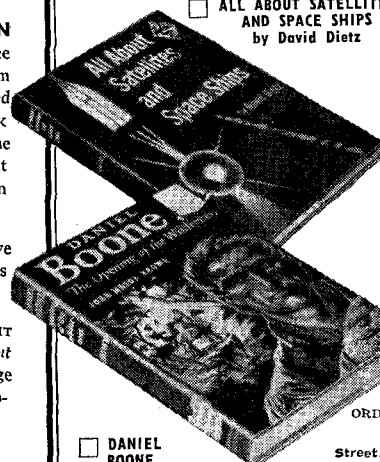
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ATLANTIC STUDY GUIDE

The ATLANTIC STUDY GUIDE is included only in the Educational Edition of the ATLANTIC. It is prepared by Edith M. Rideout, Instructor of English and Supervisor of the Reading Clinic at Newton High School, Newtonville, Massachusetts, and Harold G. Ridlon, Jr., Assistant Professor of English at Tufts University, Medford, Massachusetts. This Guide was prepared by Mr. Ridlon.



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THE MUSIC OF POETRY (Based on "Praise We Great Men," page 97, and "Triptych," page 80)

Lyric poetry originally meant poetry written to be sung to music. Although the meaning has changed, lyric poetry still contains musical elements, not least of which are metrical pattern, rhyme scheme, stanzaic structure, repetition, and such musical effects as refrain, alliteration, assonance, consonance, and onomatopoeia.

1. Read "Praise We Great Men" aloud to discover all the musical effects. Why would you expect this poem to employ many and varied musical devices? (Consider title, theme, dedication.) Identify some of these devices. Do they grow naturally out of the poem, or do they appear to be superimposed on the ideas and feelings being communicated?

2. After reading "Triptych," try to isolate some of the devices which make Aiken one of our most musically conscious poets. Notice his fondness for certain words — oak, wind, sun, leaf, Judas blossom — and his frequent use of them. From your reading of these poems, can you agree with Louis Untermeyer that Aiken's "very excess of melody defeats his purpose"? Why is the title "Triptych" appropriate?

TECHNIQUES OF NARRATION: COMMUNICATING RECOLLECTION

(Based on "A Touch of Autumn in the Air," page 76, and "The Fate of a Man," page 41)

"Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.
If all time is eternally present
All time is unredeemable."

--T. S. Eliot, "Burnt Norton," from Four Quartets

These stories depend for much of their effect on the manner in which the recollected experiences are communicated. In the O'Faolain story, the problem of human memory per se is made most explicit. Dan Cashen, in recalling episodes from the past, was "more touched and troubled by the Why of memory than by the Fact of memory. He was saying, in effect: Why do I remember that? Why do I not remember the other thing?" He cannot understand why some scraps of memory persist while others disappear. Although he senses that there may be some "meaning in the pattern of those indestructible bits of the jigsaw of his youth," it is left to the narrator to interpose his own view; namely, "that the mind wavers in and out of alertness, is bright at one moment, dim at the next" and "that we can never truly remember anything at all, that we are for a great part of our lives at the mercy of uncharted currents of the heart."

The artist working in any medium is faced with the problem of how to order and arrange the results of memory. For the literary artist, the problem is often solved, at least partially, by the skillful handling of point of view.

A Touch of Autumn in the Air

1. What part do Dan Cashen's appearance and personality play in the development of the story? How are they related to the series of recollections, to his own bewilderment, to his final propitiatory gesture?
2. The story contains some superb descriptive touches. Why does this type of story make such heavy demands upon a writer's skill in description? (Examine, for instance, in terms of their relationship to the story as a whole, the paragraphs beginning "Cashen was neither sensitive nor intelligent," "Ferns crackled at the hub," and "They piled the cut fern into the cart.")
3. What do the ferns symbolize? The nun? The conversation lozenges?
4. Who was Cashen's "famous French contemporary who recaptured lost time only by dilating, inventing, suppressing, merging such of its realities as he could recall, and inventing whatever he could not"? Do you know of any other writers whose handling of time this description reminds you of?
5. What specific advantages are gained by the use of a narrator endowed with such characteristics as the narrator of this story possesses?
6. Aside from its obvious connection with the recollected holiday, what is the significance of the title? As a measure of its effectiveness, try to supply a better one.

7. Explain the change that takes place in Cashen in the three paragraphs near the end, beginning "And then, by chance...." Why, for instance, does he look up into the sky as if searching for something and then "shiver" up his shoulders on this "lovely sunny day"?

8. Why does the narrator call Cashen "schizophrenic"? If he is correct, what evidence does the reader have that Cashen may have "put the two halves of his broken globe together" to make "a complete round"?

The Fate of a Man

Like the O'Faolain story, this is a study in human loneliness and regret. It also similarly employs a technique of narration based on the deliberate recall of past events from the vantage point of the present.

9. How does the relationship between narrator and viewpoint character differ in the two stories? Account for this difference in terms of theme, setting, mood, intention, and plot structure. What, precisely, is the function of the narrator in this story?

10. What effect does the ordered and systematic recall of objects, people, places, and events have on our identification with the hero, Andrei? On the quality of pathos generated by the story? Are we able to identify ourselves so completely with Dan Cashen? Why, or why not?

11. A sense of guilt has pervaded much Russian fiction. How does it manifest itself here?

12. Although the recollected details are more complete and sequential here than in the O'Faolain story, obviously not every object or event of the past twenty or thirty years has been recounted. What essential pattern has been imposed upon those memories? To what extent is Sokolov's character, as developed by the author, a key to the arrangement?

13. Do you find credible Sokolov's lengthy and intimate conversation with a complete stranger? Why, or why not?

Critical Evaluation of Fiction

Using the criteria supplied by Wallace Stegner ("To a Young Writer," page 88), evaluate both of the stories in this issue.

14. Does the author display "restraint, repose, compassion, humor that isn't ribald and feeling that isn't sentimental"?

15. Does he "bring a reader to that alert participation that is the truest proof of fiction's effectiveness"?

16. Does he "handle words in combination as naturally as one changes tones with the tongue and lips in whistling"? (See Louis Zahner on Robert Frost's sentences.)

17. Does he "understand...characters and their implications, and...take the trouble to make sure that they have implications"?

18. Does he avoid the "obsession with self," the "compulsive writing," that betrays too little "distance and detachment"?

19. Does he possess the "uncommon touch," speaking to the "thoughtful reader"?

Writing Exercise

Write a paragraph of description which might be used to support a series of recollections held together by some unified impression. Make your first draft about 125 to 150 words; then revise and cut to about 80 to 110 words. Try to envision the situation your description will help to clarify.

Write a brief sketch based on some memory of childhood (about 200 to 250 words). First set down your account in a complete, coherent, and unself-conscious manner, using perhaps 300 to 350 words. Then, impose order on the account and work to create a single unified impression. Try to make your sketch sound like the observations of an unusually articulate child.

Write two brief (150 to 250 words) sketches of some experience you recall vividly. Write one of them using one point of view (angle of narration), perhaps first person; then rewrite the sketch using the same facts but utilizing a different point of view, perhaps third person, with a narrator.

In about 200 words, contrast the problems of loneliness faced by Dan Cashen and by Andrei Sokolov, as well as the individual solutions they attempted. Which solution did you find most satisfying? Why?

What story, poem, play, novel, or essay have you read that best fits Mr. Stegner's criteria for literary art? Discuss one in detail (about 300 words).

VOCABULARY

A. Where Does It Belong?

Indicate by the correct letter choice where each item on the left belongs.

1	paunch	a. botanical garden
2	grid	b. context
3	tureen	c. ancient court
4	Phoenix	d. zoo
5	patois	e. poem
6	hexameter	f. paragraph
7	libation	g. museum
8	hind	h. monastery
9	bard	i. conversation
10	syntax	j. drinking bout
11	gobbledygook	k. paintbox
12	frond	l. clothes closet
13	locution	m. aviary
14	trivium	n. apiary
15	incantation	o. banquet
16	bee	p. curriculum
17	cerulean	q. human body
18	jerkin	r. government form
19	shard	s. ritual
20	cloister	t. radar screen

VOCABULARY

A. Synonyms and Antonyms

Select from among the words in the four columns on the right the word which is closest in meaning to the word on the left. Then select the word most nearly an antonym to it. Finally, determine whether or not the two remaining words are antonyms to one another.

EXAMPLE: fallacious a) reliable b) deleterious c) erroneous d) harmless

ANSWER: c/a yes (erroneous-synonym/reliable-antonym; the two remaining, antonyms)

	a.	b.	c.	d.
1. pernicious	dangerous	busy	indolent	innocuous
2. facile	tenacious	difficult	easy	yielding
3. recant	persevere	siphon	exude	revoke
4. pretentiousness	humility	perfidy	fidelity	ostentation
5. chronic	indisposed	wholesome	acute	continuing
6. virility	effeminacy	masculinity	awe	dynasty
7. drollery	stupidity	seriousness	candor	buffoonery
8. scrupulously	pugnaciously	pacifically	casually	conscientiously
9. protracted	extended	removed	revised	abbreviated
10. voluminous	felicitous	bulky	meager	unfortunate
11. infinitesimal	mundane	eternal	minute	gargantuan
12. salient	derogatory	prominent	insignificant	congratulatory
13. culpable	blameworthy	efficient	incompetent	irreproachable
14. ratiocinative	reasoning	emotional	deliberate	casual
15. venerable	sinful	gnostic	revered	contemptible
16. crevice	fulcrum	defile	apex	protuberance
17. articulate	austere	vague	distinct	frivolous
18. sinuous	undevious	muscular	winding	efficacious
19. obdurate	terminal	final	yielding	hardhearted
20. dilate	ameliorate	aggravate	expand	contract
21. definitive	complete	real	illusory	inconclusive
22. punitive	submissive	retributive	nebulous	volatile
23. manifold	casual	singular	varied	deliberate
24. archaic	avant-garde	deciduous	antiquated	coniferous
25. diversity	variety	maladroit	inept	homogeneity
26. lugubrious	noxious	mournful	tyrannical	frivolous
27. postulate	establish	deny	overt	covert
28. sacrosanct	inviolable	profane	immense	microscopic
29. kinetic	turgid	actual	potential	transparent
30. fiasco	solvent	bankrupt	failure	triumph
31. nadir	depth	slave	zenith	potentate
32. putative	effervescent	doubted	pungent	supposed
33. lucidity	clarity	fuzziness	vituperation	acquiescence
34. prowess	cowardice	valor	escritoire	dignitary
35. pejorative	resilient	rigid	reverential	depreciatory
36. protrude	indent	enervate	project	strengthen
37. inveterate	elusive	habitual	ephemeral	rambunctious
38. graphic	vague	vivid	orthopedic	instantaneous
39. perfunctory	indifferent	radical	reactionary	conscientious
40. symmetry	virulence	cacophony	imbalance	correspondence

THE TEACHING OF READING AND WRITING
(Based on the five articles in this issue under that heading)

After reading carefully all five of the articles, be prepared to answer concisely each of the following:

1. What does Mr. Filbin mean by these terms:
 - a) language disability
 - b) "look-say" method of reading
 - c) the Peterborough plan
 - d) the Lincoln spelling plan
2. What general solution to the problem of poor reading in the public schools does Mr. Filbin urge?
3. On what grounds does Mr. Chauncey defend the use of objective testing to identify good and bad composition students? What evidence does he cite to point up the failure of standardized essay tests to predict skill in composition? Can you discover any alternative to the recommendation he makes?
4. Explain what Mr. Chauncey and others mean by the "problem of numbers."
5. Explain how Mr. Chauncey's system of "lay readers" would function? What advantages might be gained by such a system? What disadvantages are inherent in it?
6. Read carefully Mr. Chauncey's final paragraph as an example of a sound and effective conclusion. Try to substitute beneficially any words you can find for the following: prized, expensive, enterprise, amazingly, exhaustingly, exhorted, media, edification, limited, abstruse, concerted, and competent.
7. Be prepared to discuss the validity of Mr. Bragdon's statement that "English is not a subject, like physics or geography or Latin. It is a universal skill, and every teacher of academic subjects should be in some degree a teacher of English." What constitutes its "universality"? Is it simply a "skill"? Though one would certainly applaud the effort to enlist the aid of all subject teachers in upholding standards of good English, does the emphasis on skill damage its status?
8. How do you think Mr. Stegner ("To a Young Writer," page 88) would react to Mr. Bragdon's statement that "writing is not an obvious social skill. It is, in fact, a lonely business, and a person engaged in writing of necessity withdraws from the group"?
9. Does Mr. Bragdon agree with Mr. Chauncey about the validity of objective testing?
10. As a student, would you prefer to have essay questions distributed far enough ahead of examinations so that you might mentally prepare your answers beforehand? Why, or why not?
11. Explain the irony in Mrs. Lowe's remark concerning Phil's reading of dinner as supper: "This is called making reading full of meaning." Imagine what tone of voice she would have used if she had made this statement orally. What devices of the written language helped her to communicate her feeling?
12. In a concise, coherent essay of about 200 words, explain what you believe Mrs. Lowe means when she speaks of the "connection between the revival of the effective teaching of reading and writing and the general restoration of learning." What connection do you see between her essential argument and the point made by Mr. Stegner regarding self-expression as self-indulgence?
13. What does Mr. Zahner consider "the greatest single cause of the decline of the teaching of composition in the schools"? Do you tend to agree or disagree?
14. Like Mr. Jacques Barzun, who termed it "hokum," Mr. Zahner deplors the use of mere verbalization ("generalizations that can be supported by other generalizations"); he envisions its developing into "pure jargon and rich gobbledygook." What does he mean by these terms?

15. Mr. Zahner maintains that "holding fast the connections between words and the realities of experience is the essence of all use and understanding of language." On the other hand, Mrs. Lowe conceives of a word as "a symbol, by grace of the letters which compose it, of the sound which conveys the meaning," not as "a visual symbol of meaning" itself. Are they in agreement or disagreement with one another?

16. What is the trivium? Identify its three component parts.

17. Precisely what does Mr. Zahner mean by his distinction between "preventive" and "inventive" usage?

18. How do you think Mr. Stegner would react to Mr. Zahner's statement that "unless the pupil's pen is the tongue of a ready speaker, we cannot hope for even moderately effective writing"? Can you expand on the number of ways the human voice might be used in training one to write well?

19. Identify Caliban.

20. Imagine that the five educators who wrote these articles constitute a committee that would present an explicit program for better reading and writing in the schools. On what points would they be in sufficient agreement to warrant a definite proposal? On what points would they be most likely to disagree? Would either the type or extent of their disagreement be symptomatic of broader problems within the American educational system? Explain.

Writing Exercise

Mr. Bragdon's use of historical materials in the teaching of English composition has led him successfully to such an exercise as the one that follows. On the left-hand side is a passage from the earliest draft of the Declaration of Independence; on the right-hand side is the same passage in its final version. Explain concretely the reasons for the changes, remembering that national pride and international diplomacy, as well as desire for economy and clarity, may be responsible for them. (Final version marks paragraph with dash before "We hold these...")

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to advance from that subordination in which they have hitherto remained, & to assume among the powers of the earth the equal & independent station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the change.

We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable; that all men are created equal & independent; that from that equal creation they derive rights inherent & inalienable, among which are the preservation of life, & liberty, & the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these ends, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government shall become destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation..."

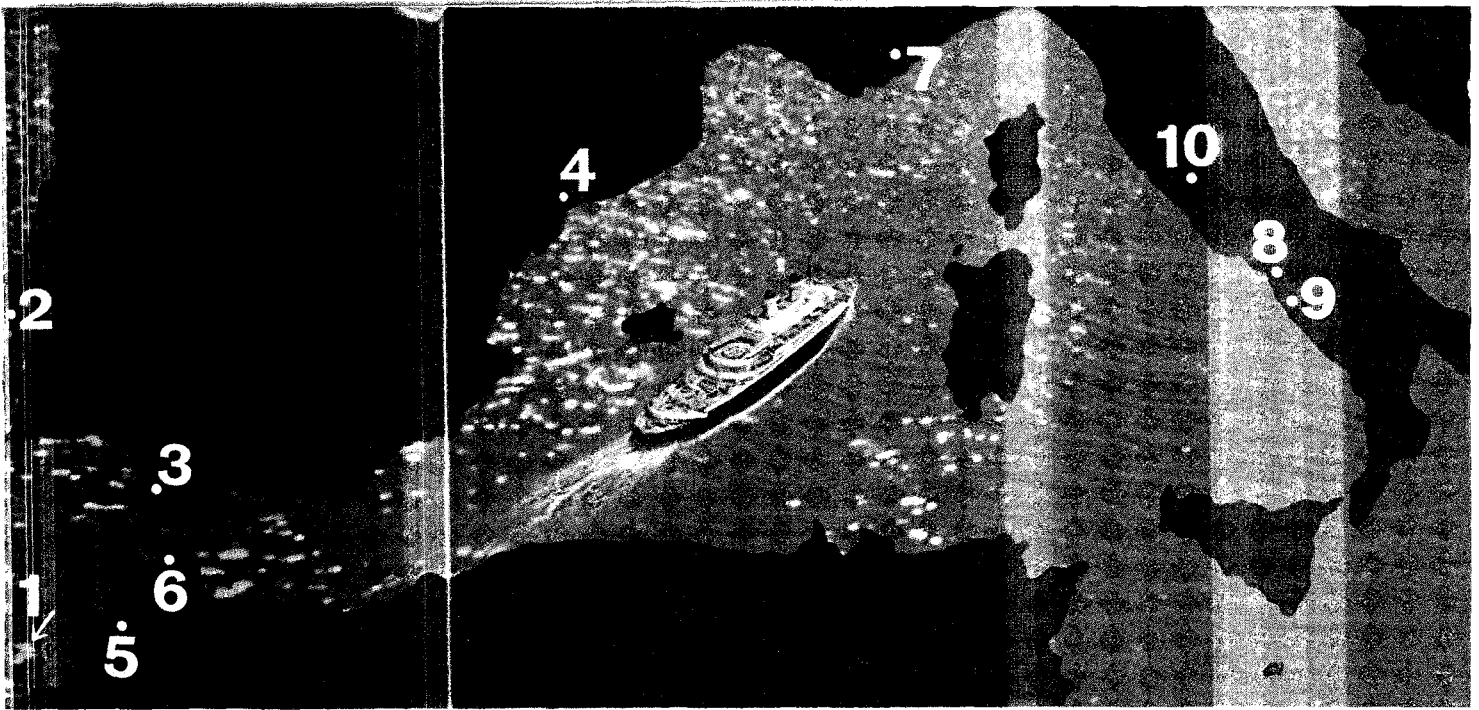
"When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles..."

RESPONDING TO WIT AND HUMOR

(Based on "The Saving Grace," page 61)

When John Keats asked in one of his sonnets, "Why did I laugh tonight," he was exploring a phenomenon which has intrigued man for centuries -- his capacity for laughter. Theories -- physiological, psychological, philosophical -- abound, and may themselves prove delightful reading for the curious. One such theory, confined perhaps to the humor of our time and place, is provided by Thurber in this essay, along with a great deal of entertainment. At the risk of robbing this essay of some of its effervescence, an undertaking not altogether unlike explaining a joke, examine it to discover (1) what, if any, serious point about humor is being made here, (2) what specific levels of humor are illustrated in the essay, and (3) what personal appeal is made by those devices employed for producing laughter.

1. At what particular points in the story did you find yourself
 - a) becoming mildly interested in what took place?
 - b) smiling genteelly?
 - c) snickering ludicrously?
 - d) laughing boisterously?
 - e) thinking diligently?
2. How effective do you find
 - a) the sudden shock opening: "I have wanted to argue with you since 1951"?
 - b) the witty repartee: "You have shown remarkable restraint for your impatient sex"?
 - c) the tone of superiority (fundamental to laughter, according to Thomas Hobbes, Alexander Bain, and Stephen Leacock): "Here it is 1959. What is it you want to be wrong about"?
 - d) the allusion: Lady Banquo, First Folio, Grace and the graces, Safety Council, Titanic, "folded its tents like the Arabs"?
 - e) the parody: "the pain in Twain stays mainly in the brain"? Notice here that the parody is ineffective if the original is unknown. What is the original against which we set this parody?
 - f) the hyperbole: "Who was that feeble-minded son of bombast and confusion"? (See Mark Twain for some of the most effective handling of exaggeration as a device of humor.)
 - g) the repetition: Mr. Groper's cyclic intrusions?
 - h) the names of people to identify idiosyncrasies (a favorite device of Dickens): Mrs. Groper, the Hugginses?
 - i) the pun ("a form of wordplay involving a contradiction between two contrasting meanings of the same sound): "Alimentary, my dear Watson": play on elementary, but going one step beyond into use of allusion to promote humorous contradiction in sense. A further complexity of meaning in the pun is illustrated by the exceedingly witty, "If you prefer 'I think, therefore I am' to 'Non sum qualis eram,' you are putting Descartes before Horace."
 - j) the use of dialect: "Do not for the God's sake break the glasses"?
3. To what do you attribute the comic effect produced in the paragraph beginning: "'Certainly,' I said. 'If the case got to...'"? The zipper? The Violetta label?



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1 Canary Islands.

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6

Tangier. The Moors say the devil lives here. It's an exotic city—snake charmers, storytellers, fascinating bargains. Cafes with mint tea and Arab music. Some cruises stop at Madeira—wines, laces, ox-drawn rides.

2 Lisbon.

On the coast of Portugal, painted fishing boats are beached and the nets spread as they have been for 1500 years. Nearby: the resort of Estoril and the famous Shrine of Fatima. (No unpacking; the ship is your hotel.)

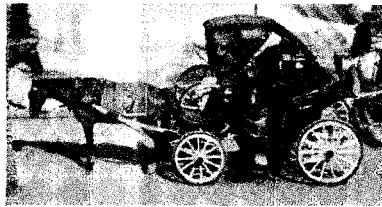


7

Cannes. Unslung your camera. Here is the view from the Grand Corniche, spectacular drive to Nice, Grasse, Monte Carlo. Then Genoa and the Italian Riviera. (From Cannes, it's only a matter of hours to Paris.)

3 Cadiz.

Byron called it "the cup of silver"—a white city shimmering in sunlight. Nearby are Jerez de la Frontera (have you tasted 1850 sherry?) and lovely Seville. Its Flamenco dances are authentic and spectacular.



8

Naples. Our picture is Capri, a scenic ride from Naples. In the fall, Capri is uncrowded and beautiful. Do you know Vesuvius still smokes peacefully; backdrop for your visit to Pompeii. (Our Aces also sail to the Mediterranean.)

4 Barcelona.

There are bullfights and gypsy bodegas. North is Montserrat, mountain home of the famous monastery. 125 miles to sea is Majorca. Chopin and George Sand thought it the most romantic island on earth.



9

The Amalfi Drive dips, winds, climbs from the silken beaches of Sorrento to Amalfi. South is Palermo, Sicily. You drive the Conca d'Oro (golden shell) to the Cathedral of Monreale and its famed 12th century mosaics.

5 Casablanca.

Exploring the Casbah is a tingling experience. It is a city of contrasts: old walled quarter (Medina) and modern shops. (On ship, our chefs love to be challenged. How do you like your lamb noisette? Capon?)

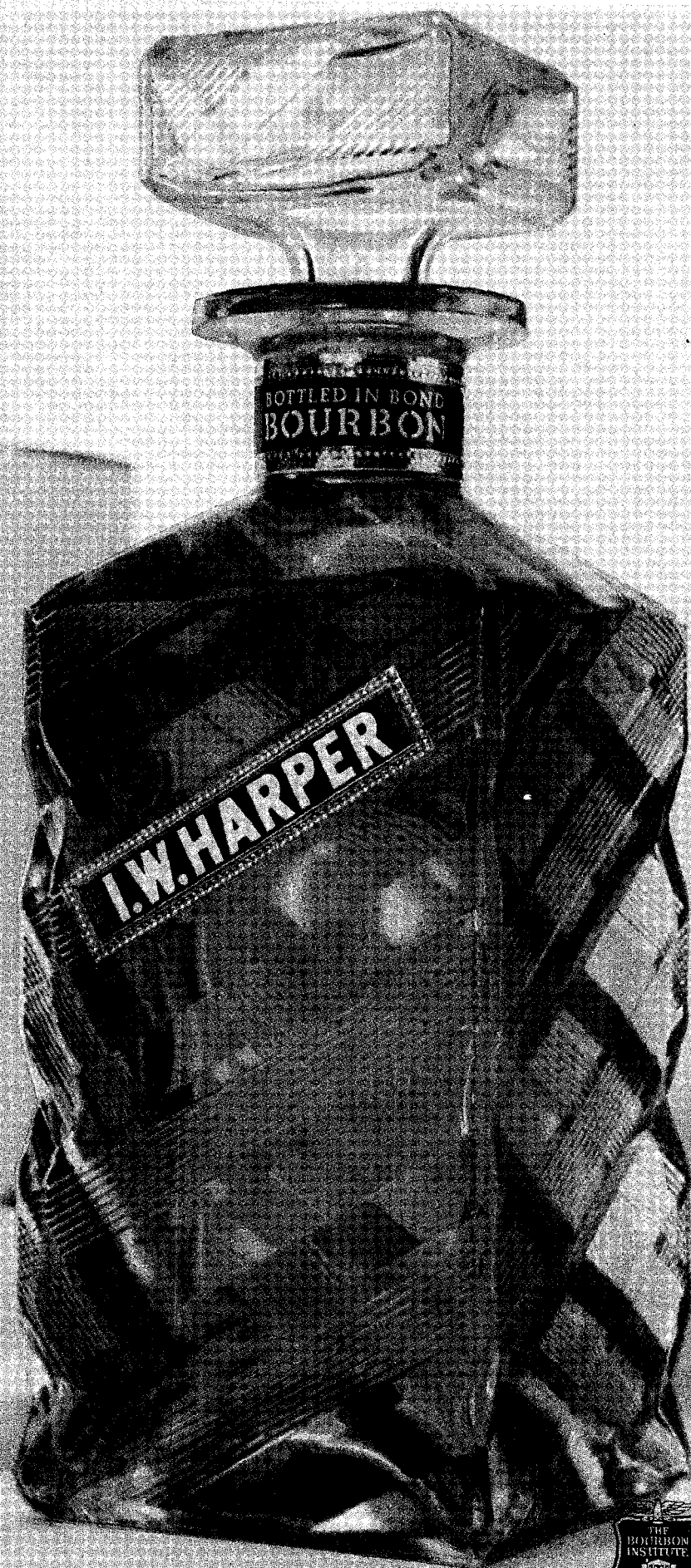


10

Rome. Proud medieval echo: the Swiss Guard. (Which of the above cities do you wish to see? Sunlane itineraries are varied and flexible, even to Sea-Air cruises—go by ship, return by TWA. Ask your travel agent.)

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